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THE  
WORKS  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS.  
WITH  
PREFACES,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,  
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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VOLUME THE FORTY-THIRD.

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THE  
FORTY-THIRD VOLUME  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS;  
CONTAINING THE  
SECOND PART OF SWIFT.

VOL. XLIII.

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THE  
P O E M S  
OF  
DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

VOL. XLIII.

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R I D D L E S,  
BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS,

Written in or about the Year 1724.

I. On a PEN.

**I**N youth exalted high in air,  
Or bathing in the waters fair,  
Nature to form me took delight,  
And clad my body all in white,  
My person tall, and slender waist,  
On either side with fringes grac'd;  
Till me that tyrant man espy'd,  
And dragg'd me from my mother's side:  
No wonder now I look so thin;  
The tyrant stript me to the skin:  
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropt;  
At head and foot my body lopt;  
And then, with heart more hard than stone,  
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.  
To vex me more, he took a freak  
To slit my tongue, and make me speak:  
But, that which wonderful appears,  
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.  
He oft' employs me in disguise,  
And makes me tell a thousand lies:  
To me he chiefly gives in trust  
To please his malice or his lust:  
From me no secret he can hide;  
I see his vanity and pride:

B 2

And

And my delight is to expose  
His follies to his greatest foes.

All languages I can command,  
Yet not a word I understand.  
Without my aid, the best divine  
In learning would not know a line:  
The lawyer must forget his pleading;  
The scholar could not show his reading.

Nay, man my master is my slave;  
I give command to kill or save;  
Can grant ten thousand pounds a year,  
And make a beggar's brat a peer,  
But, while I thus my life relate,  
I only hasten on my fate.  
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,  
I hardly now can force a word.  
I die unpitied and forgot,  
And on some dunghill left to rot.

## II. On GOLD.

**A**LL-ruling tyrant of the earth,  
To vilest slaves I owe my birth.  
How is the greatest monarch blest,  
When in my gaudy livery drest!  
No haughty nymph has power to run  
From me, or my embraces shun.  
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,  
My constancy is still the same.  
The favourite messenger of Jove,  
And Lemnian God, consulting strove

To make me glorious to the fight  
Of mortals, and the Gods delight.  
Soon would their altars' flame expire,  
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

## III.

**B**Y fate *exalted high* in place,  
Lo, here I stand with *double face*;  
*Superior* none on earth I find;  
But see *below me* all mankind.  
Yet, as it oft' attends the great,  
I almost *sink* with my own *weight*.  
At every motion undertook,  
The vulgar all consult my *look*.  
I sometimes give advice in *writing*,  
But never of my own *inditing*.

I am a courtier in my way;  
For those who *rais'd* me, I *betray*;  
And some give out, that I entice  
To lust, and luxury, and dice;  
Who punishments on me inflict,  
Because they find their pockets pickt,  
By riding *post*, I lose my health;  
And only to get others wealth.

## IV. On the POSTERIOURS.

**B**ECAUSE I am by nature *blind*,  
I wisely chuse to walk *behind*;  
However, to avoid disgrace,  
I let no creature see my *face*.

SWIFT'S POEMS.

My *words* are few, but spoke with *sense*;  
 And yet my *speaking* gives offence:  
 Or, if to *whisper* I presume,  
 The company will fly the room.  
 By all the world I am *oppressed*;  
 And my *oppression* gives them *rest*.

Through me, though fore against my will,  
*Instructors* every art instill.

By thousands I am *sold* and bought,  
 Who neither get nor lose a groat;  
 For none, alas! by me can gain,  
 But those who give me *greatest pain*.  
 Shall man presume to be my master,  
 Who's but my *caterer* and *taster*?  
 Yet, though I always have my will,  
 I'm but a meer *depender* still;  
 An humble *hanger on* at best,  
 Of whom all people *make a jest*.

In me detractors seek to find  
 Two vices of a different kind:  
 I'm too profuse, some censurers cry;  
 And all I get, I *let it fly*:  
 While others give me many a curse,  
 Because too close I hold my *purse*.  
 But this I know, in either case  
 They dare not charge me to my *face*.  
 'Tis true indeed, sometimes I *save*,  
 Sometimes *run out* of all I have;  
 But, when the year is at an end,  
 Computing what I *get* and *spend*,

# R I D D L E S.

My *goings-out*, and *comings-in*,  
 I cannot find I lose or win;  
 And therefore all that know me say,  
 I justly keep the *middle way*.  
 I 'm always by my betters led;  
 I last *get up*, and first *a-bed*;  
 Though, if I rise *before my time*,  
 The learn'd in sciences sublime  
 Consult the stars, and thence foretel  
*Good luck* to those with whom I dwell.

## V. On a HORN.

**T**HE joy of man, the pride of brutes,  
 Domestic subject for disputes,  
 Of plenty thou the emblem fair,  
 Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care!  
 I saw thee rais'd to high renown,  
 Supporting half the British crown;  
 And often have I seen thee grace  
 The chaste Diana's infant face;  
 And whensoever you please to shine,  
 Less useful is her light than thine:  
 Thy numerous fingers know their way,  
 And oft' in Celia's tresses play.

To place thee in another view,  
 I 'll shew the world strange things and true;  
 What lords and dames of high degree  
 May justly claim their birth from thee.  
 The soul of man with spleen you vex;  
 Of spleen you cure the female sex.



Thee for a gift the courtier sends  
 With pleasure to his special friends :  
 He gives, and, with a generous pride,  
 Contrives all means the gift to hide :  
 Nor oft' can the receiver know,  
 Whether he has the gift or no.  
 On airy wings you take your flight,  
 And fly unseen both day and night ;  
 Conceal your form with various tricks ;  
 And few know how or where you fix :  
 Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast  
 That they to others give thee most.  
 Mean time, the wise a question start,  
 If thou a real being art ;  
 Or but a creature of the brain,  
 That gives imaginary pain.  
 But the sly giver better knows thee,  
 Who feels true joys when he bestows thee.

VI. On a CORKSCREW.

**T**HOUGH I, alas ! a prisoner be,  
 My trade is prisoners to set free.  
 No slave his lord's commands obeys  
 With such *insinuating* ways.  
 My genius *piercing, sharp, and bright*,  
 Wherein the men of wit delight.  
 The clergy keep me for their ease,  
 And *turn* and *wind* me as they please.  
 A new and wondrous art I show  
 Of raising spirits from below ;



In *scarlet* some, and some in *white*;  
They rise, walk round, yet never fright.  
In at each *mouth* the *spirits* pass,  
Distinctly seen as through a glass;  
O'er *head* and *body* make a rout,  
And drive at last all *secrets* out:  
And still, the more I show my art,  
The more they *open every heart*.

A greater chemist none than I,  
Who from *materials hard and dry*  
Have taught men to *extract* with skill  
More precious juice than from a still.

Although I 'm often *out of case*,  
I 'm not ashamed to show my *face*.  
Though at the tables of the great  
I near the side-board take my seat;  
Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner 's done,  
Is never pleas'd till I make one:  
He kindly bids me near him stand,  
And often takes me by the *hand*.

I twice a day a *hunting* go,  
Nor ever fail to *seize my foe*;  
And, when I have him by the *pole*,  
I drag him upwards from his *hole*;  
Though some are of so stubborn kind,  
I 'm forc'd to leave a *limb* behind.

I hourly wait some fatal end;  
For I can *break*, but scorn to *bend*.

## VII.

## The GULPH of all HUMAN POSSESSIONS.

COME hither, and behold the fruits,  
 Vain man! of all thy vain pursuits.  
 Take wise advice, and *look behind*,  
 Bring all *past* actions to thy mind.  
 Here you may see, as in a glass,  
 How soon all human pleasures pass.  
 How will it mortify thy pride,  
 To turn the true impartial side!  
 How will your eyes contain their tears,  
 When all the sad *reverse* appears!

This cave within its womb confines  
 The last result of all designs:  
 Here lie deposited the spoils  
 Of busy mortals' endless toils:  
 Here, with an easy search, we find  
 The *foul corruptions* of mankind.  
 The wretched purchase here behold  
 Of traitors who their country fold.

This gulph insatiable imbibes  
 The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes,  
 Here, in their proper shape and mien,  
 Fraud, perjury, and guilt, are seen.

Necessity, the tyrant's law,  
 All human race must hither draw;  
 All prompted by the same *desire*,  
 The vigorous youth, and aged sire.

Behold,

Behold, the coward and the brave,  
The haughty prince, the humble slave,  
Physician, lawyer, and divine,  
All make *oblations* at this shrine.  
Some enter boldly, some by stealth,  
And leave behind their fruitless wealth.  
For while the bashful sylvan maid,  
As half ashamed, and half afraid,  
Approaching finds it hard to part  
With that which dwelt so *near her heart*;  
The courtly dame, unmoved by fear;  
Profusely pours her *offerings* here.

A treasure here of *learning* lurks,  
Huge heaps of never-dying works;  
Labours of many an ancient sage,  
And millions of the present age.

In at this gulph all offerings pass,  
And lie an undistinguish'd mass.  
Deucalion, to restore mankind,  
Was bid to throw the stones *behind*;  
So those who here their gifts convey  
Are forc'd to *look another way*;  
For few, a chosen few, must know  
The mysteries that lie below.

Sad charnel-house! a dismal dome,  
For which all mortals leave their home!  
The young, the beautiful, and brave,  
Here bury'd in one common grave!  
Where each supply of *dead* renews  
Unwholesome *damps, offensive dews*;

And

And lo! the *writing on the walls*  
Points out where each new *victim* falls;  
The *food of worms* and beasts obscene,  
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.

See where those mangled corpses lie,  
Condemn'd by female hands to die!  
A comely dame, once clad in white,  
Lies there consign'd to endless night;  
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,  
And yet her *wealth* was all her guilt.

And here six virgins in a tomb,  
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,  
Oft' in the train of Venus seen,  
As fair and lovely as their queen:  
In royal garments each was drest,  
Each with a gold and purple vest:  
I saw them of their garments stript;  
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript;  
*Twice* were they bury'd, *twice* were born,  
*Twice* from their sepulchres were torn;  
But now dismember'd here are cast,  
And find a resting-place at last.

Here oft' the curious traveller finds  
The combat of *opposing winds*;  
And seeks to learn the secret cause,  
Which alien seems from nature's laws,  
Why at this *cave's* tremendous *mouth*  
He feels at once both *north* and *south*;  
Whether the winds, in caverns pent,  
Through *clefts* oppugnant force a vent;



Or whether, *opening all his stores,*  
Fierce Æolus in tempest roars.

Yet, from this *mingled mass* of things,  
In time a new creation springs.  
These *crude* materials once shall rise  
To fill the earth, and air, and skies;  
In various forms appear again,  
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.  
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,  
Olympus trembling as he nods.

## VIII.

LOUISA\* to STREPHON.

AH! Strephon, how can you despise  
Her who without thy pity dies?  
To Strephon I have still been true,  
And of as noble blood as you;  
Fair issue of the genial bed,  
A virgin in thy bosom bred;  
Embrac'd thee closer than a wife;  
When thee I leave, I leave my life.  
Why should my shepherd take amiss,  
That oft' I wake thee with a kiss?  
Yet you of every kiss complain;  
Ah! is not love a pleasing pain?  
A pain which every happy night  
You cure with ease and with delight;

\* This Riddle is solved by an Anagram.

With



With pleasure, as the poet sings,  
'Too great for mortals less than kings.

Chloe, when on thy breast I lie,  
Observes me with revengeful eye:  
If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,  
She 'll tear me with her desperate nails,  
And with relentless hands destroy  
The tender pledges of our joy.  
Nor have I bred a spurious race;  
They all were born from thy embrace.

Consider, Strephon, what you do;  
For, should I die for love of you,  
I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodless ghost;  
And all my kin (a numerous host,  
Who down direct our lineage bring  
From victors o'er the Memphian king;  
Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,  
Who never fled the bloody plains,  
Who in tempestuous seas can sport,  
And scorn the pleasures of a court,  
From whom great Sylla found his doom,  
Who scourg'd to death that scourge of Rome)  
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;  
Thou, like Alcides, shalt expire,  
When his envenom'd shirt he wore,  
And skin and flesh in pieces tore,  
Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,  
Cut from the piece that made her shift,  
Shall in thy dearest blood be dy'd,  
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

## IX.

**D**EPRIV'D of root, and branch, and rind,  
Yet flowers I bear of every kind;  
And such is my prolific power,  
They bloom in less than half an hour;  
Yet standers-by may plainly see  
They get no nourishment from me.  
My head with giddiness goes round,  
And yet I firmly stand my ground:  
All over naked I am seen,  
And painted like an Indian queen.  
No couple-beggar in the land  
E'er join'd such numbers hand in hand;  
I join them fairly with a *ring*;  
Nor can our parson blame the thing:  
And, though no marriage words are spoke,  
They part not till the *ring* is broke;  
Yet hypocrite fanaticks cry,  
I 'm but an idol rais'd on high:  
And once a weaver in our town,  
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down;  
I lay a prisoner twenty years,  
And then the jovial cavaliers  
To their old post restor'd all three,  
I mean the church, the king, and me.

X. On

## X. On the Moon.

**I** WITH borrow'd silver shine,  
What you see is none of mine.  
First I shew you but a quarter,  
Like the bow that guards the Tartar;  
Then the half, and then the whole,  
Ever dancing round the pole.  
And what will raise your admiration,  
I am not one of God's creation,  
But sprung (and I this truth maintain)  
Like Pallas from my father's brain.  
And, after all, I chiefly owe  
My beauty to the shades below.  
Most wondrous forms you see me wear,  
A man, a woman, lion, bear,  
A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field,  
All figures heaven or earth can yield;  
Like Daphne sometimes in a tree:  
Yet am not one of all you see.

## XI. On a CIRCLE.

**I** 'M up and down, and round about,  
Yet all the world can't find me out;  
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,  
They never yet could find my measure.  
I 'm found almost in every garden,  
Nay in the compass of a farthing.  
There 's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,  
Can move an inch, except I will.

XII. On

## XII. On INK.

**I** AM jet black, as you may see,  
 The son of pitch, and gloomy night:  
 Yet all that know me will agree,  
 I 'm dead except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyrick high,  
 Like lofty Pindar, I can soar;  
 And raise a virgin to the sky,  
 Or sink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very sweet,  
 To-morrow of a bitter juice;  
 Like milk, 'tis cry'd about the street,  
 And so apply'd to different use.

Most wondrous is my magic power:  
 For with one colour I can paint;  
 I 'll make the devil a faint this hour,  
 Next make a devil of a faint.

Through distant regions I can fly,  
 Provide me but with paper wings;  
 And fairly shew a reason, why  
 There should be quarrels among kings.

And, after all, you 'll think it odd,  
 When learned doctors will dispute,  
 That I should point the word of God,  
 And shew where they can best confute.

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats:  
 'Tis I that must the lands convey,  
 And strip the clients to their coats,  
 Nay, give their very souls away.

## XIII. On the FIVE SENSES.

ALL of us in one you 'll find,  
Brethren of a wondrous kind ;  
Yet among us all no brother  
Knows one tittle of the other.  
We in frequent councils are,  
And our marks of things declare,  
Where, to us unknown, a clerk  
Sits, and takes them in the dark.  
He 's the register of all  
In our ken, both great and small ;  
By us forms his laws and rules :  
He's our master, we his tools ;  
Yet we can with greatest ease  
Turn and wind him where we please.

One of us alone can sleep,  
Yet no watch the rest will keep,  
But the moment that he closes,  
Every brother else reposes.

If wine 's bought, or victuals drest,  
One enjoys them for the rest.

Pierce us all with wounding steel,  
One for all of us will feel.

Though ten thousand cannons roar,  
Add to them ten thousand more,  
Yet but one of us is found  
Who regards the dreadful sound.

Do what is not fit to tell,  
There 's but one of us can smell.

XIV. FON



## XIV.

## FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA.

WHEN on my bosom thy bright eyes,  
Florinda, dart their heavenly beams,  
I feel not the least love-surprize,

Yet endless tears flow down in streams;  
There 's nought so beautiful in thee,  
But you may find the same in me.

The lilies of thy skin compare;  
In me you see them full as white.  
The roses of your cheeks, I dare  
Affirm, can't glow to more delight.

Then, since I shew as fine a face,  
Can you refuse a soft embrace?

Ah! lovely nymph, thou 'rt in thy prime!

And so am I whilst thou art here;  
But soon will come the fatal time,  
When all we see shall disappear.

'Tis mine to make a just reflexion,  
And yours to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may;  
Treat not your lovers with disdain;  
For time with beauty flies away,  
And there is no return again.

To you the sad account I bring,  
Life's autumn has no second spring.

## XV. On an ECHO.

**N**EVER sleeping, still awake,  
 Pleasing most when most I speak;  
 The delight of old and young,  
 Though I speak without a tongue.  
 Nought but one thing can confound me,  
 Many voices joining round me;  
 Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,  
 Like the labourers of Babel.  
 Now I am a dog, or cow;  
 I can bark, or I can low;  
 I can bleat, or I can sing  
 Like the warblers of the spring.  
 Let the love-sick bard complain,  
 And I mourn the cruel pain;  
 Let the happy swain rejoice,  
 And I join my helping voice;  
 Both are welcome, grief or joy,  
 I with either sport and toy.  
 Though a lady, I am stout,  
 Drums and trumpets bring me out:  
 Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,  
 Join in all the din of battle.  
 Jove, with all his loudest thunder,  
 When I 'm vext, can't keep me under;  
 Yet so tender is my ear,  
 That the lowest voice I fear.  
 Much I dread the courtier's fate,  
 When his merit 's out of date;  
 For I hate a silent breath,  
 And a whisper is my death.

XVI. On

XVI. On a SHADOW IN A GLASS.

**B**Y something form'd, I nothing am,  
 Yet every thing that you can name  
 In no place have I ever been;  
 Yet every where I may be seen;  
 In all things false, yet always true,  
 I'm still the same—but ever new.  
 Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear;  
 Can shew a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,  
 Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.  
 All shapes and features I can boast,  
 No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost;  
 All colours, without paint, put on,  
 And change like the cameleon.  
 Swiftly I come, and enter there,  
 Where not a chink lets in the air;  
 Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,  
 Nor can I ever be alone;  
 All things on earth I imitate,  
 Faster than nature can create;  
 Sometimes imperial robes I wear,  
 Anon in beggar's rags appear;  
 A giant now, and strait an elf,  
 I'm every one, but ne'er myself;  
 Ne'er sad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice;  
 I move my lips, but want a voice;  
 I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die;  
 Then prythee tell me what am I.

}

## XVII.

**M**OST things by me do rise and fall,  
 And as I please they 're great and small;  
 Invading foes, without resistance,  
 With ease I make to keep their distance;  
 Again, as I 'm dispos'd, the foe  
 Will come, though not a foot they go.  
 Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,  
 And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,  
 And lowing herds, and piping swains,  
 Come dancing to me o'er the plains.  
 The greatest whale that swims the sea  
 Does instantly my power obey.  
 In vain from me the sailor flies;  
 The quickest ship I can surprize,  
 And turn it as I have a mind,  
 And move it against tide and wind.  
 Nay, bring me here the tallest man,  
 I 'll squeeze him to a little span;  
 Or bring a tender child and pliant,  
 You 'll see me stretch him to a giant;  
 Nor shall they in the least complain,  
 Because my magick gives no pain.

## XVIII. On TIME.

**E**VER eating, never cloying,  
 All devouring, all destroying,  
 Never finding full repast,  
 Till I eat the world at last.

## XIX. On

## XIX. On the GALLOWS.

**T**HERE is a gate, we know full well,  
 That stands 'twixt heaven, and earth, and hell,  
 Where many for a passage venture,  
 Yet very few are fond to enter ;  
 Although 'tis open night and day,  
 They for that reason shun this way :  
 Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,  
 They can't come near it for their blood.  
 What other way they take to go,  
 Another time I 'll let you know.  
 Yet commoners with greatest ease  
 Can find an entrance when they please.  
 The poorest hither march in state  
 (Or they can never pass the gate),  
 Like Roman Generals triumphant,  
 And then they take a turn and jump on 't.  
 If gravest parsons here advance,  
 They cannot pass before they dance ;  
 There's not a soul that does resort here,  
 But strips himself to pay the porter.

## XX. On the VOWELS.

**W**E are little airy creatures,  
 All of different voice and features :  
 One of us in glass is set,  
 One of us you 'll find in jet,  
 'T' other you may see in tin,  
 And the fourth a box within ;  
 If the fifth you should pursue,  
 It can never fly from you.



## XXI. On SNOW.

**F**ROM heaven I fall, though from earth I begin:  
 No lady alive can shew such a skin.  
 I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather;  
 But heavy and dark, when you squeeze me together.  
 Though candour and truth in my aspect I bear,  
 Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.  
 Though so much of Heaven appears in my make,  
 The foulest impressions I easily take.  
 My parent and I produce one another,  
 The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

## XXII. On a CANNON.

**B**EGOTTEN, and born, and dying with noise,  
 The terror of women, and pleasure of boys,  
 Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,  
 I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd.  
 For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,  
 But all I delight in is pieces of lead;  
 Except when I trade with a ship or a town,  
 Why then I make pieces of iron go down.  
 One property more I would have you remark,  
 No lady was ever more fond of a spark;  
 The moment I get one, my soul's all a-fire,  
 And I rear out my joy, and in transport expire.

## XXIII. On

## XXIII. On a PAIR OF DICE.

WE are little brethren twain,  
Arbiters of loss and gain;  
Many to our counters run,  
Some are made, and some undone:  
But men find it to their cost,  
Few are made, but numbers lost.  
Though we play them tricks for ever,  
Yet they always hope our favour.

## XXIV. On a CANDLE.

## TO LADY CARTERET.

OF all inhabitants on earth,  
To Man alone I owe my birth;  
And yet the Cow, the Sheep, the Bee,  
Are all my parents more than he.  
I, a virtue strange and rare,  
Make the fairest look more fair;  
And myself, which yet is rarer,  
Growing old, grow still the fairer.  
Like sots, alone I 'm dull enough,  
When dos'd with smoak, and smear'd with snuff;  
But, in the midst of mirth and wine,  
I with double lustre shine.  
Emblem of the Fair am I,  
Polish'd neck, and radiant eye;  
In my eye my greatest grace,  
Emblem of the Cyclops' race;  
Metals I like them subdue,  
Slave like them to Vulcan too.

Emblem

Emblem of a monarch old,  
Wife, and glorious to behold;  
Wasted he appears, and pale,  
Watching for the public weal :  
Emblem of the bashful dame,  
That in secret feeds her flame,  
Often aiding to impart  
All the secrets of her heart.  
Various is my bulk and hue ;  
Big like Bess, and small like Sue ;  
Now brown and burnish'd as a nut,  
At other times a very flut ;  
Often fair, and soft, and tender,  
Taper, tall, and smooth, and slender ;  
Like Flora deck'd with various flowers ;  
Like Phœbus, guardian of the hours :  
But, whatever be my dress,  
Greater be my size or less,  
Swelling be my shape or small,  
Like thyself I shine in all.  
Clouded if my face is seen,  
My complexion wan and green,  
Languid like a love-sick maid,  
Steel affords me present aid.  
Soon or late, my date is done,  
As my thread of life is spun ;  
Yet to cut the fatal thread  
Oft' revives my drooping head :  
Yet I perish in my prime,  
Seldom by the death of time ;

Die like lovers as they gaze,  
 Die for those I live to please ;  
 Pine unpitied to my urn,  
 Nor warm the fair for whom I burn ;  
 Unpitied, unlamented too,  
 Die like all that look on you.

## XXV. TO LADY CARTERET.

BY DR. DELANY.

**I** REACH all things near me, and far off to boot,  
 Without stretching a finger, or stirring a foot ;  
 I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,  
 Though many and various, and large and asunder.  
 Without jostling or crowding they pass side by side,  
 Through a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide :  
 Then I lodge them at ease in a very large store,  
 Of no breadth or length, with a thousand things more  
 All this I can do without witchcraft or charm ;  
 Though sometimes, they say, I bewitch and do harm.  
 Though cold, I inflame ; and though quiet, invade ;  
 And nothing can shield from my spell but a shade.  
 A thief that has robb'd you, or done you disgrace,  
 In magical mirror I 'll shew you his face :  
 Nay, if you 'll believe what the poets have said,  
 They 'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.  
 Like conjurers safe in my circle I dwell ;  
 I love to look black too, it heightens my spell.  
 Though my magick is mighty in every hue,  
 Who see all my power must see it in You.

ANSWERED



SWIFT'S POEMS.

ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT.

WITH half an *eye* your riddle I spy.  
I observe your wicket hemm'd in by a thicket,  
And whatever passes is strained through glasses.  
You say it is quiet : I flatly deny it.  
It wanders about, without stirring out ;  
No passion so weak but gives it a tweak ;  
Love, joy, and devotion, set it always in motion.  
And as for the tragic effects of its magick,  
Which you say it can kill or revive at its will,  
The dead are all sound, and revive above ground,  
After all you have writ, it cannot be wit ;  
Which plainly does follow, since it flies from Apollo.  
Its cowardice such, it cries at a touch :  
'Tis a perfect milkop, grows drunk with a drop.  
Another great fault, it cannot bear salt :  
And a hair can disarm it of every charm.

A R E C E I P T

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH. 1724-5.

THE Scottish hinds, too poor to house  
In frosty nights their starving cows,  
While not a blade of grass or hay  
Appears from Michaelmas to May,  
Must let their cattle range in vain  
For food along the barren plain.  
Meagre and lank with fasting grown,  
And nothing left but skin and bone ;

Expos'd



# A R E C E I P T.

31

Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,  
 They just keep life and soul together,  
 Till summer-showers and evening's dew  
 Again the verdant glebe renew;  
 And, as the vegetables rise,  
 The famish'd cow her want supplies:  
 Without an ounce of last year's flesh,  
 Whate'er she gains is young and fresh;  
 Grows plump and round, 'and full of mettle,  
 As rising from Medea's kettle,  
 With youth and beauty to inchant  
 Europa's counterfeit gallant.

Why, Stella, should you knit your brow,  
 If I compare you to the cow?  
 'Tis just the case; for you have fasted  
 So long, till all your flesh is wasted,  
 And must against the warmer days  
 Be sent to Quilca down to graze;  
 Where mirth, and exercise, and air,  
 Will soon your appetite repair:  
 The nutriment will from within,  
 Round all your body, plump your skin;  
 Will agitate the lazy flood,  
 And fill your veins with sprightly blood:  
 Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,  
 Nor aught of Stella but the name;  
 For what was ever understood,  
 By human kind, but flesh and blood?  
 And if your flesh and blood be new,  
 You'll be no more the former *you*;

But

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 And fill your veins with sprightly blood:  
 Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,  
 Nor aught of Stella but the name;  
 For what was ever understood,  
 By human kind, but flesh and blood?  
 And if your flesh and blood be new,  
 You 'll be no more the former *you*;

But

But for a blooming nymph will pass,  
 Just fifteen, coming summer's grass,  
 Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd :  
 While all the 'squires for nine miles round,  
 Attended by a brace of curs,  
 With jocky boots and silver spurs,  
 No less than justices *o' quorum*,  
 Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,  
 Shall leave deciding broken pates,  
 To kiss your steps at Quilca gates.  
 But, lest you should my skill disgrace,  
 Come back before you 're out of case :  
 For if to Michaelmas you stay,  
 The new-born flesh will melt away ;  
 The 'squire in scorn will fly the house  
 For better game, and look for grouse ;  
 But here, before the frost can mar it,  
 We 'll make it firm with beef and claret.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1724-5.

**A**S, when a beauteous nymph decays,  
 We say, she's past her dancing-days ;  
 So poets lose their feet by time,  
 And can no longer dance in rhyme.  
 Your annual bard had rather chose  
 To celebrate your birth in prose :  
 Yet merry folks, who want by chance  
 A pair to make a country-dance,



Call the old house-keeper, and get her  
To fill a place, for want of better :  
While Sheridan is off the hooks,  
And friend Delany at his books,  
That Stella may avoid disgrace,  
Once more the Dean supplies their place.

Beauty and wit, too sad a truth !  
Have always been confin'd to youth ;  
The god of wit, and beauty's queen,  
He twenty-one, and she fifteen.  
No poet ever sweetly sung,  
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young ;  
Nor ever nymph inspir'd to rhyme,  
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.

At fifty-six, if this be true,  
Am I a poet fit for you ?  
Or, at the age of forty-three,  
Are you a subject fit for me ?  
Adieu ! bright wit, and radiant eyes !  
You must be grave, and I be wise.  
Our fate in vain we would oppose :  
But I 'll be still your friend in prose :  
Esteem and friendship to express,  
Will not require poetic dress ;  
And, if the Muse deny her aid  
To have them *sung*, they may be *said*.

But, Stella, say, what evil tongue  
Reports you are no longer young ;  
That Time sits, with his scythe, to mow  
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow ;

That

Call



That half your locks are turn'd to grey?  
 I'll ne'er believe a word they say.  
 'Tis true, but let it not be known,  
 My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown:  
 For nature, always in the right,  
 To your decays adapts my sight;  
 And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,  
 For I 'm asham'd to use a glass;  
 And till I see them with these eyes,  
 Whoever says you have them, lies.

No length of time can make you quit  
 Honour and virtue, sense and wit:  
 Thus you may still be young to me,  
 While I can better *bear* than *see*.  
 Oh, ne'er may Fortune shew her spight,  
 To make me *deaf*, and mend my *sight*!

AN EPIGRAM  
 ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

CARTERET was welcom'd to the shore  
 First with the brazen cannons roar;  
 To meet him next the soldier comes,  
 With brazen trumps and brazen drums;  
 Approaching near the town he hears  
 The brazen bells salute his ears:  
 But, when Wood's brass began to found,  
 Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

A SIMILE,

A S I M I L E,  
ON OUR WANT OF SILVER:

And the only WAY to REMEDY it. 1725.

**A**S when of old some forcerefs threw  
O'er the moon's face a fable hue,  
To drive unseen her magic chair,  
At midnight, through the darken'd air;  
Wise people, who believ'd with reason  
That this eclipse was out of season,  
Affirm'd the moon was sick, and fell  
To cure her by a counter-spell.  
Ten thousand cymbals now begin  
To rend the skies with brazen din;  
The cymbals' rattling sounds dispel  
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell.  
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,  
Displays her *silver* face again  
(Note here, that in the chemic style,  
The moon is *silver* all this while).

So (if my simile you minded,  
Which I confess is too long-winded)  
When late a feminine magician\*,  
Join'd with a *brazen* politician,  
Expos'd, to blind the nation's eyes,  
A parchment† of prodigious size;

\* A great lady was said to have been bribed by Wood.

† The patent for coining half-pence.

Conceal'd behind that ample screen,  
 There was no silver to be seen.  
 But to this parchment let the Drapier  
 Oppose his counter-charm of paper,  
 And ring Wood's copper in our ears  
 So loud till all the nation hears ;  
 That sound will make the parchment shrivel,  
 And drive the conjurers to the devil :  
 And, when the sky is grown serene,  
 Our silver will appear again.

## WOOD AN INSECT. 1725.

**B**Y long observation I have understood,  
 That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.  
 The first is an insect they call a *wood-louse*,  
 That folds up itself in itself for a house,  
 As round as a ball, without head, without tail,  
 Inclos'd *cap-a-pe* in a strong coat of mail.  
 And thus William Wood to my fancy appears  
 In fillets of brass roll'd up to his ears :  
 And over these fillets he wisely has thrown,  
 To keep out of danger, a doublet of stone\*.  
 The louse of the *wood* for a med'cine is us'd,  
 Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruis'd.  
 And, let but our mother Hibernia contrive  
 To swallow Will Wood either bruis'd or alive,

\* He was in gaol for debt.

She need be no more with the jaundice possesst,  
Or sick of *obstructions*, and *pains in her chest*.

The next is an insect we call a *wood-worm*,  
That lies in old *wood* like a hare in her form ;  
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch ;  
And chambermaids christen this worm a dead-watch,  
Because like a watch it always cries *click* :  
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick ;  
For, as sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,  
If the maggot cries *click* when it scratches the post.  
But a kettle of scalding hot water injected  
Infallibly cures the timber affected :  
The omen is broken, the danger is over ;  
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.  
Such a worm was Will Wood, when he scratch'd at the  
door

Of a governing statesman or favourite whore :  
The death of our nation he seem'd to foretell,  
And the sound of his brass we took for our knell.  
But now, since the Drapier hath heartily maul'd him,  
I think the best thing we can do is to scald him.  
For which operation there 's nothing more proper  
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper ;  
Unless, like the Dutch, you rather would boil  
This coiner of *raps*\* in a cauldron of oil.  
Then chuse which you please, and let each bring a faggot,  
For our fear 's at an end with the death of the maggot.

\* Counterfeit half-pence.

## ON WOOD THE IRON-MONGER. 1725.

SALMONEUS, as the Grecian tale is,  
Was a mad copper-smith of Elis;  
Up at his forge by morning-peep,  
No creature in the lane could sleep;  
Among a crew of roystering fellows  
Would sit whole evenings at the alehouse:  
His wife and children wanted bread,  
While he went always drunk to bed.  
This vapouring scab must needs devise  
To ape the thunder of the skies:  
With *brass* two fiery steeds he shod,  
To make a clattering as they trod.  
Of polish'd *brass* his flaming car  
Like lightning dazzled from afar;  
And up he mounts into the box,  
And he must thunder, with a pox.  
Then furious he begins his march,  
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch;  
With squibs and crackers arm'd, to throw  
Among the trembling croud below.  
All ran to prayers, both priests and laity,  
To pacify this angry deity:  
When Jove, in pity to the town,  
With real thunder knock'd him down.  
Then what a huge delight were all in,  
To see the wicked varlet sprawling;  
They search'd his pockets on the place,  
And found his copper all was base;

They



They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,  
To take the noise of brass for thunder.

The moral of this tale is proper,  
Apply'd to Wood's adulter'd copper ;  
Which, as he scatter'd, we like dolts,  
Mistook at first for thunder-bolts ;  
Before the Drapier shot a letter,  
(Nor Jove himself could do it better)  
Which, lighting on th' impostor's crown,  
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

WILL WOOD'S PETITION  
TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND ;

Being an excellent NEW SONG, supposed to be made,  
and sung in the streets of DUBLIN, by WILLIAM  
WOOD, Iron-monger and Halfpenny-monger.

1725.

**M**Y dear Irish folks,  
Come leave off your jokes,  
And buy up my half-pence so fine ;  
So fair and so bright,  
They 'll give you delight ;  
Observe how they glisten and shine !  
They 'll sell, to my grief,  
As cheap as neck-beef,  
For counters at cards to your wife ;  
And every day  
Your children may play  
Span-farthing, or toss on the knife.

Come hither, and try ;  
 I'll teach you to buy  
 A pot of good ale for a farthing :  
 Come ; three-pence a score,  
 I ask you no more,  
 And a fig for the Drapier and Hardinge\*.  
 When tradesmen have gold,  
 The thief will be bold,  
 By night and by day for to rob him :  
 My copper is such,  
 No robber will touch,  
 And so you may daintily bob him.  
 The little blackguard,  
 Who gets very hard  
 His half-pence for cleaning your shoes ;  
 When his pockets are cramm'd  
 With mine and be d—'d,  
 He may swear he has nothing to lose.  
 Here 's half-pence in plenty,  
 For one you 'll have twenty,  
 Though thousands are not worth a pudden :  
 Your neighbours will think,  
 When your pocket cries chink,  
 You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.  
 You will be my thankers,  
 I 'll make you my bankers,  
 As good as Ben Burton or Fade† :

\* The Drapier's printer.

† Two famous bankers.

For nothing shall pass  
 But my pretty brass,  
 And then you 'll be all of a trade.  
 I 'm a son of a whore  
 If I have a word more  
 To say in this wretched condition.  
 If my coin will not pass,  
 I must die like an ass ;  
 And so I conclude my petition.

A NEW SONG  
 ON WOOD'S HALF-PENCE.

**Y**E people of Ireland, both country and city,  
 Come listen with patience, and hear out my ditty :  
 At this time I 'll chuse to be wiser than witty.

*Which nobody can deny.*

The Half-pence are coming, the nation's undoing.  
 There 's an end of your ploughing, and baking, and  
 brewing :  
 In short, you must all go to rack and to ruin.

*Which, &c.*

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall men,  
 And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall men,  
 Will suffer ; and this man, and that man, and all men.

*Which, &c.*

The Soldier is ruin'd, poor man ! by his pay ;  
 His five-pence will prove but a farthing a day,  
 For meat, or for drink ; or he must run away.

*Which, &c.*

When

When he pulls out his two-pence, the Tapster says not,  
That ten times as much he must pay for his shot ;  
And thus the poor Soldier must soon go to pot.

*Which, &c.*

If he goes to the Baker, the Baker will huff,  
And twenty-pence have for a two-penny loaf,  
Then, dog, rogue, and rascal, and so kick and cuff.

*Which, &c.*

Again, to the market whenever he goes,  
The Butcher and Soldier must be mortal foes ;  
One cuts off an ear, and the other a nose.

*Which, &c.*

The Butcher is stout, and he values no swagger ;  
A cleaver 's a match any time for a dagger,  
And a blue sleeve may give such a cuff as may stagger.

*Which, &c.*

The Beggars themselves will be broke in a trice,  
When thus their poor farthings are sunk in their price;  
When nothing is left, they must live on their lice.

*Which, &c.*

The Squire possess'd of twelve thousand a year,  
O Lord ! what a mountain his rents would appear !  
Should he take them, he would not have house-room, I  
fear.

*Which, &c.*

Though at present he lives in a very large house,  
There would then not be room in it left for a mouse ;  
But the Squire 's too wise, he will not take a fouse.

*Which, &c.*

The

SONG ON WOOD'S HALF-PENCE. 41

The Farmer, who comes with his rent in this cash,  
For taking these counters, and being so rash,  
Will be kick'd out of doors, both himself and his trash.

*Which, &c.*

For, in all the leases that ever we hold,  
We must pay our rent in good silver and gold,  
And not in brass tokens of such a base mold.

*Which, &c.*

The wisest of Lawyers all swear, they will warrant  
No money but silver and gold can be current;  
And, since they will swear it, we all may be sure on 't.

*Which, &c.*

And I think, after all, it would be very strange  
To give current money for base in exchange,  
Like a fine lady swapping her moles for the mange.

*Which, &c.*

But read the king's patent, and there you will find,  
That no man need take them but who has a mind,  
For which we must say that his Majesty's kind.

*Which, &c.*

Now God blefs the Drapier who open'd our eyes!  
I'm sure, by his book, that the writer is wise;  
He shews us the cheat, from the end to the rise.

*Which, &c.*

Nay, farther he shews it a very hard case,  
That this fellow Wood, of a very bad race,  
Should of all the fine gentry of Ireland take place.

*Which, &c.*

That



That he and his half-pence should come to weigh down  
Our subjects so loyal and true to the crown;  
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.

*Which, &c.*

This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,  
And a very good book against Mr. Wood's;  
If you stand true together, he 's left in the fuds.

*Which, &c.*

Ye shop-men, and trades-men, and farmers, go read it  
For I think in my soul at this time that you need it;  
Or egad, if you don't, there 's an end of your credit.

*Which nobody can deny.*

A S E R I O U S P O E M  
U P O N W I L L I A M W O O D,

Braſier, Tinker, Hardwareman, Coiner, Founder,  
and Eſquire.

**W**HEN foes are o'ercome, we preſerve them from  
ſlaughter,

To be *brewers* of wood, and *drawers* of water.

Now, although to *draw water* is not very good;  
Yet we all ſhould rejoice to be *brewers of Wood*.

I own, it has often provok'd me to mutter,  
That a rogue ſo *obſcure* ſhould make ſuch a clutter:

But ancient Philoſophers wiſely remark,  
That old rotten *Wood* will ſhine in the *dark*.

The Heathens, we read, had *Gods* made of *Wood*,  
Who could do them no harm, if they did them no good:  
But this idol *Wood* may do us great evil;

Their Gods were of *Wood*; but our *Wood* is the *Devil*.

To

To cut down fine *Wood*, is a very bad thing;  
 And yet we all know much *gold* it will bring.  
 Then, if cutting down *Wood* brings money good store,  
 Our money to keep, let us *cut down one more*.

Now hear an old tale. There anciently stood  
 (I forget in what church) an image of *Wood*.

Concerning this image there went a prediction,  
 It would burn a whole *forest*; nor was it a fiction.

'Twas cut into faggots and put to the flame,  
 To burn an old Friar, one *Forest* by name.

My tale is a wise one, if well understood :

Find you but the *Friar*; and I 'll find the *Wood*.

I hear, among scholars there is a great doubt  
 From what kind of tree this *Wood* was hewn out.

Teague made a good pun by a *brogue* in his speech;

And said, *By my shoul, he 's the son of a BEECH*.

Some call him a *Thorn*, the curse of the nation,

As *Thorns* were design'd to be from the creation.

Some think him cut out from the poisonous *Yew*,

Beneath whose ill shade no plant ever grew.

Some say he 's a *Birch*, a thought very odd;

For none but a *dunce* would come under his *rod*.

But I 'll tell you the secret; but pray do not blab;

He is an old stump cut out of a *Crab*;

And England has put this *Crab* to a hard use,

To cudgel our bones, and for drink give us *verjuice*;

And therefore his *witnesses* justly may boast,

That none are more properly knights of the *Post*.

I ne'er could endure my talent to smother;

I told you one tale, and I 'll tell you another.

A joiner;

A joiner, to fasten a faint in a *nitch*,  
 Bor'd a large *auger-hole* in the image's breech;  
 But, finding the *statue* to make no complaint,  
 He would ne'er be convinc'd it was a *true saint*.  
 When the *true Wood* arrives, as he soon will, no doubt  
 (For that 's but a sham *Wood* they carry about\*)  
 What *stuff* he is made of you quickly may find,  
 If you make the same trial, and bore him *behind*.  
 I'll hold you a groat, when you *wimble* his *bum*,  
 He'll bellow as loud as the *Devil* in a *drum*.  
 From me, I declare, you shall have no denial;  
 And there can be no harm in making a trial:  
 And, when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,  
 You may shew him about for a new *groaning-board*.

Hear one story more, and then I will stop.  
 I dreamt *Wood* was told he should die by a *drop*;  
 So methought he resolv'd no liquor to taste,  
 For fear the *first drop* might as well be his *last*.  
 But *dreams* are like oracles; 'tis hard to explain 'em;  
 For it prov'd that he died of a *drop* at Kilmainham†.  
 I wak'd with delight; and not without hope,  
 Very soon to see *Wood drop* down from a *rope*.  
 How he! and how we, at each other should grin!  
 'Tis kindness to hold a friend up by the chin.  
 But soft! says the Herald; I cannot agree;  
 For *metal* on *metal* is false *Heraldry*.  
 Why, that may be true; yet *Wood* upon *Wood*,  
 I'll maintain with my life, is *Heraldry* good.

\* He was frequently burnt in effigy.

† Their place of execution.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dec. 14, 1719\*, 9 at night.

SIR,

It is impossible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you, in plain English, tell us so?

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to sit with the ladies† this night:

And if they had not told me there was a letter from you; and your man Alexander had not gone, and come back from the deanry; and the boy here had not been sent to let Alexander know I was here; I should have missed the letter out-right.

Truly I don't know who 's bound to be sending for corks to stop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and send your man Alexander to buy corks; for Saunders already has gone above ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson say, truly they don't care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own house to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mr. Sheridan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

\* This is probably dated too early.

† Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson.

I wish



I wish Alexander safe at St. Catharine's to-night, with  
 all my heart and soul, upon my word and honour:  
 But I think it base in you to send a poor fellow out so  
 late at this time of year, when one would not turn  
 out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend  
 Mr. Connor.

I would present my humble service to my lady Mount-  
 cashel; but truly I thought she would have made ad-  
 vances to have been acquainted with me, as she  
 pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you see plainly my  
 paper is ended.

## 1 P. S.

I wish, when you prated, your letter you 'd dated:  
 Much plague it created. I scolded and rated;  
 My soul is much grated; for your man I long waited.  
 I think you are fated, like a bear to be baited:  
 Your man is belated; the case I have stated;  
 And me you have cheated. My stable 's unslated.  
 Come back t' us well freighted.  
 I remember my late head; and wish you translated,  
 For teasing me.

## 2 P. S.

Mrs. Dingley desires me singly  
 Her service to present you; hopes that will content you;  
 But Johnson madam is grown a sad dame,  
 For want of converse, and cannot send one verse.

## 3 P. S.

You keep such a twattling with you and your bottling;  
 But I see the sum total, we shall ne'er have a bottle;

The



The long and the short, we shall not have a quart.  
 with you would sign 't, that we have a pint.  
 for all your colloquing, I 'd be glad of a knoggin:  
 but I doubt 'tis a sham; you won't give us a dram.  
 'Tis of shine a month moon-full, you won't part with  
 a spoonful;  
 and I must be nimble, if I can fill my thimble.  
 You see I won't stop, till I come to a drop;  
 but I doubt the oraculum is a poor supernaculum;  
 though perhaps you tell it for a grace, if we smell it.

STELLA.

T O Q U I L C A,

A COUNTRY-HOUSE of Dr. SHERIDAN,

In no very good Repair. 1725.

LET me thy properties explain:  
 A rotten cabbın dropping rain;  
 Chimnies with scorn rejecting smoke;  
 Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.  
 Here elements have lost their uses,  
 Air ripens not, nor earth produces;  
 In vain we make poor Sheelah\* toil,  
 Fire will not roast, nor water boil.  
 Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,  
 The goddess Want in triumph reigns;  
 And her chief officers of state,  
 Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

\* The name of an Irish servant.

The

THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY-LIFE. 1725.  
 FAR from our debtors; no Dublin letters;  
 Not seen by our betters.

THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY-LIFE.  
 A companion with news; a great want of shoes;  
 Eat lean meat, or chuse; a church without pews.  
 Our horses astray; no straw, oats, or hay; [play  
 December in May; our boys run away; all servants

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT.

I 'D have you to know, as sure as you 're Dean,  
 On Thursday my cask of Obrien I 'll drain:  
 If my wife is not willing, I say she 's a quean;  
 And my right to the cellar, egad, I 'll maintain  
 As bravely as any that fought at Dunblain:  
 Go tell it her over and over again.  
 I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain;  
 For, should it, I fear it will cool my hot brain,  
 Entirely extinguish my poetic vein;  
 And then I should be as stupid as Kain, [twain  
 Who preach'd on three heads, though he mention'd but  
 Now Wardel 's in haste, and begins to complain;  
 Your most humble servant, Dear Sir, I remain,

T. S—n

Get Hellsam, Walmsley, Delany,  
 And some Grattans, if there be any\*:  
 Take care you do not bid too many.

\* i. e. in Dublin, for they were country-clergy.

## DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

THE verses you sent on the bottling your wine  
 Were, in every one's judgement, exceedingly fine;  
 And I must confess, as a dean and divine,  
 I think you inspir'd by the Muses all nine.  
 I nicely examin'd them every line,  
 And the worst of them all like a barn-door did shine.  
 Oh, that Jove would give me such a talent as thine!  
 With Delany or Dan I would scorn to combine.  
 I know they have many a wicked design;  
 And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.  
 However, I wish, honest comrade of mine,  
 You would really on Thursday leave St. Catharine\*,  
 Where I hear you are cramm'd every day like a swine;  
 With me you 'll no more have a stomach to dine,  
 Nor after your victuals lie sleeping supine:  
 So I wish you were toothless, like Lord Masserine.  
 But, were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,  
 I wish you would tell me which way you incline.  
 If, when you return, your road you don't line,  
 On Thursday I 'll pay my respects at your shrine,  
 Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,  
 In square, or in opposite circle, or trine.  
 Your beef will on Thursday be saltier than brine:  
 I hope you have swill'd, with new milk from the kine,  
 As much as the Liffey's outdone by the Rhine;

\* The seat of Lady Mountcashel, near Dublin.

And Dan shall be with us, with nose aquiline.  
 If you do not come back, we shall weep out our eyne:  
 Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.  
 The beef you have got, I hear, is a chine:  
 But, if too many come, your madam will whine;  
 And then you may kiss the low end of her spine.  
 But enough of this poetry Alexandrine:  
 I hope you will not think this a *pasquine*.

A P O R T R A I T  
 F R O M T H E L I F E.

C O M E sit by my side, while this picture I draw:  
 In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;  
 A temper the devil himself could not bridle;  
 Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;  
 As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed;  
 She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit:  
 A housewife in bed, at table a flattern;  
 For all an example, for no one a pattern.  
 Now tell me, friend Thomas\*, Ford†, Grattan‡, and  
 merry Dan||,  
 Has this any likeness to good madam Sheridan?

\* Dr. Thomas Sheridan.

† Charles Ford of Woodpark, Esq.

‡ Reverend John Grattan.

|| Reverend Daniel Jackson.



UPON STEALING A CROWN  
WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP.

BY D R. S H E R I D A N.

**D**EAR Dean, since you in sleepy wise  
Have op'd your mouth, and clos'd your eyes;  
Like ghost, I glide along your floor,  
And softly shut the parlour-door:  
For, should I break your sweet repose,  
Who knows what money you might lose;  
Since oftentimes it has been found,  
A dream has given ten thousand pound?  
Then sleep, my friend; dear dean, sleep on,  
And all you get shall be your own;  
Provided you to this agree,  
That all you lose belongs to me.

T H E D E A N ' S A N S W E R.

**S**O, about twelve at night, the punk  
Steals from the cully when he's drunk;  
Nor is contented with a treat,  
Without her privilege to cheat.  
Nor can I the least difference find,  
But that you left no clap behind.  
But, jest apart, restore, you capon ye,  
My twelve thirteens\* and six-pence ha'penny.

\* A shilling passeth for thirteen-pence in Ireland.



To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,  
 And then to give me such a deadly cut—  
 But 'tis observ'd, that men in gowns  
 Are most inclin'd to plunder *crowns*.  
 Could you but *change* a crown as easy  
 As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!  
 I thought the lady\* at St. Catharine's  
 Knew how to set you better patterns;  
 For this I will not dine with Agmondisham†,  
 And for his victuals let a ragman *dish*'em.

T H E S T O R M :  
 M I N E R V A ' S P E T I T I O N .

PALLAS, a goddess chaste and wise,  
 Descending lately from the skies,  
 To Neptune went, and begg'd in form  
 He'd give his orders for a storm;  
 A storm, to drown that rascal Horte,  
 And she would kindly thank him for 't:  
 A wretch! whom English rogues, to spite her,  
 Had lately honour'd with a mitre.

The god, who favour'd her request,  
 Assur'd her he would do his best:  
 But Venus had been there before,  
 Pleaded the bishop lov'd a whore,  
 And had enlarg'd her empire wide;  
 He own'd no deity beside.

\* Lady Mountcashel.

† Agmondisham Vesey, esq. a very worthy gentleman, for  
 whom the Dean had a great esteem.

At sea or land, if e'er you found him  
 Without a mistress, hang or drown him.  
 Since Burnet's death, the bishop's bench,  
 Till Horte arriv'd, ne'er kept a wench:  
 If Horte must sink, she grieves to tell it,  
 She 'll not have left one single prelate;  
 For, to say truth, she did intend him,  
 Elect of Cyprus *in commendam*.

And, since her birth the ocean gave her,  
 She could not doubt her uncle's favour.

Then Proteus urg'd the same request,  
 But half in earnest, half in jest;  
 Said he—"Great sovereign of the main,  
 "To drown him all attempts are vain;  
 "Horte can assume more forms than I,  
 "A rake, a bully, pimp, or spy;  
 "Can creep or run, or fly or swim;  
 "All motions are alike to him:  
 "Turn him adrift, and you shall find  
 "He knows to sail with every wind;  
 "Or, throw him overboard, he 'll ride  
 "As well against, as with the tide.  
 "But, Pallas, you 've apply'd too late;  
 "For 'tis decreed, by Jove and Fate,  
 "That Ireland must be soon destroy'd,  
 "And who but Horte can be employ'd?  
 "You need not then have been so pert,  
 "In sending Bolton\* to Clonfert.

\* Afterwards archbishop of Cashell.

" I found you did it, by your grinning;  
 " Your business is, to mind your spinning.  
 " But how you came to interpose  
 " In making bishops, no one knows:  
 " Or who regarded your report;  
 " For never were you seen at court.  
 " And if you must have your petition,  
 " There 's Berkeley\* in the same condition:  
 " Look, there he stands, and 'tis but just,  
 " If one must drown, the other must;  
 " But, if you 'll leave us bishop Judas,  
 " We 'll give you Berkeley for Bermudas.  
 " Now, if 'twill gratify your spight,  
 " To put him in a plaguy fright,  
 " Although 'tis hardly worth the cost,  
 " You soon shall see him soundly tost.  
 " You 'll find him swear, blaspheme, and damn  
 " (And every moment take a dram)  
 " His ghastly visage with an air  
 " Of reprobation and despair:  
 " Or else some hiding-hole he seeks,  
 " For fear the rest should say he squeaks;  
 " Or, as Fitzpatrick† did before,  
 " Resolve to perish with his whore;  
 " Or else he raves, and roars, and swears,  
 " And, but for shame, would say his prayers.

\* Dr. George Berkeley, dean of Derry, and afterwards bishop of Cloyne.

† Brigadier Fitzpatrick was drowned in one of the packet-boats in the bay of Dublin, in a great storm.

" Or,

" Or, would you see his spirits sink,  
 " Relaxing downwards in a stink?  
 " If such a sight as this can please ye,  
 " Good madam Pallas, pray be easy,  
 " To Neptune speak, and he 'll consent;  
 " But he 'll come back the knave he went."

The goddess, who conceiv'd an hope  
 That Horte was destin'd to a rope,  
 Believ'd it best to condescend  
 To spare a foe, to save a friend:  
 But, fearing Berkeley might be scar'd,  
 She left him Virtue for a guard.

## ODE ON SCIENCE.

O H, heavenly-born! in deepest dells  
 If fairest science ever dwells  
 Beneath the mossy cave;  
 Indulge the verdure of the woods;  
 With azure beauty gild the floods,  
 And flowery carpets lave;  
 For melancholy ever reigns  
 Delighted in the sylvan scenes  
 With scientific light;  
 While Dian, huntress of the vales,  
 Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,  
 Though wrapt from mortal sight.  
 Yet, goddess, yet the way explore  
 With magic rites and heathen lore

Obstructed and depress'd;  
Till Wisdom give the sacred Nine,  
Untaught, ~~not~~ uninspir'd, to shine,  
By Reason's power redress'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught  
To moralize the human thought  
Of mad opinion's maze,  
To erring zeal they gave new laws.  
Thy charms, O Liberty, the cause  
That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Astræa gild the morn,  
Or bid a hundred suns be born,  
To hecatomb the year;  
Without thy aid, in vain the poles,  
In vain the zodiac system rolls,  
In vain the lunar sphere.

Come, fairest princess of the throng,  
Bring swift Philosophy along  
In metaphysic dreams;  
While raptur'd bards no more behold  
A vernal age of purer gold  
In Heliconian streams.

Drive Thralldom with malignant hand,  
To curse some other destin'd land  
By Folly led astray:  
Ierne bear on azure wing;  
Energic let her soar, and sing  
Thy universal sway.



So, when Amphion bade the lyre  
To more majestic sound aspire,  
Behold the madding throng,  
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,  
To sculpture turn'd by magic sound  
And petrifying song.

## STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

March 13, 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the fates decree,  
Shall still be kept with joy by me :  
This day then let us not be told,  
That you are sick, and I grown old ;  
Nor think on your approaching ills,  
And talk of spectacles and pills :  
To-morrow will be time enough  
To hear such mortifying stuff.  
Yet, since from reason may be brought  
A better and more pleasing thought,  
Which can, in spite of all decays,  
Support a few remaining days ;  
From not the gravest of Divines  
Accept for once some serious lines.

Although we now can form no more  
Long schemes of life, as heretofore ;  
Yet you, while time is running fast,  
Can look with joy on what is past.

Were

Were future happiness and pain  
A mere contrivance of the brain ;  
As atheists argue, to entice  
And fit their proselytes for vice  
(The only comfort they propose,  
'To have companions in their woes) :  
Grant this the case ; yet sure 'tis hard  
That virtue, styl'd its own reward,  
And by all sages understood  
'To be the chief of human good,  
Should acting die ; nor leave behind  
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,  
Which by remembrance will assuage  
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age,  
And strongly shoot a radiant dart  
To shine through life's declining part.

Say, Stella, feel you no content,  
Reflecting on a life well spent ;  
Your skilful hand employ'd to save  
Despairing wretches from the grave ;  
And then supporting with your store  
Those whom you dragg'd from death before ?  
So Providence on mortals waits,  
Preserving what it first creates.  
Your generous boldness to defend  
An innocent and absent friend ;  
That courage which can make you just  
To merit humbled in the dust ;  
The detestation you express  
For vice in all its glittering dress ;

That

That patience under tottering pain,  
Where stubborn stoicks would complain;  
Must these like empty shadows pass,  
Or forms reflected from a glass?  
Or mere chimeras in the mind,  
That fly, and leave no mark behind?  
Does not the body thrive and grow  
By food of twenty years ago?  
And, had it not been still supply'd,  
It must a thousand times have died.  
Then who with reason can maintain  
That no effects of food remain?  
And is not virtue in mankind  
The nutriment that feeds the mind;  
Upheld by each good action past,  
And still continued by the last?  
Then, who with reason can pretend  
That all effects of virtue end?

Believe me, Stella, when you show  
That true contempt for things below,  
Nor prize your life for other ends  
'Than merely to oblige your friends;  
Your former actions claim their part,  
And join to fortify your heart.  
For Virtue, in her daily race,  
Like Janus, bears a double face;  
Looks back with joy where she has gone,  
And therefore goes with courage on:  
She at your sickly couch will wait,  
And guide you to a better state.

O then,

O then, whatever Heaven intends,  
 Take pity on your pitying friends !  
 Nor let your ills affect your mind,  
 To fancy they can be unkind.  
 Me, surely me, you ought to spare,  
 Who gladly would your suffering share ;  
 Or give my scrap of life to you,  
 And think it far beneath your due ;  
 You, to whose care so oft' I owe  
 That I 'm alive to tell you so.

# HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

Paraphrased, and inscribed to IRELAND. 1726.

## THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating isle, tost on ill-fortune's waves,  
 Ordain'd by *fate* to be the land of slaves ;  
 Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand ;  
 Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land ?  
 Although the metaphor be worn and stale,  
 Betwixt a state, and vessel under sail ;  
 Let me suppose thee for a ship a-while,  
 And thus address thee in the sailor's style :

UNHAPPY ship, thou art return'd in vain :  
 New waves shall drive thee to the deep again.  
 Look to thyself, and be no more the sport  
 Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.

Loft



Loft are thy oars, that us'd thy course to guide,  
 Like faithful counsellors, on either side.  
 Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood  
 The single pillar for his country's good,  
 To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,  
 Behold it cracks by yon rough *eastern* wind.  
 Your cable 's burst, and you must quickly feel  
 The waves impetuous enter at your keel.  
 Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,  
 When the strong cords of union once are broke.  
 Torn by a sudden tempest is thy sail,  
 Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when some writer in the public cause  
 His pen, to save a sinking nation, draws,  
 While all is calm, his arguments prevail ;  
 The people's voice expands his paper-sail ;  
 Till power, discharging all her stormy bags,  
 Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags.  
 The nation scar'd, the author doom'd to death,  
 Who fondly put his trust in popular breath.

A larger sacrifice in vain you vow ;  
 There 's not a power above will help you now :  
 A nation thus, who oft' Heaven's call neglects,  
 In vain from injur'd Heaven relief expects.

'Twill not avail, when thy strong fides are broke,  
 That thy descent is from the British oak ;  
 Or, when your name and family you boast,  
 From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coast.  
 Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine,  
 Her sons descended from the British line ;

Her



Her matchless sons, whose valour still remains  
 On French records for twenty long campaigns :  
 Yet, from an empress now a captive grown,  
 She sav'd Britannia's rights, and lost her own.

In ships decay'd no mariner confides,  
 Lur'd by the gilded stern and painted sides ;  
 Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight  
 In the gay trappings of a birth-day night :  
 They on the gold brocades and sattins rav'd,  
 And quite forgot their country was enslav'd.  
 Dear vessel, still be to thy steerage just,  
 Nor change thy course with every sudden gust ;  
 Like supple patriots of the modern sort,  
 Who turn with every gale that blows from court.

Weary and sea-sick when in thee confin'd,  
 Now for thy safety cares distract my mind ;  
 As those who long have stood the storms of state  
 Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.  
 Beware ; and when you hear the surges roar,  
 Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore.  
 They lie, alas ! too easy to be found ;  
 For thee alone they lie the island round.

VERSES

## V E R S E S

ON THE SUDDEN DRYING-UP OF  
ST. PATRICK'S WELL,

NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN. 1726.

BY holy zeal inspir'd, and led by fame,  
To thee, once favourite isle, with joy I came;  
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,  
Had my own native Italy\* o'er-run.  
Ierne, to the world's remotest parts,  
Renown'd for valour, policy, and arts.

Hither from Colchos†, with the fleecy ore,  
Jafon arriv'd two thousand years before.  
Thee, happy island, Pallas call'd her own,  
When haughty Britain was a land unknown‡:

\* Italy was not properly the native place of St. Patrick, but the place of his education, and where he received his mission; and because he had his new birth there, hence, by poetical licence, and by scripture figure, our author calls that country his native Italy. IRISH ED.

† Orpheus, or the ancient author of the Greek poem on the Argonautic expedition, whoever he be, says, that Jafon, who manned the ship Argos at Theffaly, failed to Ireland. IRISH ED.

‡ Tacitus, in the life of Julius Agricola, says, that the harbours of Ireland, on account of their commerce, were better known to the world than those of Britain. IRISH ED.

From

From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace  
 The glorious founder of their kingly race:  
 Thy martial sons, whom now they dare despise,  
 Did once their land subdue and civilize:  
 Their dress, their language, and the Scottish name,  
 Confess the soil from whence the victors came\*.  
 Well may they boast that ancient blood which  
                   runs  
 Within their veins, who are ~~thy~~ younger sons†.

A con-

\* The argument here turns on, what the author of course took for granted, the present Scots being the descendants of Irish emigrants. This fact, however true, was not in Dr. Swift's time ascertained with any degree of precision. Ireland, even to this day, "remains superstitiously devoted to her ancient history," and "wraps herself in the gloom of her own legendary annals." Mr. Whitaker has displayed an uncommon fund of knowledge on this very curious subject, both in his "History of Manchester," and in "The Genuine History of the Britons asserted." N.

† "The Scots (says Dr. Robertson) carry their pretensions to antiquity as high as any of their neighbours. Relying upon uncertain legends, and the traditions of their bards, still more uncertain, they reckon up a series of kings several ages before the birth of Christ, and give a particular detail of occurrences which happened in their reigns. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, John Major and Hector Boëthius published their Histories of Scotland; the former a succinct and dry writer, the latter a copious and florid one; and both equally credulous. Not many years after, Buchanan undertook the same work; and if his accuracy and impartiality had been in any

# ON ST. PATRICK'S WELL. 65.

A conquest and a colony from thee.  
 The mother-kingdom left her children free;  
 From thee no mark of slavery they felt:  
 Not so with thee thy base invaders dealt;  
 Invited here to vengeful Morrough's aid\*,  
 Those whom they could not conquer, they betray'd.  
 Britain, by thee we sell, ungrateful isle!  
 Not by thy valour, but superior guile:  
 Britain, with shame, confess this land of mine  
 First taught thee human knowledge and divine†;

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"any degree equal to the elegance of his taste, and to the purity  
 "and vigour of his style, his history might be placed on a level  
 "with the most admired compositions of the ancients. But, in-  
 "stead of rejecting the improbable tales of Chronicle-writers, he  
 "was at the utmost pains to adorn them, and hath clothed with  
 "all the beauties and graces of fiction those legends which for-  
 "merly had only its wildness and extravagance."—On the au-  
 "thority of Buchanan and his predecessors the historical part of  
 this poem seems founded, as well as the notes signed IRISH ED.  
 some of which, I believe, were written by the Dean him-  
 self. N.

\* In the reign of King Henry II, Dermot M'Morrough, king  
 of Leinster, being deprived of his kingdom by Roderick O'Con-  
 nor, king of Connaught, he invited the English over as auxilia-  
 ries, and promised Richard Strangbow, earl of Pembroke, his  
 daughter and all his dominions as a portion. By this assistance,  
 M'Morrough recovered his crown, and Strangbow became pos-  
 sessed of all Leinster. IRISH ED.

† St. Patrick arrived in Ireland in the year 431, and completed  
 the conversion of the natives, which had been begun by Palladius  
 and



My prelates and my students, sent from hence,  
 Made your sons converts both to God and sense:  
 Not like the pastors of thy ravenous breed,  
 Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.

Wretched Ierne! with what grief I see  
 The fatal changes Time hath made on thee!  
 The Christian rites I introduc'd in vain:  
 Lo! infidelity return'd again!

Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,  
 Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.

By faith and prayer, this crossier in my hand,  
 I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land;  
 The shepherd in his bower might sleep or sing\*,  
 Nor dread the adder's tooth, nor scorpion's sting.

With omens oft' I strove to warn thy swains,  
 Omens, the types of thy impending chains.  
 I sent the magpie from the British soil,  
 With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil,  
 To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,  
 And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.

and others. And, as bishop Nicholson observes, Ireland soon became the fountain of learning, to which all the Western Christians, as well as the English, had recourse, not only for instructions in the principles of religion, but in all sorts of literature, viz. *Legendi et scholastica eruditionis gratia*. IRISH ED.

\* There are no snakes, vipers, or toads, in Ireland; and even frogs were not known here until about the year 1700. The magpies came a short time before; and the Norway rats since.  
 IRISH ED.

What



What else are those thou seest in bishops' geer,  
 Who crop the nurseries of learning here;  
 Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,  
 Devour the church, and chatter to the state?

As you grew more degenerate and base,  
 I sent you millions of the croaking race;  
 Emblems of insects vile, who spread their spawn  
 Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;  
 A nauseous brood, that fills your senate walls,  
 And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls!

See, where that new-devouring vermin runs,  
 Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!  
 With harpy-claws it undermines the ground,  
 And sudden spreads a numerous offspring round.  
 Th' amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,  
 Drains all thy lakes of fish, of fruits thy land.

Where is the holy well that bore my name?  
 Led to the fountain back, from whence it came!  
 Fair Freedom's emblem once, which smoothly flows,  
 And blessings equally on all bestows.

Here, from the neighbouring\* nursery of arts,  
 The students, drinking, rais'd their wit and parts;  
 Here, for an age and more, improv'd their vein,  
 Their Phœbus I, my spring their Hippocrene.  
 Discourag'd youths! now all their hopes must fail,  
 Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;  
 To foreign prelates make a slavish court,  
 And by their sweat procure a mean support;

\* The University of Dublin, called Trinity College, was  
 founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1591. IRISH ED.

Or, for the clafficks, read "Th' Attorney's Guide;"  
Collect excife, or wait upon the tide.

Oh! that I had been apoftle to the Swifs,  
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this;  
Combin'd in arms, they had their foes defied,  
And kept their liberty, or bravely died.  
Thou ftill with tyrants in fucceffion curft,  
The laft invaders trampling on the firft:  
Now fondly hope for fome reverse of fate,  
Virtue herfelf would now return too late.  
Not half thy courfe of mifery is run,  
Thy greateft evils yet are fcarce begun.  
Soon fhall thy fons (the time is juft at hand)  
Be all made captives in their native land;  
When, for the ufe of no Hibernian born,  
Shall rife one blade of grafs, one ear of corn;  
When fhells and leather fhall for money pafs,  
Nor thy oppreffing lords afford thee brafs\*.  
But all turn leafers to that †mongrel breed,  
Who, from thee fprung, yet on thy vitals feed;  
Who to yon ravenous ifle thy treasures bear,  
And wafte in luxury thy harvefts there;  
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,  
The jeft of wits, and to the court unknown.

I fcorn thy fpurious and degenerate line,  
And from this hour my patronage refign.

\* Wood's ruinous project in 1724. IRISH ED.

† The abfentees, who fpent the income of their Irish eftates  
places, and pensions, in England. IRISH ED.

## ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRES

CALLED

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION,

BY WHICH HE MEANS PRIDE.

1726.

IF there be truth in what you sing,  
 Such god-like virtues in the king;  
 A minister\* so fill'd with zeal  
 And wisdom for the common-weal:  
 If he† who in the chair presides  
 So steadily the senate guides:  
 If others, whom you make your theme,  
 Are seconds in the glorious scheme:  
 If every peer whom you commend,  
 To worth and learning be a friend:  
 If this be truth, as you attest,  
 What land was ever half so blest?  
 No falsehood now among the great,  
 And tradesmen now no longer cheat;  
 Now on the bench fair Justice shines,  
 Her scale to neither side inclines;  
 Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,  
 And Mercy here exalts her throne:

\* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford.

† Sir Spencer Compton, then speaker, afterwards earl of Wilmington.

For such is good example's power,  
 It does its office every hour,  
 Where governors are good and wise;  
 Or else the truest maxim lyes:  
 For so we find all ancient sages  
 Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,  
 Through all the realm his virtues run,  
 Ripening and kindling like the sun.  
 If this be true, then how much more  
 When you have nam'd at least a score  
 Of courtiers, each in their degree,  
 If possible, as good as he?

Or take it in a different view.  
 I ask (if what you say be true)  
 If you affirm the present age  
 Deserves your satire's keenest rage:  
 If that same *universal passion*  
 With every vice hath fill'd the nation:  
 If virtue dares not venture down  
 A single step beneath the crown:  
 If clergymen, to shew their wit,  
 Praise *classicks* more than holy writ:  
 If bankrupts, when they are undone,  
 Into the senate-house can run,  
 And sell their votes at such a rate  
 As will retrieve a lost estate:  
 If law be such a partial whore,  
 To spare the rich, and plague the poor:  
 If these be of all crimes the worst,  
 What land was ever half so curst?

## THE DOG AND THIEF. 1726.

QUOTH the thief to the dog, let me into your door,  
And I'll give you these delicate bits.

Quoth the dog, I shall then be more villain than you're,  
And besides must be out of my wits.

Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal,  
But my master each day gives me bread;  
You'll fly, when you get what you came here to steal,  
And I must be hang'd in your stead.

The stock-jobber thus from 'Change-alley goes down,  
And tips you the freeman a wink;  
Let me have but your vote to serve for the town,  
And here is a guinea to drink.

Says the freeman, your guinea to-night would be spent!  
Your offers of bribery cease:  
I'll vote for my landlord, to whom I pay rent,  
Or else I may forfeit my lease.

From London they come, silly people to chouse,  
Their lands and their faces unknown:  
Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament-house,  
That would turn a man out of his own?



A D V I C E  
TO THE GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS.  
1726.

**Y**E poets ragged and forlorn,  
Down from your garrets haste;  
Ye rhymers dead as soon as born,  
Not yet consign'd to paste;  
I know a trick to make you thrive;  
O, 'tis a quaint device:  
Your still-born poems shall revive,  
And scorn to wrap up spice.  
Get all your verses printed fair,  
Then let them well be dried;  
And Curll must have a special care  
To leave the margin wide.  
Lend these to paper-sparing \*Pope;  
And when he sits to write,  
No letter with an envelope  
Could give him more delight.  
When Pope has fill'd the margins round,  
Why then recall your loan;  
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,  
And swear they are your own.

\* The original copy of Mr. Pope's celebrated translation of Homer (preserved in the British Museum) is almost entirely written on the covers of letters, and sometimes between the lines of the letters themselves. N.

T O A L A D Y,

Who desired the AUTHOR to write some Verses  
upon her in the Heroic Style.

Written at LONDON in 1726.

AFTER venting all my spite,  
Tell me, what have I to write ?  
Every error I could find  
Through the mazes of your mind,  
Have my busy Muse employ'd  
Till the company was cloy'd.  
Are you positive and fretful,  
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful ?  
Those, and twenty follies more,  
I have often told before.

Hearken what my lady says :  
Have I nothing then to praise ?  
Ill it fits you to be witty,  
Where a fault should move your pity.  
If you think me too conceited,  
Or to passion quickly heated ;  
If my wandering head be less  
Set on reading than on dress ;  
If I always seem too dull t' ye ;  
I can solve the diffi—culty.

You would teach me to be wise ;  
Truth and honour how to prize ;  
How to shine in conversation,  
And with credit fill my station ;

How

How to relish notions high ;  
How to live, and how to die.

But it was decreed by fate—  
Mr. Dean, you come too late.  
Well I know, you can discern,  
I am now too old to learn :  
Follies, from my youth instill'd,  
Have my soul entirely fill'd ;  
In my head and heart they center,  
Nor will let your lessons enter.

Bred a fondling and an heiress,  
Drest like any Lady Mayores,es,  
Cocker'd by the servants round,  
Was too good to touch the ground ;  
Thought the life of every lady  
Should be one continual play-day—  
Balls, and masquerades, and shows,  
Visits, plays, and powder'd beaux.

Thus you have my case at large,  
And may now perform your charge.  
Those materials I have furnish'd,  
When by you refin'd and burnish'd,  
Must, that all the world may know 'em,  
Be reduc'd into a Poem.

But, I beg, suspend a while  
That same paltry, burlesque style ;  
Drop for once your constant rule,  
Turning all to ridicule ;  
Teaching others how to ape you ;  
Court nor Parliament can 'scape you ;

Treat the publick and your friends  
Both alike, while neither mends.

Sing my praise in strain sublime :  
Treat me not with doggrel rhyme.  
'Tis but just, you should produce,  
With each fault, each fault's excuse ;  
Not to publish every trifle,  
And my few perfections stifle.  
With some gifts at least endow me,  
Which my very foes allow me.  
Am I spightful, proud, unjust ?  
Did I ever break my trust ?  
Which of all our *modern* dames  
Censures less, or less defames ?  
In good manners am I faulty ?  
Can you call me rude or haughty ?  
Did I e'er my mite withhold  
From the impotent and old ?  
When did ever I omit  
Due regard for men of wit ?  
When have I esteem express'd  
For a coxcomb gaily dress'd ?  
Do I, like the female tribe,  
Think it wit to flear and gibe ?  
Who with less designing ends  
Kindlier entertains their friends ;  
With good words, and countenance sprightly,  
Strives to treat them more politely ?

Think not cards my chief diversion :  
'Tis a wrong, unjust aspersion :

Never

Never knew I any good in 'em,  
But to dose my head like *laudanum*.  
We by play, as men by drinking,  
Pass our nights, to drive out thinking.  
From my ailments give me leisure,  
I shall read and think with pleasure ;  
Conversation learn to relish,  
And with books my mind embellish.

Now, methinks, I hear you cry,  
Mr. Dean, you must reply.

Madam, I allow 'tis true :  
All these praises are your due.  
You, like some acute philosopher,  
Every fault have drawn a gloss over ;  
Placing in the strongest light  
All your virtues to my sight.

Though you lead a blameless life,  
Are an humble prudent wife,  
Answer all domestic ends ;  
What is this to us your friends ?  
Though your children by a nod  
Stand in awe without a rod ;  
Though, by your obliging sway,  
Servants love you, and obey ;  
Though you treat us with a smile ;  
Clear your looks, and smooth your style ;  
Load our plates from every dish ;  
This is not the thing we wish.  
Colonel — may be your debtor ;  
We expect employment better.

You



You must learn, if you would gain us,  
With good sense to entertain us.

Scholars, when good sense describing,

Call it *tasting* and *imbibing* :

Metaphoric meat and drink

Is to understand and think :

We may carve for others thus ;

And let others carve for us :

To discourse and to attend,

Is to *help* yourself and friend.

Conversation is but *carving* ;

Carve for all, yourself is starving :

Give no more to every guest,

Than he 's able to digest ;

Give him always of the prime,

And but little at a time.

*Carve* to all but just enough ;

Let them neither starve nor stuff :

And, that you may have your due,

Let your neighbours *carve* for you.

This comparison will hold,

Could it well in rhyme be told

How conversing, listening, thinking,

Justly may resemble drinking ;

For a friend a glass you fill,

What is this but to instill ?

To conclude this long essay ;

Pardon, if I disobey ;

Nor, against my natural vein,

Treat you in heroic strain.

I, as all the parish knows,  
 Hardly can be grave in prose :  
 Still to lash, and lashing smile,  
 Ill befits a lofty style.  
 From the planet of my birth  
 I encounter vice with mirth.  
 Wicked ministers of state  
 I can easier scorn than hate :  
 And I find it answers right ;  
 Scorn torments them more than spight.  
 All the vices of a court  
 Do but serve to make me sport.  
 Where I in some foreign realm,  
 Which all vices overwhelm ;  
 Should a monkey wear a crown,  
 Must I tremble at his frown ?  
 Could I not, through all his ermine,  
 Spy the strutting, chattering vermin ?  
 Safely write a smart lampoon,  
 To expose the brisk baboon\* ?

When my Muse officious ventures  
 On the nation's representers :  
 Teaching by what *golden* rules  
 Into knaves they turn their fools :  
 How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,  
 At whose oars, like slaves, they all pull ;  
 Let the vessel split on shelves ;  
 With the freight enrich themselves :

\* This poem, for an obvious reason, has been mutilated in many editions. N.

Safe within my little wherry,  
 All their madness makes me merry :  
 Like the watermen of Thames,  
 I row by, and call them names ;  
 Like the ever-laughing fage,  
 In a jest I spend my rage  
 (Though it must be understood,  
 I would hang them, if I could) :  
 If I can but fill my nitch,  
 I attempt no higher pitch ;  
 Leave to D'Anvers and his mate  
 Maxims wise to rule the state.  
 Pulteney deep, accomplish'd St. Johns,  
 Scourge the villains with a vengeance :  
 Let me, though the smell be noisome,  
 Strip their bums ; let •Caleb hoise 'em ;  
 Then apply Alecto's whip,  
 Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.

Deuce is in you, Mr. Dean :  
 What can all this passion mean ?  
 Mention courts ! you 'll ne'er be quiet  
 On corruptions running riot.  
 End as it befits your station ;  
 Come to use and application :  
 Nor with senates keep a fufs.  
 I submit ; and answer thus :

\* Caleb D'Anvers was the name assumed by Amhurst, the ostensible writer of *The Craftsman*. This unfortunate man was neglected by his noble patrons, and died in want and obscurity. N.

If

If the machinations brewing,  
 To complete the public ruin,  
 Never once could have the power  
 To affect me half an hour;  
 Sooner would I write in buskins,  
 Mournful elegies on \*Blueskins.  
 If I laugh at Whig and Tory,  
 I conclude, *à fortiori*,  
 All your eloquence will scarce  
 Drive me from my favourite farce.  
 This I must insist on: for, as  
 It is well observ'd by †Horace,  
 Ridicule hath greater power  
 To reform the world, than four.  
 Horses thus, let jockies judge else,  
 Switches better guide than cudgels.  
 Basting heavy, dry, obtuse,  
 Only dulness can produce;  
 While a little gentle jerking  
 Sets the spirits all a-working.

Thus, I find it by experiment,  
 Scolding moves you less than merriment.  
 I may storm and rage in vain;  
 It but stupifies your brain.  
 But with raillery to nettle,  
 Sets your thoughts upon their mettle;  
 Gives imagination scope;  
 Never lets the mind elope;

\* The famous thief, who, whilst on his trial at the Old Bailey, stabbed Jonathan Wild. N.

† "Ridiculum acri, &c."

Drives out brangling and contention,  
Brings in reason and invention.  
For your sake, as well as mine,  
I the lofty style decline.

I should make a figure scurvy,  
And your head turn topsy-turvy.

I, who love to have a fling  
Both at senate-house and king;  
That they might some better way tread,  
To avoid the public hatred;  
Thought no method more commodious,  
Than to shew their vices odious;  
Which I chose to make appear,  
Not by anger, but a sneer.

As my method of reforming  
Is by laughing, not by storming  
(For my friends have always thought  
Tenderness my greatest fault);  
Would you have me change my style?  
On your faults no longer smile;  
But, to patch up all our quarrels,  
Quote you texts from Plutarch's Morals;  
Or from Solomon produce  
Maxims teaching Wisdom's use?

If I treat you like a crown'd-head,  
You have cheap enough compounded;  
Can you put-in higher claims,  
Than the owners of St. James?  
You are not so great a grievance,  
As the hirelings of St. Stephen's.



You are of a lower class  
Than my friend Sir Robert Braks.  
None of these have mercy found;  
I have laugh'd, and lash'd them round.

Have you seen a rocket fly?  
You would swear it pierc'd the sky:  
It but reach'd the middle air,  
Bursting into pieces there:  
Thousand sparkles falling down  
Light on many a coxcomb's crown:  
See what mirth the sport creates;  
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.  
Thus, should I attempt to climb,  
Treat you in a style sublime,  
Such a rocket is my Muse:  
Should I lofty numbers choose,  
Ere I reach'd Parnassus' top,  
I should burst, and bursting drop;  
All my *fire* would fall in scraps;  
Give your head some gentle raps;  
Only make it smart awhile:  
Then could I forbear to smile,  
When I found the tingling pain  
Entering warm your frigid brain;  
Make you able upon sight  
To decide of wrong and right;  
Talk with sense whate'er you please on;  
Learn to relish truth and reason?

Thus we both shall gain our prize:  
I to laugh, and you grow wise.

A YOUNG

## A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT,

FOR

The Stay of the DEAN in ENGLAND. 1726.

**B**LOW, ye Zephyrs, gentle gales;  
Gently fill the swelling sails.

Neptune, with thy trident long,  
'Trident three-fork'd, trident strong;

And ye Nereids fair and gay,

Fairer than the rose in May,

Nereids living in deep caves,

Gently wash'd with gentle waves;

Nereids, Neptune, lull asleep

Ruffling storms, and ruffled deep;

All around, in pompous state,

On this richer Argo wait:

Argo, bring my Golden Fleece;

Argo, bring him to his Greece.

Will Cadenus longer stay?

Come, Cadenus, come away;

Come with all the haste of love,

Come unto thy turtle-dove.

The ripen'd cherry on the tree

Hangs, and only hangs for thee;

Luscious peaches, mellow pears,

Ceres with her yellow ears,

And the grape, both red and white,

Grape inspiring just delight;

All are ripe, and courting sue  
 To be pluck'd and press'd by you.  
 Pinks have lost their blooming red,  
 Mourning hang their drooping head;  
 Every flower languid seems,  
 Wants the colour of thy beams,  
 Beams of wondrous force and power,  
 Beams reviving every flower.  
 Come, Cadenus, bless once more,  
 Bless again thy native shore;  
 Bless again this drooping isle,  
 Make its weeping beauties smile,  
 Beauties that thine absence mourn,  
 Beauties wishing thy return.  
 Come, Cadenus, come with haste,  
 Come before the winter's blast;  
 Swifter than the lightning fly;  
 Or I, like Vanessa, die.

A LETTER TO THE DEAN,  
 WHEN IN ENGLAND. 1726.

YOU will excuse me, I suppose,  
 For sending rhyme instead of prose,  
 Because hot weather makes me lazy;  
 To write in metre is more easy.  
 While you are trudging London town,  
 I'm strolling Dublin up and down;

While you converse with lords and dukes,  
 I have their betters here, my books:  
 Fix'd in an elbow-chair at ease,  
 I choose companions as I please.  
 I'd rather have one single shelf  
 Than all my friends, except yourself;  
 For, after all that can be said,  
 Our best acquaintance are the dead.  
 While you're in raptures with Faustina\*;  
 I'm charm'd at home with our Sheelina.  
 While you are starving there in state,  
 I'm cramming here with butchers meat.  
 You say, when with those lords you dine,  
 They treat you with the best of wine,  
 Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tokay;  
 Why so can we, as well as they.  
 No reason then, my dear good Dean,  
 But you should travel home again.  
 What though you may n't in Ireland hope  
 To find such folk as Gay and Pope;  
 If you with rhymers here would share  
 But half the wit that you can spare,  
 I'd lay twelve eggs, that, in twelve days,  
 You'd make a dozen of Popes and Gays.  
 Our weather's good, our sky is clear;  
 We've every joy, if you were here;  
 So lofty and so bright a sky  
 Was never seen by Ireland's eye!

\* Signora Faustina, a famous Italian singer.

I think it fit to let you know,  
 This week I shall to Quilca go;  
 To see M'Fayden's horny brothers  
 First suck, and after bull their mothers;  
 To see, alas! my wither'd trees!  
 To see what all the country sees!  
 My stunted quicks, my famish'd beeves,  
 My servants such a pack of thieves;  
 My shatter'd firs, my blasted oaks,  
 My house in common to all folks;  
 No cabbage for a single snail,  
 My turnips, carrots, parsnips, fail;  
 My no green peas, my few green sprouts;  
 My mother always in the pouts;  
 My horses rid, or gone astray;  
 My fish all stol'n, or run away;  
 My mutton lean, my pullets old,  
 My poultry starv'd, the corn all sold.

A man, come now from Quilca, says,  
 " *They* 've\* stol'n the locks from all your keys:"  
 But, what must fret and vex me more,  
 He says, " *They* stole the keys before.  
 " *They* 've stol'n the knives from all the forks;  
 " And half the cows from half the sturks."  
 Nay more, the fellow swears and vows,  
 " *They* 've stol'n the sturks from half the cows:"

\* *They* is the grand thief of the county of Cavan; for whatever is stolen, if you enquire of a servant about it, the answer is,  
 " *They* have stolen it." FAULKNER.



With many more accounts of woe.  
 Yet, though the devil be there, I 'll go:  
 'Twixt you and me, the reason 's clear,  
 Because I 've more vexation here.

## P A L I N O D I A.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XVI.

**G**REAT Sir, than Phœbus more divine,  
 Whose verses far his rays out-shine,  
 Look down upon your quondam foe;  
 Oh! let me never write again,  
 If e'er I disoblige you, Dean,  
 Should you compassion show.

Take those Iambicks which I wrote,  
 When anger made me piping hot,  
 And give them to your cook,  
 To finge your fowl, or save your paste,  
 The next time when you have a feast;  
 They 'll save you many a book.

To burn them, you are not content;  
 I give you then my free consent,  
 To sink them in the harbour:  
 If not, they 'll serve to set off blocks,  
 To roll on pipes, and twist in locks;  
 So give them to your barber.

Or, when you next your physick take,  
 I must intreat you then to make  
     A proper application ;  
 'Tis what I 've done myself before,  
 With Dan's fine thoughts, and many more,  
     Who gave me provocation.

What cannot mighty anger do?  
 It makes the weak the strong pursue,  
     A goose attack a swan;  
 It makes a woman, tooth and nail,  
 Her husband's hands and face assail,  
     While he 's no longer man.

Though some, we find, are more discreet,  
 Before the world are wondrous sweet,  
     And let their husbands hector:  
 But, when the world 's asleep, they wake,  
 That is the time they choose to speak;  
     Witness the curtain-lecture.

Such was the case with you, I find:  
 All day you could conceal your mind;  
     But when St. Patrick's chimes  
 Awak'd your Muse (my midnight curse,  
 When I engag'd for better for worse),  
     You scolded with your rhymes.

Have done! have done! I quit the field;  
 To you, as to my wife, I yield:  
     As she must wear the breeches;  
 So shall you wear the laurel-crown,  
 Win it, and wear it, 'tis your own;  
     The poet's only riches.

BEC'S

## B E C ' S   B I R T H - D A Y .

November 8, 1726.

T H I S day, dear Bec, is thy nativity ;  
 Had Fate a luckier one, she 'd give it ye :  
 She chose a thread of greatest length,  
 And doubly twisted it for strength ;  
 Nor will be able with her shears  
 To cut it off these forty years.  
 Then who says care will kill a cat ?  
 Rebecca shews they 're out in that.  
 For she, though over-run with care,  
 Continues healthy, fat, and fair.  
 As, if the gout should seize the head,  
 Doctors pronounce the patient dead ;  
 But, if they can, by all their arts,  
 Toss it to th' extremest parts,  
 They give the sick man joy, and praise  
 The gout, that will prolong his days ;  
 Rebecca thus I gladly greet,  
 Who drives her cares to hands and feet :  
 For, though philosophers maintain  
 The limbs are guided by the brain,  
 Quite contrary Rebecca 's led,  
 Her hands and feet conduct her head,  
 By arbitrary power convey her ;  
 She ne'er considers why, or where :  
 Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,  
 Her head is but a mere by-stander ;

And

Or, when you next your physick take,  
I must intreat you then to make  
    A proper application;  
'Tis what I 've done myself before,  
With Dan's fine thoughts, and many more,  
    Who gave me provocation.

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But, when the world 's asleep, they wake,  
That is the time they choose to speak;  
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    But when St. Patrick's chimes  
Awak'd your Muse (my midnight curse,  
When I engag'd for better for worse),  
    You scolded with your rhymes.

Have done! have done! I quit the field;  
To you, as to my wife, I yield:  
    As she must wear the breeches;  
So shall you wear the laurel-crown,  
Win it, and wear it, 'tis your own;  
    The poet's only riches.

## B E C ' S   B I R T H - D A Y .

November 8, 1726.

**T**HIS day, dear Bec, is thy nativity;  
 Had Fate a luckier one, she 'd give it ye:  
 She chose a thread of greatest length,  
 And doubly twisted it for strength;  
 Or will be able with her shears  
 To cut it off these forty years.  
 When who says care will kill a cat?  
 Rebecca shews they 're out in that.  
 For she, though over-run with care,  
 Continues healthy, fat, and fair.  
 As, if the gout should seize the head,  
 Doctors pronounce the patient dead;  
 Yet, if they can, by all their arts,  
 Set it to th' extremeſt parts,  
 They give the ſick man joy, and praiſe  
 The gout, that will prolong his days;  
 Rebecca thus I gladly greet,  
 Who drives her cares to hands and feet:  
 For, though philoſophers maintain  
 The limbs are guided by the brain,  
 Quite contrary Rebecca 's led,  
 Her hands and feet conduct her head,  
 By arbitrary power convey her;  
 She ne'er conſiders why, or where:  
 Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,  
 Her head is but a mere by-ſtander;

And



And all her bustling but supplies  
The part of wholesome exercise.  
Thus nature hath resolv'd to pay her  
The cat's nine lives, and eke the care.

Long may she live, and help her friends  
Whene'er it suits her private ends;  
Domestic business never mind  
Till coffee has her stomach lin'd;  
But, when her breakfast gives her courage,  
Then think on Stella's chicken-porridge;  
I mean when Tiger\* has been serv'd,  
Or else poor Stella may be starv'd.

May Bec have many an evening nap,  
With Tiger slabbering in her lap;  
But always take a special care  
She does not overset the chair!  
Still be she curious, never hearken  
To any speech but Tiger's barking!

And when she 's in another scene,  
Stella long dead, but first the Dean,  
May fortune and her coffee get her  
Companions that may please her better!  
Whole afternoons will sit beside her,  
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her,  
A goodly set as can be found  
Of hearty gossips prating round;  
Fresh from a wedding or a christening,  
To teach her ears the art of listening.

\* Mrs. Dingley's favourite lap-dog. See next page.

## BEC'S BIRTH-DAY.

91

And please her more to hear them tattle,  
Than the Dean storm, or Stella rattle.

Late be her death, one gentle nod,  
When Hermes, waiting with his rod,  
Shall to Elysian fields invite her,  
Where there shall be no cares to fright her !

## ON THE COLLAR OF TIGER, MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG.

**P**RAY steal me not; I 'm Mrs. Dingley's,  
Whose heart in this four-footed thing lies.

## EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS.

Most of them written in 1726.

### I. On a Window at an INN.

**W**E fly from luxury and wealth,  
To hardships, in pursuit of health;  
From generous wines and costly fare,  
And dosing in an easy chair;  
Pursue the Goddess Health in vain,  
To find her in a country scene,  
And every where her footsteps trace,  
And see her marks in every face;  
And still her favourites we meet,  
Crouding the roads with naked feet.  
But, oh ! so faintly we pursue,  
We ne'er can have her in full view.

### II. At

## II. At an INN in ENGLAND.

THE glass, by lovers nonsense blurr'd,  
 Dims and obscures our sight :  
 So when our passions Love hath stirr'd,  
 It darkens Reason's light.

## III. ANOTHER.

THE church and clergy here, no doubt,  
 Are very near a-kin ;  
 Both weather-beaten are without,  
 And empty both within.

## IV. At CHESTER.

MY landlord is civil,  
 But dear as the d—l :  
 Your pockets grow empty,  
 With nothing to tempt ye :  
 The wine is so four,  
 'Twill give you a scour ;  
 The beer and the ale,  
 Are mingled with stale ;  
 The veal is such carrion,  
 A dog would be weary on.  
 All this I have felt,  
 For I live on a smelt.

V. Another

## V. Another, in CHESTER.

THE walls of this town  
 Are full of renown,  
 And strangers delight to walk round 'em :  
 But as for the dwellers,  
 Both buyers and sellers,  
 For me, you may hang 'em, or drown 'em.

## VI. Another, at HOLYHEAD\*.

O NEPTUNE ! Neptune ! must I still  
 Be here detain'd against my will ?  
 Is this your justice, when I 'm come  
 Above two hundred miles from home ?  
 O'er mountains steep, o'er dusty plains,  
 Half choak'd with dust, half drown'd with rains ;  
 Only your godship to implore,  
 To let me kiss your other shore ?  
 A boon so small ! but I may weep,  
 While you 're, like Baal, fast asleep.

VII. Another, written upon a WINDOW where  
 there was no WRITING before.

THANKS to my stars, I once can see  
 A window here from scribbling free :  
 Here no conceited coxcombs pass,  
 To scratch their paltry drabs on glass ;  
 Nor party-fool is calling names,  
 Or dealing crowns to George and James.

\* These verses are signed J—K—, but written, as it is presumed, in Dr. Swift's hand.

## VIII. On

VIII. On seeing VERSES written upon WINDOWS  
at INNS.

**T**HE sage who said he should be proud  
Of windows in his breast,  
Because he ne'er a thought allow'd  
That might not be confest;  
His window scrawl'd by every rake,  
His breast again would cover;  
And fairly bid the devil take  
The diamond and the lover.

IX. ANOTHER.

**B**Y Satan taught, all conjurers know  
Your mistress in a glass to show,  
And you can do as much:  
In this the devil and you agree:  
None e'er made verses worse than he,  
And thine I swear are such.

X. ANOTHER.

**T**HAT love is the devil, I'll prove when requir'd;  
Those rhymers abundantly show it:  
They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,  
And the devil's a damnable poet.



## TO JANUS, ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

**T**WO-fac'd Janus, god of Time !  
Be my Phœbus while I rhyme ;

To oblige your crony Swift,  
Bring our dame a new-year's-gift :  
She has got but half a face :  
Janus, since thou hast a brace,  
To my lady once be kind ;  
Give her half thy face behind.

God of Time, if you be wise,  
Look not with your future eyes ;  
What imports thy forward sight ?  
Well, if you could lose it quite.  
Can you take delight in viewing  
This poor \*Isle's approaching ruin,  
When thy retrospection vast  
Sees the glorious ages past ?  
Happy nation, were we blind,  
Or had only eyes behind !

Drown your morals, madam cries,  
I'll have none but forward eyes ;  
Prudes decay'd about may tack,  
Strain their necks with looking back.  
Give me Time when coming on :  
Who regards him when he 's gone ?  
By the Dean though gravely told,  
New years help to make me old ;  
Yet I find a new year's lace  
Burnishes an old year's face :  
Give me velvet and quadrille.  
I'll have youth and beauty still.

\* Ireland.

A PAS;

## A PASTORAL DIALOGUE,

Written after the News of the \*King's Death.

RICHMOND-LODGE is a house with a small park belonging to the Crown. It was usually granted by the Crown for a lease of years. The Duke of Ormond was the last who had it. After his exile, it was given to the Prince of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princess usually passed their summer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

MARBLE-HILL is a house built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bed-chamber, now Countess of Suffolk, and groom of the stole to the Queen. It is on the Middlesex side, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lived, and about two miles from Richmond-lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, the Dean of St. Patrick's church butler and keeper of the Ice-house. Upon King George's death, these two houses met, and had the following Dialogue.

**I**N spite of Pope, in spite of Gay,  
And all that he or they can say,  
Sing on I must, and sing I will  
Of Richmond-lodge and Marble-hill.

\* George I. who died after a short sickness by eating a melon at Osnaburg, in his way to Hanover, June 11, 1727.—The poem was carried to court, and read to King George II. and Queen Caroline.

## A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

27

Last Friday night, as neighbours use,  
This couple met to talk of news :  
For by old proverbs it appears,  
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MARBLE-HILL.

Quoth Marble-hill, right well I ween,  
Your mistress now is grown a queen :  
You 'll find it soon by woeful proof ;  
She 'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

The kingly prophet well evinces,  
That we should put no trust in princes :  
My royal master promis'd me  
To raise me to a high degree ;  
But he 's now grown a king, God wot,  
I fear I shall be soon forgot.  
You see, when folks have got their ends,  
How quickly they neglect their friends ;  
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,  
Pray God, they now may find as true !

MARBLE-HILL.

My house was built but for a show,  
My lady's empty pockets know ;  
And now she will not have a shilling,  
To raise the stairs, or build the cieling ;  
For all the courtly madams round  
Now pay four shillings in the pound :  
'Tis come to what I always thought :  
My dame is hardly worth a groat.

Had you and I been courtiers born,  
 We should not thus have lain forlorn:  
 For those we dextrous courtiers call,  
 Can rise upon their masters' *fall*;  
 But we, unlucky and unwise,  
 Must *fall* because our masters *rise*.

## RICHMOND-LODGE.

My master, scarce a fortnight since,  
 Was grown as wealthy as a prince;  
 But now it will be no such thing,  
 For he 'll be poor as any *king*;  
 And by his crown will nothing get,  
 But like a king to run in debt.

## MARBLE-HILL.

No more the Dean, that grave divine,  
 Shall keep the key of my no—wine;  
 My ice-house rob, 'as heretofore,  
 And steal my artichokes no more;  
 Poor Patty Blount no more be seen  
 Bedraggled in my walks so green:  
 Plump Johnny Gay will now elope;  
 And here no more will dangle Pope.

## RICHMOND-LODGE.

Here went the Dean, when he 's to seek,  
 To sponge a breakfast once a week;  
 To cry the bread was stale, and mutter  
 Complaints against the royal butter.  
 But now I fear it will be said,  
 No butter sticks upon his bread.

We soon shall find him full of spleen,  
 For want of tattling to the queen;  
 Stunning her royal ears with talking;  
 His *reverence* and her *highness* walking:  
 Whilst lady Charlotte\*, like a stroller,  
 Sits mounted on the garden-roller.  
 A goodly sight to see her ride  
 With ancient Mirmont† at her side.  
 In velvet cap his head lies warm;  
 His hat for show beneath his arm.

## MARBLE-HILL.

Some South-Sea broker from the city  
 Will purchase me, the more 's the pity;  
 Lay all my fine plantations waste,  
 To fit them to his vulgar taste:  
 Chang'd for the worse in every part,  
 My master Pope will break his heart.

## RICHMOND-LODGE.

In my own Thames may I be drowned,  
 If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd-head:  
 Except her majesty prevails  
 To place me with the prince of Wales;  
 And then shall I be free from fears,  
 For he 'll be prince these fifty years.  
 I then will turn a courtier too,  
 And serve the times, as others do.

\* Lady Charlotte de Rouffy, a French lady.

† Marquis de Mirmont, a French man of quality.



Plain loyalty, not built on hope,  
I leave to your contriver, Pope:  
None loves his king and country better,  
Yet none was ever less their debtor.

## MARBLE-HILL.

Then let him come and take a nap  
In summer on my verdant lap;  
Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,  
To Kensington, or hot St. James's:  
Nor shall I dull in silence sit;  
For 'tis to me he owes his wit;  
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,  
Have taught him his poetic words.  
We gardens, and you wildernesses,  
Assist all poets in distresses.  
Him twice a week I here expect,  
To rattle Moody\* for neglect;  
An idle rogue, who spends his quartridge  
In tippling at the *Dog and partridge*;  
And I can hardly get him down  
Three times a week to brush my gown.

## RICHMOND-LODGE.

I pity you, dear Marble-hill;  
But hope to see you flourish still.  
All happiness—and so adieu.

## MARBLE-HILL.

Kind Richmond-lodge, the same to you.

\* The gardener.

## DESIRE AND POSSESSION. 1727.

'TIS strange, what different thoughts inspire  
In men, Possession and Desire !

Think what they wish so great a blessing ;  
So disappointed when possessing !

A moralist profoundly sage  
(I know not in what book or page,  
Or whether o'er a pot of ale)  
Related thus the following tale.

Possession, and Desire his brother,  
But still at variance with each other,  
Were seen contending in a race ;  
And kept at first an equal pace :  
'Tis said their course continued long ;  
For this was active, that was strong :  
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,  
Misted them many a league about.  
Seduc'd by some deceiving light,  
'They take' the wrong way for the right ;  
Through slippery by-roads dark and deep,  
They often climb, and often creep.

Desire, the swifter of the two,  
Along the plain like lightning flew ;  
Till, entering on a broad high-way,  
Where *power* and *titles* scatter'd lay,  
He strove to pick up all he found,  
And by excursions lost his ground :  
No sooner got, than with disdain  
He threw them on the ground again ;

And hasted forward to pursue  
Fresh objects fairer to his view,  
In hope to spring some nobler game;  
But all he took was just the same:  
Too scornful now to stop his pace,  
He spurn'd them in his rival's face.

Possession kept the beaten road,  
And gather'd all his brother strow'd;  
But overcharg'd, and out of wind,  
Though strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.

Desire had now the goal in sight:  
It was a tower of monstrous height,  
Where on the summit Fortune stands,  
A crown and sceptre in her hands;  
Beneath, a chasm as deep as hell,  
Where many a bold adventurer fell.  
Desire in rapture gaz'd awhile,  
And saw the treacherous goddess smile;  
But, as he climb'd to grasp the crown,  
She knock'd him with the sceptre down.  
He tumbled in the gulph profound,  
'There doom'd to whirl an endless round.

Possession's load was grown so great,  
He sunk beneath the cumberous weight:  
And, as he now expiring lay,  
Flocks every ominous bird of prey;  
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,  
At once upon his carcase light,  
And strip his hide, and pick his bones,  
Regardless of his dying groans.

Y<sup>E</sup> wife, instruct me to endure  
 An evil which admits no cure;  
 Or how this evil can be borne,  
 Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.  
 Bare innocence is no support,  
 When you are try'd in Scandal's court.  
 Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit:  
 All others who inferior sit,  
 Conceive themselves in conscience bound  
 To join, and drag you to the ground.  
 Your altitude offends the eyes  
 Of those who want the power to rise.  
 The world, a willing stander-by,  
 Inclines to aid a specious lye;  
 Alas! they would not do you wrong;  
 But all appearances are strong!

Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay  
 On what detracting people say?  
 For let mankind discharge their tongues  
 In venom, till they buri't their lungs,  
 Their utmost malice cannot make  
 Your head, or tooth, or finger ake;  
 Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,  
 Or put one feature out of place;  
 Nor will you find your fortune sink  
 By what they speak or what they think;  
 Nor can ten hundred thousand lyes  
 Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.

The most effectual way to baulk  
 Their malice, is—to let them talk.

THE FURNITURE  
OF A WOMAN'S MIND. 1717

A SET of phrases learnt by rote;  
A passion for a scarlet-coat;  
When at a play, to laugh, or cry,  
Yet cannot tell the reason why;  
Never to hold her tongue a minute,  
While all she prates has nothing in it;  
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,  
And take his nonsense all for wit;  
Her learning mounts to read a song,  
But half the words pronouncing wrong;  
Hath every repartee in store  
She spoke ten thousand times before;  
Can ready compliments supply  
On all occasions, cut and dry;  
Such hatred to a parson's gown,  
'The fight will put her in a swoon;  
For conversation well endued,  
She calls it witty to be rude;  
And, placing raillery in railing,  
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;  
Nor make a scruple to expose  
Your bandy leg, or crooked nose;  
Can at her morning tea run o'er  
The scandal of the day before;

Improving



Improving hourly in her skill  
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.

In choosing lace, a critick nice,  
Knows to a groat the lowest price;  
Can in her female clubs dispute,  
What linen best the silk will suit,  
What colours each complexion match,  
And where with art to place a patch.

If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,  
Can finely counterfeit a fright;  
So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,  
She ravishes all hearts to hear her.  
Can dextrously her husband tease,  
By taking fits whene'er she please;  
By frequent practice learns the trick  
At proper seasons to be sick;  
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,  
At once creating love and pity.  
If Molly happens to be careless,  
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,  
She gets a cold as sure as death,  
And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;  
Admires how modest women can  
Be so *robustious*, like a man.

In party, furious to her power;  
A bitter Whig, or Tory four;  
Her arguments directly tend  
Against the side she would defend;  
Will prove herself a Tory plain,  
From principles the Whigs maintain;

And;

And, to defend the Whiggish cause,  
Her topicks from the Tories draws.

O yes! if any man can find  
More virtues in a woman's mind,  
Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding\*;  
She 'll pay the charges to a farthing;  
Take notice, she has my commission  
To add them in the next edition;  
They may out-sell a better thing:  
So, halloo, boys; God save the king!

### CLEVER TOM CLINCH

GOING TO BE HANGED. 1727.

**A**S clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,  
Rode stately through Holbourn to die in his calling,  
He stopt at The George for a bottle of sack,  
And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.  
His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches, were white;  
His cap had a new cherry riband to tie 't.  
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,  
And said, "Lack-a-day! he's a proper young man!"  
But, as from the windows the ladies he spy'd,  
Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each side;  
And, when his last speech the loud hawkers did cry,  
He swore from his cart, "It was all a damn'd lye!"  
The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;  
Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:

\* Widow of John Harding, the Drapier's printer. N.

Then said, I must speak to the people a little;  
 But I'll see you all damn'd before I will \**whittle*.  
 My honest friend †Wild may he long hold his place,  
 He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.  
 Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,  
 Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade;  
 My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,  
 And thus I go off without prayer-book or psalm;  
 Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,  
 Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE,  
 WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE DUNCIAD.

POPE has the talent well to speak,  
 But not to reach the ear;  
 His loudest voice is low and weak,  
 The Dean too deaf to hear.  
 Awhile they on each other look,  
 Then different studies chuse:  
 The Dean sits plodding on a book;  
 Pope walks, and courts the Muse.  
 Now backs of letters‡, though design'd  
 For those who more will need 'em,  
 Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,  
 Himself can hardly read 'em.

\* A cant word for confessing at the gallows.

† The noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, who was  
 hanged for receiving stolen goods.

‡ An allusion to the singularity mentioned p. 72. N.

Each

Each atom by some other struck  
 All turns and motions tries:  
 Till, in a lump together stuck,  
 Behold a Poem rise!

Yet to the Dean his share allot;  
 He claims it by a canon;  
*That without which a thing is not,*  
*Is, causa sine quâ non.*

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit;  
 For, had our deaf Divine  
 Been for your conversation fit,  
 You had not writ a line.

Of Sherlock\* thus, for preaching fam'd,  
 The Sexton reason'd well;  
 And justly half the merit claim'd,  
 Because he rang the bell.

## A LOVE POEM

FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS

Written at LONDON in the Year 1727.

**B**Y Poets we are well assur'd  
 That Love, alas! can ne'er be cur'd:  
 A complicated heap of ills,  
 Despising *boluses* and *pills*.

\* The Dean of St. Paul's, father to the bishop. N.

Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,  
Since first I gave my heart to you.  
Now, by your cruelty *hard-bound*,  
I strain my *guts*, my *colon* wound.  
Now jealousy my *grumbling tripes*  
Assaults with grating, grinding *gripes*.  
When pity in those eyes I view,  
My *bowels* wambling make me *sperw*.  
When I an amorous kifs design'd,  
I *belch'd* a hurricane of *wind*.  
Once you a gentle sigh let fall;  
Remember how I *suck'd* it all:  
What *colic pangs* from thence I felt,  
Had you but known, your *heart* would melt,  
Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,  
Till Nature pointed out a vent.  
How have you torn my heart to pieces  
With maggots, humours, and caprices!  
By which I got the *hæmorrhoids*;  
And loathsome *worms* my *anus* voids.  
Whene'er I hear a rival nam'd,  
I feel my body all inflam'd;  
Which, breaking out in *boils* and *blanes*,  
With *yellow filth* my linen stains;  
Or, parch'd with unextinguish'd *thirst*,  
Small-beer I *guzzle* till I *burst*:  
And then I drag a bloated *corpus*,  
Swell'd with a *dropsy*, like a porpoise;  
When, if I cannot *purge* or *stale*,  
I must be tapp'd to fill a *pail*.

DEAN



DEAN SWIFT AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S,  
IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

THE Dean would visit Market-hill;  
Our invitation was but slight:  
I said—Why let him, if he will;  
And so I bade Sir Arthur write.

His manners would not let him wait,  
Lest we should think ourselves neglected;  
And so we saw him at our gate  
Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,  
And day succeeding after day,  
Says not a word of his departure,  
Though not a soul would have him stay.

I've said enough to make him blush,  
Methinks, or else the devil's in 't;  
But he cares not for it a rush,  
Nor for my life will take the hint.

But you, my dear, may let him know,  
In civil language, if he stays,  
How deep and foul the roads may grow,  
And that he may command the chaise.

Or you may say—My wife intends,  
Though I should be exceeding proud,  
This winter to invite some friends;  
And, Sir, I know, you hate a crowd.

Or, Mr. Dean—I should with joy  
 Beg you would here continue still;  
 But we must go to \*Aghnacloy,  
 Or Mr. Moore will take it ill.  
 The house accounts are daily rising;  
 So much his stay doth swell the bills;  
 My dearest life, it is surprising  
 How much he eats, how much he swills.  
 His brace of puppies how they stuff!  
 And they must have three meals a day,  
 Yet never think they get enough;  
 His horses too eat all our hay.  
 Oh! if I could, how I would maul  
 His tallow-face, and wainscot-paws,  
 His beetle-brows, and eyes of wall,  
 And make him soon give up the cause!  
 Must I be every moment chid  
 With †Skinny bonia, Snipe, and Lean?  
 Oh! that I could but once be rid  
 Of this insulting Tyrant Dean!

On a very old GLASS at MARKET-HILL.

**F**RAIL glass! thou bear'st that name as well as I;  
 Though none can tell, which of us first shall die.

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE BY DR. SWIFT.

**M**E only chance can kill; thou, frailer creature,  
 May'st die, like me, by chance; but must by nature.

\* The seat of Acheson Moore, Esq.

† The Deas used to call Lady Acheson by those names.

ON CUTTING DOWN THE OLD THORN  
AT MARKET-HILL\*.

AT Market-Hill, as well appears,  
By chronicle of ancient date,  
There stood for many hundred years  
A spacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came every village-maid,  
And on the boughs her garland hung;  
And here, beneath the spreading shade,  
Secure from Satyrs fate and fung.

Sir Archibald†, that valorous knight,  
The lord of all the fruitful plain,  
Would come and listen with delight;  
For he was fond of rural strain.

\* A village near the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, where the Dean sometimes made a long visit. The tree, which was a remarkable one, was much admired by the Knight. Yet the Dean, in one of his unaccountable humours, gave directions for cutting it down in the absence of Sir Arthur, who was of course highly incensed, nor would see Swift for some time after. By way of making his peace, the Dean wrote this poem; which had the desired effect. N.

† Sir Archibald Acheson, secretary of state for Scotland.

(Sir

(Sir Archibald, whose favourite name  
 Shall stand for ages on record,  
 By Scottish bards of highest fame,  
 Wife Hawthornden and Stirling's lord\*.)

But time with iron teeth, I ween,  
 Has canker'd all its branches round;  
 No fruit or blossom to be seen,  
 Its head reclining towards the ground.

This aged, sickly, sapless thorn,  
 Which must, alas! no longer stand,  
 Behold the cruel Dean in scorn  
 Cuts down with sacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature, when she saw the blow,  
 Astonish'd, gave a dreadful shriek;  
 And mother Tellus trembled so,  
 She scarce recover'd in a week.

The Sylvan powers, with fear perplex'd,  
 In prudence and compassion, sent  
 (For none could tell whose turn was next)  
 Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpie, lighting on the stock,  
 Stood chattering with incessant din;  
 And with her beak gave many a knock,  
 'To rouse and warn the nymph within.

\* Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander  
 of Stirling, who were both friends to Sir Archibald, and  
 famous for their poetry.

The owl foresaw, in pensive mood,  
The ruin of her ancient seat;  
And fled in haste, with all her brood,  
To seek a more secure retreat.

Last trolled forth the gentle swine,  
To ease her itch against the stump,  
And dismally was heard to whine,  
All as she scrubb'd her measly rump.

The nymph, who dwells in every tree,  
(If all be true that poets chant)  
Condemn'd by Fate's supreme decree,  
Must die with her expiring plant.

Thus, when the gentle Spina found  
The thorn committed to her care  
Receiv'd its last and deadly wound,  
She fled, and vanish'd into air.

But from the root a dismal groan  
First issuing struck the murderer's ears;  
And, in a shrill revengeful tone,  
This prophecy he trembling hears:

" Thou chief contriver of my fall,  
" Relentless Dean, to mischief born;  
" My kindred oft' thine hide shall gall,  
" Thy gown and cassock oft' be torn.  
" And thy confederate dame, who brags  
" That she condemn'd me to the fire,  
" Shall rend her petticoats to rags,  
" And wound her legs with every brier.



- " Nor thou, lord Arthur\*, shalt escape;  
 " To thee I often call'd in vain,  
 " Against that assassin in crape;  
 " Yet thou could'st tamely see me slain:  
 " Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,  
 " Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy spouse;  
 " Since you could see me treated so  
 " (An old retainer to your house):  
 " May that fell Dean, by whose command  
 " Was form'd this Machiavilian plot,  
 " Not leave a thistle on thy land;  
 " Then who will own thee for a Scot?  
 " Pigs and fanatics, cows and teagues,  
 " Through all thy empire I foresee,  
 " To tear thy hedges, join in leagues,  
 " Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.  
 " And thou, the wretch ordain'd by fate,  
 " Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,  
 " With hatchet blunter than thy pate,  
 " To hack my hallow'd timber down;  
 " When thou, suspended high in air,  
 " Dy'st on a more ignoble tree  
 " (For thou shalt steal thy landlord's mare),  
 " Then, bloody caitif! think on me.

Sir Arthur Achefon.

## CANTATA\*.

**I**N harmony would you excell,  
 Suit your words to your music well;  
 For Pegasus runs every race  
 By galloping high, or level pace,  
 Or ambling, or sweet Canterbury,  
 Or with a down, a high down derry.  
 No victory he ever got  
 By joggling, joggling, joggling trot;  
 No Muse harmonious entertains  
 Rough, roistering, rustic, roaring strains.  
 Nor shall you twine the crackling bays  
 By sneaking, sniveling roundelays.  
     Now slowly move your fiddle-stick;  
     Now, tantan, tantantivi, quick;

\* This Cantata is printed with the music in all the London editions of Swift. Dr. Beattie, after censuring the practice of what he calls "illicit imitation," observes, that "this abused  
 " a noble art did not escape the satire of Swift; who, though  
 " deaf to the charms of music, was not blind to the absurdity of  
 " musicians. He recommended it to Dr. Echlin, an ingenious  
 " gentleman of Ireland, to compose a Cantata in ridicule of this  
 " puerile mimicry. Here we have *motions* imitated, which are  
 " the most inharmonious, and *sounds* the most unmusical.—In  
 " word, Swift's Cantata may convince any person, that music  
 " if only imitative, would be ridiculous." N.

Now trembling, shivering, quivering, quaking,  
 Set hoping hearts of Lovers aching.  
 Fly, fly, above the sky,  
 Rambling, gambling, trolloping, lolloping, galloping.  
 Now sweep, sweep the deep.  
 See Celia, Celia dies,  
 While true Lovers' eyes  
 Weeping sleep, Sleeping weep,  
 Weeping sleep, Bo peep, bo peep.

## E P I T A P H

AT BERKELEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

**H**ERE lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,  
 Men call'd him Dicky Pearce;  
 His folly serv'd to make folks laugh,  
 When wit and mirth were scarce.

Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,  
 What signifies to cry?  
 Dickys enough are still behind,  
 To laugh at by and by.

Buried June 18, 1728, aged 63.

MY LADY'S\*  
LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT  
AGAINST THE DEAN.

July 28, 1728.

SURE never did man see  
A wretch like poor  
Nancy,  
So teas'd day and night  
By a Dean and a Knight.  
To punish my sins,  
Sir Arthur begins,  
And gives me a wipe  
With Skinny and Snipe†:  
His malice is plain,  
Hallooing the Dean.  
The Dean never stops  
When he opens his chops;  
I'm quite over-run  
With rebus and pun.  
Before he came here  
To sponge for good cheer,  
I sate with delight,  
From morning till night,  
With two bony thumbs  
Could rub my old gums,  
Or scratching my nose,  
And jogging my toes;  
But at present, forsooth,  
I must not rub a tooth.  
When my elbows he sees  
Held up by my knees,  
My arms, like two props  
Supporting my chops,  
And just as I handle 'em  
Moving all like a pendu-  
lum;  
He trips up my props,  
And down my chin drops  
From my head to my heels  
Like a clock without wheels  
I sink in the spleen,  
An useless machine.  
If he had his will,  
I should never sit still:  
He comes with his whim  
I must move my limbs;

\* Lady Acheson.

† See p. 55.

MY LADY'S LAMENTATION. 119

I cannot be sweet  
Without using my feet;  
To lengthen my breath,  
He tires me to death.  
By the worst of all Squires,  
Through bogs and through  
briers,

Where a cow would be  
startled,  
I'm in spite of my heart led;  
And, say what I will,  
Haul'd up every hill;  
Till, daggled and tatter'd,  
My spirits quite shatter'd,  
I return home at night,  
And fast, out of spite:  
For I'd rather be dead,  
Than it e'er should be said,  
I was better for him  
In stomach or limb.

But now to my diet;  
No eating in quiet,  
He's still finding fault,  
Too sour or too salt:  
The wing of a chick  
I hardly can pick;  
But trash without measure  
I swallow with pleasure.

Next for his diversion,  
He rails at my person:

What court-breeding is  
this!

He takes me to pieces:  
From shoulder to flank  
I'm lean and am lank;  
My nose, long and thin,  
Grows down to my chin;  
My chin will not stay,  
But meets it half way;  
My fingers, prolix,  
Are ten crooked sticks:  
He swears my el-bows  
Are two iron crows,  
Or sharp-pointed rocks,  
And wear out my finocks:  
To 'scape them, Sir Arthur  
Is forc'd to lie farther,  
Or his sides they would gore  
Like the tusk of a boar.

Now, changing the scene,  
But still to the Dean:  
He loves to be bitter at  
A lady illiterate;  
If he sees her but once,  
He'll swear she's a dunce;  
Can tell by her looks  
A hater of books;  
Through each line of her  
face

Her folly can trace;

Which



Which spoils every feature  
Bestow'd her by nature;  
But sense gives a grace  
To the homeliest face:  
Wise books and reflexion  
Will mend the complexion:  
(A civil Divine!  
I suppose, meaning mine!)  
No lady who wants them  
Can ever be handsome.

I guess well enough  
What he means by this  
stuff:

He haws and he hums,  
At last out it comes:  
What, Madam! No walk-  
ing,

No reading, nor talking?  
You're now in your prime,  
Make use of your time.  
Consider, before

You come to threescore,  
How the hussies will flee  
Where'er you appear:

"That silly old pufs  
Would fain be like us.  
What a figure she made  
In her tarnish'd brocade!"

And then he grows mild:  
Come, be a good child:

If you are inclin'd  
To polish your mind,  
Be ador'd by the men  
Till threescore and ten,  
And kill with the spleen  
The jades of sixteen;  
I'll shew you the way:  
Read six hours a day.  
The wits will frequent ye,  
And think you but twenty.

Thus was I drawn in;  
Forgive me my sin.  
At breakfast he'll ask  
An account of my talk.  
Put a word out of joint,  
Or miss but a point,  
He rages and frets,  
His manners forgets;  
And, as I am serious,  
Is very imperious.  
No book for delight  
Must come in my sight;  
But, instead of new plays,  
Dull Bacon's Essays,  
And pore every day on  
That nasty Pantheon.  
If I be not a drudge,  
Let all the world judge.  
'Twere better be blind,  
Than thus be confin'd.

But,

MY LADY'S LAMENTATION. 121

But, while in an ill tone,  
 I murder poor Milton,  
 The Dean, you will swear,  
 Is at study or prayer.  
 He's all the day fauntering,  
 With labourers bantering,  
 Among his colleagues,  
 A parcel of Teagues,  
 (Whom he brings in among  
 us,  
 And bribes with mundun-  
 gus).  
 Hail fellow, well met,  
 All dirty and wet:  
 Find out, if you can,  
 Who's master, who's man;  
 Who makes the best figure,  
 The Dean or the digger;  
 And which is the best  
 At cracking a jest.  
 How proudly he talks  
 Of zigzacks and walks;  
 And all the day raves  
 Of cradles and caves;  
 And boasts of his feats,  
 His grottos and seats;  
 Shews all his gew—gaws,  
 And gapes for applause;  
 A fine occupation  
 For one in his station!

A hole where a rabbit  
 Would scorn to inhabit,  
 Dug out in an hour;  
 He calls it a bower.

But, oh! how we laugh  
 To see a wild calf  
 Come, driven by heat,  
 And foul the green feat;  
 Or run helter-skelter  
 To his arbor, for shelter,  
 Where all goes to ruin  
 The Dean has been doing:  
 The girls of the village  
 Come flocking for pillage,  
 Pull down the fine briers  
 And thorns, to make  
 fires;  
 But yet are so kind  
 To leave something be-  
 hind:

No more need be said on 't,  
 I smell when I tread on 't.

Dear friend, doctor Jenny,  
 If I could but win ye,  
 Or Walmsley or Whaley,  
 To come hither daily,  
 Since Fortune, my foe,  
 Will needs have it so,  
 That I 'm, by her frowns,  
 Condemn'd to black gowns;

No

|                               |                            |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| No Squire to be found         | So may you be seen         |
| The neighbourhood round       | No more in the spleen!     |
| (For, under the rose,         | May Walmsley give wine,    |
| I would rather choose those); | Like a hearty divine!      |
| If your wives will permit     | May Whaley disgrace        |
| ye,                           | Dull Daniel's whey-face!   |
| Come here, out of pity,       | And may your three spouses |
| To ease a poor lady,          | Let you lie at friends'    |
| And beg her a play-day.       | houses!                    |

## A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728.

DERMOT. SHEELAH.

**A** NYMPH and swain, Sheelah and Dermot hight,  
Who went to weed the court of \* Gosford  
Knight;

While each with stubbed knife remov'd the roots,  
That rais'd between the stones their daily shoots;  
As at their work they sat in counterview,  
With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew.  
Sing, heavenly Muse, in sweetly-flowing strain  
The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.

DERMOT.

My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt,  
Than strongest weeds that grow these stones betwixt:  
My spud these nettles from the stones can part;  
No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.

\* Sir Arthur Acheson.

SHEELAH.

SHEELAH.

My love for gentle Dermot faster grows,  
Than yon tall dock that rises to thy nose.  
Cut down the dock, 'twill sprout again : but, oh !  
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that brier thy tender leg shall rake  
(I spare the thistles for Sir Arthur's\* sake).  
Sharp are the stones ; take thou this rushy mat ;  
The hardest bum will bruise with sitting squat.

SHEELAH.

Thy breeches, torn behind, stand gaping wide ;  
This petticoat shall save thy dear backside :  
Nor need I blush ; although you feel it wet,  
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but sweat.

DERMOT.

At an old stubborn root I chanc'd to tug,  
When the Dean threw me this tobacco-plug :  
A longer ha'p'orth never did I see ;  
This, dearest Sheelah, thou shalt share with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the pantry-door this morn I slipt,  
And from the shelf a charming crust I whipt :  
†Dennis was out, and I got hither safe ;  
And thou, my dear, shalt have the bigger half.

\* Who was a great lover of Scotland.

† Sir Arthur's butler.

DERMOT.

## DERMOT.

When you saw Tady at long-bullets play,  
 You sate and lous'd him all a sun-shine day.  
 How could you, Sheelah, listen to his tales,  
 Or crack such lice as his betwixt your nails?

## SHEELAH.

When you with Onah stood behind a ditch,  
 I peep'd, and saw you kifs the dirty bitch.  
 Dermot, how could you touch these nasty fluts?  
 I almost wish'd this spud were in your guts.

## DERMOT.

If Onah once I kifs'd, forbear to chide;  
 Her aunt's my gossip by my father's side:  
 But, if I ever touch her lips again,  
 May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain!

## SHEELAH.

Dermot, I swear, though Tady's locks could hold  
 Ten thousand lice, and every louse was gold;  
 Him on my lap you never more shall see;  
 Or may I lose my weeding-knife—and thee!

## DERMOT.

Oh, could I earn for thee, my lovely lass,  
 A pair of \*brogues to bear thee dry to mafs!  
 But see, where Norah with the sowins comes—  
 Then let us rise, and rest our weary bums.

\* Shoes with flat low heels.



ON THE  
FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S-HOLE\*,  
WITH THE DOCTOR† AT THEIR HEAD.

N.B. THE LADIES TREATED THE DOCTOR.

Sent as from an OFFICER in the ARMY. 1713.

F AIR ladies, number five,  
Who, in your merry freaks,  
With little Tom contrive  
To feast on ale and steaks;  
While he sits by a-grinning,  
To see you safe in Sot's-hole,  
Set up with greasy linen,  
And neither mugs nor pots whole :  
Alas ! I never thought  
A priest would please your palate ;  
Besides, I 'll hold a groat,  
He 'll put you in a ballad ;  
Where I shall see your faces  
On paper daub'd so foul,  
They 'll be no more like Graces,  
Than Venus like an owl.

\* An alehouse in Dublin, famous for beef-steaks.

† Dr. Thomas Sheridan.

And

And we shall take you rather  
To be a midnight pack  
Of witches met to together,  
With Beelzebub in black.  
It fills my heart with woe,  
To think, such ladies fine  
Shall be reduc'd so low  
To treat a dull Divine.  
Be by a Parson cheated!  
Had you been cunning stagers,  
You might yourselves be treated  
By Captains and by Majors.  
See how corruption grows,  
While mothers, daughters, aunts,  
Instead of powder'd beaux,  
From pulpits choose gallants!  
If we, who wear our wigs  
With fan-tail and with snake,  
Are bubbled thus by prigs;  
Z—ds! who would be a rake?  
Had I a heart to fight,  
I'd knock the Doctor down:  
Or could I read or write,  
Egad! I'd wear a gown.  
Then leave him to his birch\*;  
And at The Rose on Sunday,  
The parson safe at church,  
I'll treat you with burgundy.

\* Dr. Sheridan was a school-master.

THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER  
TO THE BEAU

With the WIG and WINGS at his HEAD.

YOU little scribbling beau,  
What dæmon made you write?  
Because to write you know  
As much as you can fight.

For compliment so scurvy,  
I wish we had you here;  
We 'd turn you topsy-turvy  
Into a mug of beer.

You thought to make a farce on  
The man and place we chose;  
We 're sure a single Parson  
Is worth an hundred Beaux.

And you would make us vassals,  
Good Mr. Wig and Wings,  
To silver-clocks and tassels;  
You would, you Thing of Things!

Because around your cane  
A ring of diamonds is set;  
And you, in some bye-lane,  
Have gain'd a paltry grizette;

Shall we, of sense refin'd,  
Your trifling nonsense bear,  
As noisy as the wind,  
As empty as the air?

We

We hate your empty prattle;  
 And vow and swear 'tis true,  
 There 's more in one child's rattle  
 Than twenty fops like you.

THE BEAU'S REPLY  
 TO THE  
 FIVE LADIES' ANSWER.

WHY, how now, dapper Black!  
 I smell your gown and cassock,  
 As strong upon your back,  
 As Tisdall\* smells of a sock.

To write such scurvy stuff!  
 Fine Ladies never do 't;  
 I know you well enough,  
 And eke your cloven foot.

Fine Ladies, when they write,  
 Nor scold, nor keep a splutter:  
 Their verses give delight,  
 As soft and sweet as butter.

But Satan never saw  
 Such haggard lines as these:  
 They stick athwart my maw,  
 As bad as Suffolk-cheese.

\* A clergyman in the North of Ireland, who had made proposals of marriage to Stella.

T H E      J O U R N A L  
OF A MODERN LADY.

In a LETTER to a PERSON of QUALITY. 1728.

SIR,

**I**T was a most unfriendly part  
In you, who ought to know my heart,  
Are well acquainted with my zeal  
For all the female commonweal —  
How could it come into your mind  
To pitch on me, of all mankind,  
Against the sex to write a satire,  
And brand me for a woman-hater?  
On me, who think them all so fair,  
They rival Venus to a hair;  
Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,  
Since first I learn'd to tune a string?  
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,  
Will he his character belye?  
Must never our misfortunes end?  
And have we lost our only friend?  
Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,  
No more let fall those precious tears.  
Sooner shall, &c.

*[Here several verses are omitted.]*

The hound be hunted by the hare,  
Than I turn rebel to the fair.

'Twas you engag'd me first to write,  
Then gave the subject out of spite:

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K

The



*The journal of a modern dame*  
 Is by my promise what you claim.  
 My word is past, I must submit;  
 And yet perhaps you may be bit.  
 I but transcribe; for not a line  
 Of all the satire shall be mine.  
 Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes  
 The common slanders of the times,  
 Of modern times, the guilt is yours,  
 And me my innocence secures.  
 Unwilling Muse, begin thy lay,  
 The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well  
 (As we shall shew you in the sequel),  
 The modern dame is wak'd by noon  
 (Some authors say, not quite so soon),  
 Because, though sore against her will,  
 She sate all night up at quadrille.  
 She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,  
 And asks if it be time to rise;  
 Of head-ach and the spleen complains;  
 And then, to cool her heated brains,  
 Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,  
 Takes a large dram of citron-water.  
 Then to her glass; and, "Betty, pray  
 " Don't I look frightfully to-day?  
 " But was it not confounded hard?  
 " Well, if I ever touch a card!  
 " Four *mattadores*, and lose *codille*!  
 " Depend upon 't, I never will.

" But run to Tom, and bid him fix  
 " The ladies here to-night by fix."  
 " Madam, the goldsmith waits below;  
 " He says, " His business is to know  
 " If you 'll redeem the silver cup  
 " He keeps in pawn?"—" First, shew him up."  
 " Your dressing-plate he 'll be content  
 " To take, for interest *cent. per cent.*  
 " And, Madam, there 's my lady Spade  
 " Hath sent this letter by her maid."  
 " Well, I remember what she won;  
 " And hath she sent so soon to dun?  
 " Here, carry down those ten pistoles,  
 " My husband left to pay for coals:  
 " I thank my stars, they all are light;  
 " And I may have revenge to-night."  
 Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,  
 She enters on her usual theme;  
 Her last night's ill success repeats,  
 Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats:  
 " She flipt *spadillo* in her breast,  
 " Then thought to turn it to a jest:  
 " There 's Mrs. Cut and she combine,  
 " And to each other give the sign."  
 Through every game pursues her tale,  
 Like hunters o'er their evening ale.

Now to another scene give place:  
 Enter the folks with filks and lace:  
 Fresh matter for a world of chat,  
 Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:

K 2

" Observe

“ Observe this pattern; there ’s a stuff;  
“ I can have customers enough.  
“ Dear madam, you are grown so hard—  
“ This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard:  
“ Madam, if there be truth in man,  
“ I never sold so cheap a fan.”

This business of importance o’er,  
And madam almost dress’d by four;  
The footman, in his usual phrase,  
Comes up with, “ Madam, dinner stays.”  
She answers, in her usual style,  
“ The cook must keep it back awhile:  
“ I never can have time to dress  
“ (No woman breathing takes up less);  
“ I ’m hurried so, it makes me sick;  
“ I wish the dinner at Old Nick.”

At table now she acts her part,  
Has all the dinner-cant by heart:  
“ I thought we were to dine alone,  
“ My dear; for sure, if I had known  
“ This company would come to day—  
“ But really ’tis my spouse’s way!  
“ He ’s so unkind, he never sends  
“ To tell when he invites his friends:  
“ I wish ye may but have enough!”

And while with all this paltry stuff  
She sits tormenting every guest,  
Nor gives her tongue one moment’s rest,  
In phrases batter’d, stale, and trite,  
Which modern ladies call polite;

You see the booby husband sit  
In admiration at her wit.

But let me now awhile survey  
Our madam o'er her evening-tea ;  
Surrounded with her noisy clans  
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans ;  
When, frightened at the clamorous crew,  
Away the God of Silence flew,  
And fair Discretion left the place,  
And Modesty with blushing face :  
Now enters overweening Pride,  
And Scandal ever gaping wide ;  
Hypocrisy with frown severe,  
Scurrility with gibing air ;  
Rude Laughter seeming like to burst,  
And Malice always judging worst ;  
And Vanity with pocket-glass,  
And Impudence with front of brass ;  
And study'd Affectation came,  
Each limb and feature out of frame ;  
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,  
Flew hovering o'er each female head.

Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,  
An hundred tongues, as poets use,  
When, to give every dame her due,  
An hundred thousand were too few ?  
Or how shall I, alas, relate  
The sum of all their senseless prate,  
Their innuendos, hints, and slanders,  
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres ?

Now comes the general scandal-charge ;  
What some invent, the rest enlarge ;  
And, " Madam, if it be a lye,  
" You have the tale as cheap as I :  
" I must conceal my author's name ;  
" But now 'tis known to common fame."

Say, foolish females, bold and blind,  
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,  
Are you on vices most severe,  
Wherein yourselves have greatest share ?  
Thus every fool herself deludes ;  
The prudes condemn the absent prudes :  
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,  
Accuses Chloe's tainted breath ;  
Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes  
To censure Phyllis for perfumes ;  
While crooked Cynthia, sneering, says  
That Florimel wears iron stays :  
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,  
Admires how girls can talk with fellows ;  
And, full of indignation, frets,  
That women should be such coquettes :  
Iris, for scandal most notorious,  
Cries, " Lord, the world is so censorious !"  
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,  
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red :  
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,  
Talks half a day in praise of silence :  
And Sylvia full of inward guilt,  
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.



Now voices over voices rise,  
 While each to be the loudest vies :  
 They contradict, affirm, dispute,  
 No single tongue one moment mute ;  
 All mad to speak, and none to hearken,  
 They set the very lap-dog barking ;  
 Their chattering makes a louder din  
 Than fish-wives o'er a cup of gin :  
 Not school-boys at a barring-out  
 Rais'd ever such incessant rout :  
 The jumbling particles of matter  
 In chaos made not such a clatter ;  
 Far less the rabble roar and rail,  
 When drunk with four election-ale.

Nor do they trust their tongues alone,  
 But speak a language of their own ;  
 Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,  
 Far better than a printed book ;  
 Convey a libel in a frown,  
 And wink a reputation down ;  
 Or, by the tossing of the fan,  
 Describe the lady and the man.

But see, the female club disbands,  
 Each twenty visits on her hands.  
 Now all alone poor madam sits,  
 In vapours and hysteric fits :

" And was not Tom this morning sent ?

" I 'd lay my life he never went :

" Past six, and not a living soul !

" I might by this have won a vole."

A dreadful interval of spleen !  
How shall we pass the time between ?  
" Here, Betty, let me take my drops ;  
" And feel my pulse, I know it stops :  
" This head of mine, lord, how it swims !  
" And such a pain in all my limbs !"  
" Dear madam, try to take a nap."—  
But now they hear a footman's rap :  
" Go, run, and light the ladies up :  
" It must be one before we sup."

The table, cards, and counters, set,  
And all the gamester-ladies met,  
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,  
Our madam can sit up all night :  
" Whoever comes, I 'm not within."—  
Quadrille 's the word, and so begin.

How can the Muse her aid impart,  
Unskill'd in all the terms of art ?  
Or in harmonious numbers put  
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut ?  
The superstitious whims relate,  
That fill a female gamester's pate ?  
What agony of soul she feels  
To see a knave's inverted heels !  
She draws up card by card, to find  
Good fortune peeping from behind ;  
With panting heart, and earnest eyes,  
In hope to see *spadillo* rise :  
In vain, alas ! her hope is fed ;  
She draws an ace, and sees it red ;

In ready counters never pays,  
But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys;  
Ever with some new fancy struck,  
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.  
“ This morning, when the *parson* came,  
“ I said I should not win a game.  
“ This odious chair, how came I stuck in ’t?  
“ I think I never had good luck in ’t.  
“ I ’m so uneasy in my stays;  
“ Your fan a moment, if you please.  
“ Stand further, girl, or get you gone;  
“ I always lose when you look on.”  
“ Lord! madam, you have lost *codille* :  
“ I never saw you play so ill.”  
“ Nay, madam, give me leave to say,  
“ ’Twas you that threw the game away :  
“ When lady Tricksey play’d a four,  
“ You took it with a *mattadore* ;  
“ I saw you touch your wedding-ring  
“ Before my lady call’d a king;  
“ You spoke a word began with H,  
“ And I know whom you meant to teach,  
“ Because you held the king of hearts;  
“ Fie, madam, leave these little arts.”  
“ That ’s not so bad as one that rubs  
“ Her chair, to call the king of clubs;  
“ And makes her partner understand  
“ A *mattadore* is in her hand.”  
“ Madam, you have no cause to flounce,  
“ I swear I saw you thrice renounce.”

“ And

" And truly, madam, I know when,  
" Instead of five, you scor'd me ten.  
" *Spadillo* here has got a mark;  
" A child may know it in the dark:  
" I guesst the hand: it feldom fails:  
" I wish some folks would pare their nails."

While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,  
It passes but for common form:  
But, conscious that they all speak true,  
And give each other but their due,  
It never interrupts the game,  
Or makes them sensible of shame.

The time too precious now to waste,  
The supper gobbled up in haste;  
Again afresh to cards they run,  
As if they had but just begun.  
But I shall not again repeat,  
How oft' they squabble, snarl, and cheat.  
At last they hear the watchman knock,  
" A frosty morn—past four o'clock."  
The chairmen are not to be found,  
" Come, let us play the other round."

Now all in haste they huddle on  
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone;  
But, first, the winner must invite  
The company to-morrow night.

Unlucky madam, left in tears  
(Who now again quadrille forswears),  
With empty purse, and aching head,  
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

A DIALOGUE

## A D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN

MAD MULLINIX\* AND TIMOTHY.

1728.

M. **I** OWN, 'tis not my bread and butter;  
But prythee, Tim, why all this clutter?

Why ever in these raging fits,  
Damning to hell the Jacobites?  
When, if you search the kingdom round,  
There 's hardly twenty to be found;  
No, not among the *priests* and *friars*—

T. 'Twixt you and me, G— d—n the lyars!

M. The Tories are gone every man o'er  
To our illustrious house of Hanover;  
From all their conduct this is plain;  
And then—

T. G— d—n the lyars again!  
Did not an earl but lately vote,  
To bring in (I could cut his throat)  
Our whole accounts of public debts?

M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*aside.*]

T. Did not an able statesman bishop  
This dangerous horrid motion dish-up  
As *popish* craft? did he not rail on 't?  
Shew fire and faggot in the tail on 't?

\* A fictitious name. See the history of this poem in the  
"Intelligencer," No viii. N.

Proving



Proving the earl a grand offender,  
 And in a plot for the Pretender;  
 Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends opinion,  
 Was then embarking at Avignon?

[*A few dull lines are here purposely omitted.*]

M. These wrangling jars of Whig and Tory  
 Are stale and worn as Troy-town story:  
 The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,  
 And now you find you fought for nothing.  
 Your faction, when their game was new,  
 Might want such noisy fools as you;  
 But you, when all the show is past,  
 Resolve to stand it out the last;  
 Like Martin Marrall\*, gaping on,  
 Not minding when the song is done.  
 When all the *bees* are gone to settle,  
 You clatter still your brazen kettle.  
 The leaders whom you listed under  
 Have dropt their arms, and seiz'd the plunder;  
 And when the war is past, you come  
 To rattle in their ears your drum:  
 And as that hateful hideous Grecian  
 Therfites (he was your relation)  
 Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those  
 With whom he serv'd, than by his foes;  
 So thou art grown the detestation  
 Of all thy party through the nation:  
 Thy peevish and perpetual teasing  
 With plots, and Jacobites, and treason,

\* A character in one of Dryden's comedies.

Thy busy, never-meaning face,  
Thy screw'd-up front, thy state-grimace,  
Thy formal nods, important sneers,  
Thy whisperings foisted in all ears  
(Which are, whatever you may think,  
But nonsense wrapt up in a stink),  
Have made thy presence, in a true sense,  
To thy own side so d—n'd a nuisance,  
That, when they have you in their eye,  
As if the devil drove, they fly.

T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;  
I vow to G—, you 're too severe.  
If it could ever yet be known  
I took advice, except my own,  
It should be yours: but, d—n my blood!  
I must pursue the public good.  
The faction (is it not notorious?)  
Keck at the memory of Glorious\*;  
'Tis true; nor need I to be told,  
My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,  
That scarce a creature can be found  
To prance with me the statue round.  
The public safety, I foresee,  
Henceforth depends alone on me;  
And while this vital breath I blow,  
Or from above, or from below,  
I'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail,  
The Tories' terror, scourge, and flail.

M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite:  
The Tories! you are their *delight*;

\* King William III.

And should you act a different part,  
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart.  
Why, Tim, you have a taste I know,  
And often see a *puppet-show* :  
Observe, the audience is in pain,  
While Punch is hid behind the scene;  
But, when they hear his rusty voice,  
With what impatience they rejoice!  
And then they value not two straws,  
How Solomon decides the cause,  
Which the true mother, which *pretender*;  
Nor listen to the witch of Endor.  
Should Faustus, with the Devil behind him,  
Enter the stage, they never mind him:  
If Punch, to stir their fancy, shows  
In at the door his monstrous nose,  
Then sudden draws it back again;  
O what a pleasure mixt with pain!  
You every moment think an age,  
Till he appears upon the stage:  
And first his bum you see him clap  
Upon the queen of Sheba's lap:  
The duke of Lorraine drew his sword;  
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,  
Reviles all people in his jargon,  
And sells the king of Spain a bargain;  
St. George himself he plays the wag on,  
And mounts astride upon the dragon;  
He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,  
Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks;

In every action thrusts his nose;  
 The reason why, no mortal knows:  
 In doleful scenes that break our heart,  
 Punch comes, like you, and lets a fart.  
 There 's not a puppet made of wood,  
 But what would hang him, if they could;  
 While, teasing all, by all he 's teas'd,  
 How well are the spectators pleas'd!  
 Who in the motion have no share,  
 But purely come to hear and stare;  
 Have no concern for Sabra's sake,  
 Which gets the better, faint or snake,  
 Provided Punch (for there 's the jest)  
 Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.

Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose,  
*The world consists of puppet-shows;*  
 Where petulant conceited fellows  
 Perform the part of Punchinelloes:  
 So at this booth, which we call Dublin,  
 Tim, thou 'rt the Punch to stir up trouble in;  
 You riggle, fidge, and make a rout,  
 Put all your brother puppets out;  
 Run on in a perpetual round,  
 To tease, perplex, disturb, confound;  
 Intrude with monkey-grin and clatter,  
 To interrupt all serious matter;  
 Are grown the nuisance of your *clan*,  
 Who hate and scorn you to a man:  
 But then the lookers-on, the 'Tories,  
 You still divert with merry stories;

They

They would consent that all the crew  
Were hang'd, before they 'd part with you.

But tell me, Tim, upon the spot,  
By all this toil what hast thou got?  
If Tories must have all the sport,  
I fear you 'll be disgrac'd at court.

T. *Got? D—n my blood! I frank my letters,*  
Walk to my place before my betters;  
And, simple as I now stand here,  
Expect in time to be a peer—  
*Got? D—n me! why I got my will!*  
Ne'er hold my peace, nor ne'er stand still:  
I fart with twenty ladies by;  
They call me beast; and what care I?  
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,  
And sons of whores—behind their backs.  
But, could you bring me once to think,  
That, when I strut, and stare, and stink,  
Reville and slander, fume and storm,  
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,  
With such a constant loyal zeal  
To serve myself and commonweal,  
And fret the Tories' soul to death,  
I did but lose my precious breath;  
And, when I damn my soul to plague 'em,  
Am, as you tell me, but their may-game;  
Consume my vitals! they shall know,  
I am not to be treated so:  
I 'd rather hang myself by half,  
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.

But



But how, my friend, can I endure,  
 Once so renown'd, to live obscure?  
 No little boys and girls to cry,  
 "There 's nimble Tim a-passing by?"  
 No more my dear delightful way tread  
 Of keeping up a *party hatred*?  
 Will none the Tory *dogs* pursue,  
 When through the streets I cry *halloo*?  
 Must all my d—n me's! bloods and wounds!  
 Pass only now for empty sounds?  
 Shall Tory rascals be elected,  
 Although I swear them disaffected?  
 And, when I rear, "A plot, a plot!"  
 Will our own party mind me not?  
 So qualify'd to swear and lye,  
 Will they not trust me for a *spy*?

Dear Mullinix, your good advice  
 I beg; you see the case is nice:  
 Oh! were I equal in renown,  
 Like thee to please this thankless town!  
 Or blest'd with such engaging parts  
 To win the truant school-boys' hearts!  
 Thy virtues meet their just reward,  
 Attended by the *fable guard*.  
 Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops  
 The snow-ball destin'd at thy chops:  
 Thy graceful steps, and colonel's air,  
 Allure the cinder-picking fair.

M. No more—in mark of true affection,  
 I take thee under my protection:

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Your

Your parts are good, 'tis not deny'd:  
I wish they had been well apply'd.  
But now observe my council, (*viz.*)  
Adapt your habit to your phiz;  
You must no longer thus equip ye,  
As Horace says, *optat ephippia*;  
(There 's Latin too, that you may see  
How much improv'd by Dr. ———).  
I have a coat at home, that you may try;  
'Tis just like this, that hangs by geometry.  
My hat has much the nicer air;  
Your block will fit it to a hair.  
That wig, I would not for the world  
Have it so formal, and so curl'd;  
'Twill be so oily and so sleek,  
When I have lain in it a week,  
You 'll find it well prepar'd to take  
The figure of toupee and snake.  
Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,  
That which is which 'tis hard to know;  
When first in public we appear,  
I 'll lead the van, you keep the rear:  
Be careful, as you walk behind;  
Use all the talents of your mind;  
Be studious well to imitate  
My portly motion, mien, and gait;  
Mark my address, and learn my style,  
When to look scornful, when to smile;  
Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,  
But keep your swearing to the last.

Then

Then at our leisure we 'll be witty,  
And in the streets divert the city;  
The ladies from the windows gaping,  
The children all our motions aping.  
Your conversation to refine,  
I'll take you to some friends of mine;  
*Choice spirits*, who employ their parts  
To mend the world by useful arts;  
Some cleansing hollow tubes, to spy  
Direct the zenith of the sky;  
Some have the city in their care,  
From noxious steams to purge the air;  
Some teach us in these dangerous days  
How to walk upright in our ways;  
Some whose reforming hands engage  
To lash the lewdness of the age;  
Some for the public service go  
Perpetual envoys to and fro,  
Whose able heads support the weight  
Of twenty ministers of state.  
We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber  
Of parties o'er our *bonny-clabber*:  
Nor are we studious to enquire,  
Who votes for manors, who for hire:  
Our care is, to improve the mind  
With what concerns all human-kind;  
The various scenes of mortal life;  
Who beats her husband, who his wife;  
Or how the bully at a stroke  
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.

One tells the rise of cheefe and oatmeal;  
 Another when he got a hot meal;  
 One gives advice in proverbs old,  
 Instructs us how to tame a scold;  
 One shews how bravely Audouin dy'd,  
 And at the gallows all deny'd;  
 How by the *almanack* 'tis clear,  
 That herrings will 'be cheap this year.

T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament  
 My precious time so long mis-spent,  
 By nature meant for nobler ends:  
 Oh, introduce me to your friends!  
 For whom by birth I was design'd,  
 Till politicks debas'd my mind:  
 I give myself entire to you;  
 G—d—n the Whigs and Tories too!

### TIM\* AND THE FABLES.

*MY meaning will be best unravel'd,  
 When I premise that Tim has travel'd.*  
 In Lucas's by chance there lay  
 The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.  
 Tim set the volume on a table,  
 Read over here and there a Fable;  
 And found, as he the pages twirl'd,  
 The Monkey who had seen the world:  
 (For Tonson had, to help the sale,  
 Prefix'd a cut to every tale.)

\* See an account of him in the "Intelligencer." No x.

The Monkey was completely drest,  
The Beau in all his airs exprest.  
Tim, with surprise and pleasure staring,  
Ran to the glass, and then comparing  
His own sweet figure with the print,  
Distinguish'd every feature in 't,  
The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the fidge in all,  
Just as they look'd in the original.  
"By —," says Tim, and let a fart,  
"This graver understood his art.  
"'Tis a true copy, I 'll say that for 't;  
"I well remember when I sat for 't.  
"My very face, as first I knew it;  
"Just in this dress the painter drew it."  
Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten,  
Would read what underneath was written,  
The merry tale, with moral grave.  
He now began to storm and rave:  
"The cursed villain! now I see  
"This was a libel meant at me:  
"These scribblers grow so bold of late  
"Against us ministers of state!  
"Such Jacobites as he deserve—  
"D—n me! I say, they ought to starve."

## TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

**T**OM and Dick had equal fame,  
And both had equal knowledge;  
Tom could write and spell his name,  
But Dick had seen the college.



Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,  
And both alike diverting;  
Tom was held the merrier lad,  
But Dick the best at farting.

Dick would cock his nose in scorn,  
But Tom was kind and loving;  
Tom a foot-boy bred and born,  
But Dick was from an oven.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,  
But Tom was best at borees;  
Tom would pray for every Whig,  
And Dick curse all the Tories.

Dick would make a woeful noise,  
And scold at an election;  
Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,  
And held them in subjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,  
Dick nimbly skipt the gutter;  
Tom could talk with solemn face,  
But Dick could better sputter.

Dick was come to high renown  
Since he commenc'd physician;  
Tom was held by all the town  
The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler swing,  
His hat could nicely put on;  
Dick knew better how to swing  
His cane upon a button.

TOM MULLINIX AND DICK. 151

Dick for repartee was fit,  
And Tom for deep discerning;  
Dick was thought the brighter wit,  
But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealous no's and ay's  
Could roar as loud as Stentor,  
In the house 'tis all he says;  
But Tom is eloquenter.

D I C K.

A M A G G O T.

**A**S when, from rooting in a bin,  
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,  
A lively maggot fallies out,  
You know him by his hazel snout:  
So when the grandson of his grandsire  
Forth issues wriggling, Dick Drawcanfir,  
With powder'd rump and back and side,  
You cannot blanch his tawny hide;  
For 'tis beyond the power of meal  
The gipsy visage to conceal:  
For, as he shakes his wainscot chops,  
Down every mealy atom drops,  
And leaves the tartar phiz, in show  
Like a fresh t—d just dropt on snow.

## CLAD ALL IN BROWN. TO DICK.

IMITATED FROM COWLEY.

**F**OULEST brute that stinks below,  
 Why in this brown dost thou appear?  
 For, wouldst thou make a fouler show,  
 Thou must go naked all the year.  
 Fresh from the mud a wallowing sow,  
 Would then be not so brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks so dun,  
 His hide emits a foulness out;  
 Not one jot better looks the sun  
 Seen from behind a dirty clout:  
 So t—ds within a glass enclose,  
 The glass will seem as brown as those.

Thou now one heap of foulness art,  
 All outward and within is foul;  
 Condensed filth in every part,  
 Thy body's cloathed like thy soul;  
 Thy soul, which through thy hide of buff  
 Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.

Old carted bawds such garments wear,  
 When pelted all with dirt they shine;  
 Such their *exalted* bodies are,  
 As shrivel'd and as black as thine.  
 If thou wert in a cart, I fear  
 Thou wouldst be pelted worse than they're.

Yet,

CLAD ALL IN BROWN.

15

Yet, when we see thee thus array'd,  
The neighbours think it is but just,  
That thou shouldst take an honest trade,  
And weekly carry out the dust.  
Of cleanly houses who will doubt,  
When Dick cries, "Dust to carry out?"

DICK'S VARIETY.

DULL uniformity in fools  
I hate, who gape and sneer by rules.  
You, Mullinix, and slobbering C——,  
Who every day and hour the same are;  
That vulgar talent I despise  
Of pissing in the rabble's eyes.  
And when I listen to the noise  
Of ideots roaring to the boys;  
To better judgments still submitting,  
I own I see but little wit in:  
Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,  
Can please at most but once or twice.

But then consider Dick, you 'll find  
His genius of superior kind;  
He never muddles in the dirt,  
Nor scowls the streets without a shirt;  
Though Dick, I dare presume to say,  
Could do such feats as well as they.  
Dick I could venture every where,  
Let the boys pelt him if they dare;

He 'd

Yet,

He 'd have them try'd at the assizes  
 For priests and jesuits in disguises;  
 Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,  
 And lifting troops for the pretender.

But Dick can fart, and dance, and frisk,  
 No other monkey half so brisk;  
 Now has the speaker by the ears,  
 Next moment in the house of peers;  
 Now scolding at my lady Eustace,  
 Or thrashing Baby in her new stays.  
 Presto! be gone! with t'other hop  
 He 's powdering in a barber's shop;  
 Now at the anti-chamber thrusting  
 His nose to get the circle just in,  
 And d—ns his blood, that in the rear  
 He sees one single Tory there:  
 Then, woe be to my lord lieutenant,  
 Again he 'll tell him, and again on 't.

# A N E P I T A P H

O N

GENERAL GORGES\* AND LADY MEATH†

**U**NDER this stone lie Dicky and Dolly.  
 Doll dying first, Dick grew melancholy;  
 For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

\* Of Kilbrue, in the county of Meath. N.

† Dorothy dowager of Edward earl of Meath. She was married to the General in 1716; and died April 10, 1728: her husband survived but two days. N.

Dick



EPITAPH ON GENERAL GORGES, &c. 155

Dick lost in Doll a wife tender and dear :  
But Dick lost by Doll twelve hundred a year ;  
A loss that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick sigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms cross'd ;  
Thought much of his Doll, and the jointure he lost :  
The first vex'd him much, the other vex'd most.

Thus loaded with grief, Dick sigh'd and he cry'd :  
To live without both full three days he try'd ;  
But lik'd neither loss, and so quietly dy'd.

Dick left a pattern few will copy after :  
Then, reader, pray shed some tears of salt-water ;  
For so sad a tale is no subject of laughter.

Meath smiles for the jointure, though gotten so late ;  
The ion laughs, that got the hard-gotten estate ;  
And Cuffe\* grins, for getting the Alicant plate.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to rise one day,  
Both solemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,  
And here rest—*sic transit gloria mundi* !

VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

MY latest tribute here I send,  
With this let your collection end.

Thus I consign you down to fame  
A character to praise or blame :  
And, if the whole may pass for true,  
Contented rest, you have your due.  
Give future times the satisfaction,  
To leave one handle for detraction.

\* John Cuffe of Desart, Esq. married the General's eldest daughter. N.

DR. SWIFT'S COMPLAINT,  
ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS.  
WITH AN ANSWER.

DOCTOR.

**D**EAF, giddy, helpless, left alone;

ANSWER.

Except the first, the fault's your own.

DOCTOR.

To all my friends a burthen grown:

ANSWER.

Because to few you will be shown.

Give them good wine, and meat to stuff,  
You may have company enough.

DOCTOR.

No more I hear my church's bell,  
Than if it rang out for my knell.

ANSWER.

Then write and read, 'twill do as well.

DOCTOR.

At thunder now no more I start,  
Than at the rumbling of a cart.

ANSWER.

Think then of thunder when you fart.

DOCTOR.

And, what's incredible alack!  
No more I hear a woman's clack.

ANSWER.

A woman's clack, if I have skill,  
Sounds somewhat like a throwster's mill;  
But louder than a bell, or thunder;  
That does, I own, increase my wonder.

DR.

## DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF,

O N

## SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

GRAVE Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to pass,  
 That you, who know music no more than an ass,  
 That you, who so lately were writing of Drapiers,  
 Should lend your cathedral to players and scrapers?  
 To act such an opera once in a year,  
 So offensive to every true Protestant ear,  
 With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and fingings,  
 Will sure the Pretender and Popery bring in.  
 No Protestant Prelate, his Lordship or Grace,  
 Durst there shew his Right or Most Reverend face:  
 How would it pollute their crofiers and rochets  
 To listen to minims, and quavers, and crotchets!

*[The rest is wanting.]*

O N

PADDY'S CHARACTER  
OF THE INTELLIGENCER\*.

AS a thorn-bush, or oaken-bough,  
 Stuck in an Irish cabin's brow,

Above

\* Dr. Sheridan was publisher of the "Intelligencer," a weekly paper, written principally by himself; but Dr. Swift occasionally supplied

Above the door, at country-fair,  
 Betokens *entertainment there* ;  
 So *bays* on poets' brows have been  
 Set, for a sign of wit within.  
 And, as ill neighbours in the night  
 Pull down an ale-house bush for spite ;  
 The laurel so, by poets worn,  
 Is by the teeth of Envy torn ;  
 Envy, a canker-worm, which *tears*  
 Those sacred leaves that *lightning spares*.

And now t' exemplify this moral :  
 Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel  
 (Which, measur'd on his head, was found  
 Not long enough to reach half round,  
 But, like a girl's cockade, was ty'd,  
 A trophy, on his temple-side) ;  
 Paddy repin'd to see him wear  
 This badge of honour in his hair ;  
 And, thinking this cockade of wit  
 Would his own temples better fit,  
 Forming his Muse by Smedley's† model,  
 Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,  
 Pelts him by turns with verse and prose,  
 Hums like a hornet at his nose,

supplied him with a letter. Dr. Delany, piqued at the approbation those papers received, attacked them violently both in conversation and print ; but unfortunately stumbled on some of the numbers which the Dean had written, and all the world admired ; which gave rise to these verses. N.

† Dean of Ferns. See the next poem. N.

At length presumes to vent his satire on  
The Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.  
The *eagle* in the tale, ye know,  
Teas'd by a buzzing wasp below,  
Took wing to Jove, and hop'd to rest  
Securely in the thunderer's breast:  
In vain; even there, to spoil his nod,  
The *spiteful insect* stung the god.

P A R O D Y

ON A

CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY\*.

Written in Latin by himself.

**T**HE very reverend Dean Smedley,  
Of *dullness, pride, conceit, a medley,*  
Was equally allow'd to shine,  
As *poet, scholar, and divine*;  
With *godliness* could well dispense;  
Would be a *rake*, but wanted sense;  
Would strictly after Truth enquire,  
Because he dreaded to come nigh her.  
For Liberty no champion bolder,  
He hated *bailiffs* at his shoulder.  
To half the world a standing jest;  
A perfect *nuisance* to the rest:  
From many (and we may believe him)  
Had the best wishes they could give him.

\* The original is in the "Supplement to Swift." N.  
VOL. XLIII.

To



To all mankind a constant friend,  
 Provided they had *cash* to lend.  
 One thing he did before he went hence,  
 He left us a *laconic* sentence,  
 By cutting ~~of~~ his phrase, and trimming,  
 To prove that Bishops were old women.  
 Poor Envy durst not shew her phiz,  
 She was so terrified at his.  
 He waded, without any shame,  
 Through thick and thin to get a name,  
 Tried every sharpening trick for bread,  
 And after all he seldom sped.  
 When Fortune favour'd, he was nice;  
 He never once would cog the *dice*:  
 But, if she turn'd against his play,  
 He knew to stop à *quatre trois*.  
 Now sound in mind, and sound in *corpus*,  
 (Says he) though swell'd like any *porpoise*,  
 He heys from hence at forty-four  
 (*But by his leave he sinks a score*)  
 To the East-Indies, there to cheat,  
 Till he can purchase an estate;  
 Where, after he has fill'd his chest,  
 He'll mount his *tub*, and preach his best,  
 And plainly prove, by dint of text,  
 This world is his, and theirs the next.  
 Lest that the reader should not know  
 The bank where last he set his toe,  
 'Twas Greenwich. There he took a ship,  
 And gave his creditors the slip.

But lest *chronology* should vary,  
 Upon the Ides of February;  
*In seventeen hundred eight and twenty,*  
 To Fort St. George a *pedlar* went he.  
 Ye Fates, when all he gets is spent,  
 RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT!

PAULUS. BY MR. LINDSAY\*.

Dublin, Sept. 7, 1728.

"A SLAVE to crowds, scorch'd with the summer's  
 " heats,  
 " In courts the wretched lawyer toils and sweats;  
 " While smiling Nature, in her best attire,  
 " Regales each sense, and vernal joys inspire.  
 " Can he who knows that real good should please,  
 " Barter for gold his liberty and ease?"—  
 Thus Paulus preach'd:—When, entering at the door,  
 Upon his board the client pours the ore:  
 He grasps the shining gift, pores o'er the cause,  
 Forgets the fun, and doseth on the laws.

THE ANSWER.  
 BY DR. SWIFT.

LINDSAY mistakes the matter quite,  
 And honest Paulus judges right.  
 Then, why these quarrels to the fun,  
 Without whose aid you 're all undone?

\* Mr. Lindsay, a polite and elegant scholar, at that time an eminent pleader in Dublin, afterwards one of the justices of the court of common-pleas. N.

Did Paulus e'er complain of sweat?  
Did Paulus e'er the sun forget;  
The influence of whose golden beams  
Soon licks up all unfavoury steams?  
The sun, you say, his face hath kiss'd:  
It has; but then it greas'd his fist.  
True lawyers, for the wisest ends,  
Have always been Apollo's friends.  
Not for his superficial powers  
Of ripening fruits, and gilding flowers;  
Not for inspiring poets' brains  
With pennyless and starveling strains;  
Not for his boasted healing art;  
Not for his skill to shoot the dart;  
Nor yet because he sweetly fiddles;  
Nor for his prophecies in riddles:  
But for a more substantial cause—  
Apollo's patron of the laws;  
Whom Paulus ever must adore,  
As parent of the golden ore,  
By Phœbus, an incestuous birth,  
Begot upon his grand-dame Earth;  
By Phœbus first produc'd to light;  
By Vulcan form'd so round and bright:  
Then offer'd at the shrine of justice,  
By clients to her priests and trustees.  
Nor, when we see Astræa stand  
With even balance in her hand,  
Must we suppose she hath in view,  
How to give every man his due;

Her scales you see her only hold,  
To weigh her priests' the lawyers gold.

Now, should I own your case was grievous,  
Poor sweaty Paulus, who 'd believe us?

'Tis very true, and none denies,  
At least, that such complaints are wise:  
'Tis wise, no doubt, as clients fat you more,  
To cry, like statesmen, *Quanta patimur!*  
But, since the truth must needs be stretched,  
To prove that lawyers are so wretched;

This paradox I 'll undertake,  
For Paulus' and for Lindsay's sake;  
By topicks, which, though I abomine 'em,  
May serve as arguments *ad hominem*:  
Yet I disdain to offer those  
Made use of by detracting foes.

I own, the curses of mankind  
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind:  
The clamours of ten thousand tongues  
Break not his rest, nor hurt his lungs.  
I own, his conscience always free  
(Provided he has got his fee);  
Secure of constant peace within,  
He knows no guilt, who knows no sin.

Yet well they merit to be pitied,  
By clients always over-witted.  
And though the gospel seems to say  
What heavy burthens lawyers lay  
Upon the shoulders of their neighbour,  
Nor lend a finger to the labour,



Always for saving their own bacon;  
No doubt, the text is here mistaken:  
The copy's false, and sense is rack'd:  
To prove it, I appeal to fact;  
And thus by demonstration show  
What burthens lawyers undergo.

With early clients at his door,  
Though he was drunk the night before,  
And crop-sick with unclubb'd-for wine,  
The wretch must be at court by nine;  
Half sunk beneath his briefs and bag,  
As ridden by a midnight hag:  
Then from the bar, harangues the bench,  
In English vile, and viler French,  
And Latin, vilest of the three;  
And all for poor ten moidores fee!  
Of paper how is he profuse,  
With periods long, in terms abstruse!  
What pains he takes to be prolix,  
A thousand lines to stand for fix!  
Of common sense without a word in!  
And is not this a grievous burden?

The lawyer is a common drudge,  
To fight our cause before the judge:  
And, what is yet a greater curse,  
Condemn'd to bear his client's purse;  
While he, at ease, secure and light,  
Walks boldly home at dead of night;  
When term is ended, leaves the town,  
Trots to his country-mansion down;



And, disencumber'd of his load,  
 No danger dreads upon the road;  
 Despiseth rapparees, and rides  
 Safe through the Newry mountains' fides.

Lindsay, 'tis you have set me on,  
 To state this question *pro* and *con*.  
 My satire may offend, 'tis true;  
 However, it concerns not you.  
 I own, there may, in every clan,  
 Perhaps, be found one honest man;  
 Yet link them close, in this they jump,  
 To be but rascals in the lump.  
 Imagine Lindsay at the bar,  
 He's much the same his brethren are;  
 Well taught by practice to imbibe  
 The fundamentals of his tribe:  
 And, in his client's just defence,  
 Must deviate oft' from common sense;  
 And make his ignorance discerned,  
 To get the name of Council Learned  
 (As *lucus* comes à *non lucendo*),  
 And wisely do as other men do:  
 But shift him to a better scene,  
 Among his crew of rogues in grain;  
 Surrounded with companions fit,  
 To taste his humour, sense, and wit;  
 You'd swear he never took a fee,  
 Nor knew in law his A, B, C.  
 'Tis hard, where dullness over-rules,  
 To keep good sense in crowds of fools.

And we admire the man who saves  
 His honesty in crowds of knaves;  
 Nor yields up virtue, at discretion,  
 To villains of his own profession.  
 Lindsay, you know what pains you take  
 In both, yet hardly save your stake;  
 And will you venture both anew,  
 To sit among that venal crew,  
 That pack of mimic legislators,  
 Abandon'd, stupid, slavish praters!  
 For, as the rabble daub and rifle  
 The fool who scrambles for a trifle;  
 Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,  
 Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd;  
 You must expect the like disgrace,  
 Scrambling with rogues to get a place;  
 Must lose the honour you have gain'd,  
 Your numerous virtues foully stain'd;  
 Disclaim for ever all pretence  
 To common honesty and sense;  
 And join in friendship with a strict tie,  
 To M—l, C—y, and Dick Tighe\*.

\* This gentleman, who was a privy counsellor, incurred the  
 severe displeasure of the Dean, who has taken several opportu-  
 nities of censuring him. N.

A DIALOGUE

A D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN

AN EMINENT LAWYER\*

AND

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

In ALLUSION to HORACE, Book II. Sat. 1.

“ Sunt quibus in Satira, &c.”

DR. SWIFT.

SINCE there are persons who complain  
There 's too much satire in my vein;  
That I am often found exceeding  
The rules of raillery and breeding;  
With too much freedom treat my betters,  
Not sparing even men of letters:  
You, who are skill'd in lawyers' lore,  
What 's your advice? Shall I give o'er?  
Nor ever fools or knaves expose  
Either in verse or humorous prose;  
And, to avoid all future ill,  
In my scrutoire lock up my quill?

LAWYER.

Since you are pleas'd to condescend  
To ask the judgement of a friend,

\* Mr. Lindsay. See p. 161.

M 4

Your

Your case consider'd, I must think  
 You should withdraw from pen and ink,  
 Forbear your poetry and jokes,  
 And live like other Christian folks;  
 Or, if the Muses must inspire  
 Your fancy with their pleasing fire,  
 'Take subjects safer for your wit  
 Than those on which you lately writ.  
 Commend the times, your thoughts correct,  
 And follow the prevailing sect;  
 Assert, that Hyde\*, in writing story,  
 Shews all the malice of a Tory;  
 While Burnet†, in his deathless page,  
 Discovers freedom without rage:  
 To Woolston‡ recommend our youth,  
 For learning, probity, and truth;  
 That noble genius, who unbinds  
 The chain which fetter free-born minds;  
 Redeems us from the slavish fears  
 Which lasted near two thousand years;  
 He can alone the priesthood humble,  
 Make gilded spires and altars tumble.

DR. SWIFT.

Must I commend against my conscience  
 Such stupid blasphemy and nonsense?

\* Edward Hyde, the first earl of Clarendon, who wrote the History of the Civil Wars. N.

† The celebrated Bishop of Salisbury. N.

‡ A degraded clergyman of the church of England, who wrote against the miracles of Christ. N.

To

To such a subject tune my lyre,  
 And sing like one of Milton's choir,  
 Where devils to a vale retreat,  
 And call the laws of Wisdom Fate,  
 Lament upon their hapless fall,  
 That Force free Virtue should enthrall?  
 Or shall the charms of Wealth and Power  
 Make me pollute the Muses' bower?

LAWYER.

As from the tripod of Apollo,  
 Hear from my desk the words that follow:  
 "Some, by philosophers misled,  
 "Must honour you alive and dead;  
 "And such as know what Greece hath writ,  
 "Must taste your irony and wit;  
 "Whilst most that are, or would be great,  
 "Must dread your pen, your person hate;  
 "And you on Drapier's\* hill must lie,  
 "And there without a mitre die."

ON BURNING A DULL POEM. 1729.

**A**N afs's hoof alone can hold  
 That poisonous juice which kills by cold.  
 Methought, when I this poem read,  
 No vessel but an afs's head

\* In the county of Armagh, where Dr. Swift, in the year 1729, had some thoughts of building; as appears by several of the following Poems. N.

Such



Such frigid fustian could contain;  
 I mean, the head without the brain.  
 The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,  
 Went down like stupifying draughts:  
 I found my head began to swim,  
 A numbness crept through every limb.  
 In haste, with imprecations dire,  
 I threw the volume in the fire:  
 When, (who could think?) though cold as ice,  
 It burnt to ashes in a trice.

How could I more enhance its fame?  
 Though born in snow, it dy'd in flame.

## A N E P I S T L E

T O

HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET.

B Y D R. D E L A N Y. 1729.

"Credis ob hoc, me, Pastor, opes fortasse rogare,  
 "Propter quod, vulgus, crassaque turba rogat."

MART. Epig. lib. ix.

**T**HOU wise and learned ruler of our isle,  
 Whose guardian care can all her griefs beguile;  
 When next your generous soul shall condescend  
 'T' instruct or entertain your humble friend;  
 Whether, retiring from your weighty charge,  
 On some high theme you learnedly enlarge;

Of

Of all the ways of wisdom reason well,  
How Richelieu rose, and how Sejanus fell :  
Or, when your brow less thoughtfully unbends,  
Circled with Swift and some delighted friends;  
When, mixing mirth and wisdom with your wine,  
Like that your wit shall flow, your genius shine;  
Nor with less praise the conversation guide,  
Than in the public councils you decide :  
Or when the Dean, long privileg'd to rail,  
Asserts his friend with more impetuous zeal ;  
You hear (whilst I sit by abash'd and mute),  
With soft concessions shortening the dispute ;  
Then close with kind enquiries of my state,  
" How are your tithes, and have they rose of late ?  
" Why, Christ-Church is a pretty situation,  
" There are not many better in the nation !  
" This, with your *other things*, must yield you clear  
" Some six—at least five hundred pounds a year."  
Suppose, at such a time, I took the freedom  
To speak these truths as plainly as you read 'em  
(You shall rejoin, my lord, when I 've replied,  
And, if you please, my lady shall decide) :  
" My lord, I 'm satisfied you meant me well ;  
" And that I 'm thankful, all the world can tell :  
" But you 'll forgive me, if I own th' event  
" Is short, is very short, of your intent ;  
" At least, I feel some ills unfelt before,  
" My income less, and my expences more."  
" How, doctor ! double vicar ! double rector !  
" A dignitary ! with a city lecture !

" What

" What glebes—what dues—what tithes—what fines—  
 " what rent !

" Why, doctor!—will you never be content?"

" Would my good lord but cast up the account,

" And see to what my revenues amount.

" My titles ample! but my gain so small,

" That one good vicarage is worth them all:

" And very wretched sure is he, that 's double

" In nothing but his titles and his trouble.

" Add to this crying grievance, if you please,

" My horses founder'd on Fermanah ways;

" Ways of well-polish'd and well-pointed stone,

" Where every step endangers every bone;

" And more to raise your pity and your wonder,

" Two churches—twelve Hibernian miles asunder!

" With complicated *cures*, I labour hard in,

" Besides whole summers absent from my garden!—

" But that the world would think I play'd the fool,

" I 'd change with Charley Grattan for his school\*—

" What fine cascades, what vistas, might I make,

" Fixt in the centre of th' Iernian lake!

" There might I sail delighted, smooth and safe,

" Beneath the conduct of my good Sir Ralph†:

" There 's not a better steerer in the realm;

" I hope, my lord, you 'll call him to the *helm*."—

" Doctor—a glorious scheme to ease your grief!

" When *cures* are croses, a school 's a sure relief.

\* A free-school at Inniskillen, founded by Erasmus Smith, esq. N.

† Sir Ralph Gore, who had a villa in the lake of Erin.

" You

" You cannot fail of being happy there,  
" The lake will be the Lethe of your care :  
" The scheme is for your honour and your ease ;  
" And, doctor, I 'll promote it when you please.  
" Mean-while, allowing things below your merit,  
" Yet, doctor, you 've a philosophic spirit ;  
" Your wants are few, and, like your income, small,  
" And you 've enough to gratify them all :  
" You 've trees, and fruits, and roots, enough in store :  
" And what would a philosopher have more ?  
" You cannot wish for coaches, kitchens, cooks—"   
    " My lord, I 've not enough to buy me books—  
" Or pray, suppose my wants were all supplied,  
" Are there no wants I should regard beside ?  
" Whose breast is so unmann'd, as not to grieve,  
" Compass'd with miseries he can't relieve ?  
" Who can be happy—who should wish to live,  
" And want the godlike happiness to give ?  
" (That I 'm a judge of this, you must allow :  
" I had it once—and I 'm debarr'd it now.)  
" Ask your own heart, my lord, if this be true,  
" Then how unblest am I ! how blest are you !"  
    " 'Tis true—but, doctor, let us wave all that—  
" Say, if you had your wish, what you 'd be at."  
    " Excuse me, good my lord—I won't be founded,  
" Nor shall your favour by my wants be bounded.  
" My lord, I challenge nothing as my due,  
" Nor is it fit I should prescribe to you.  
" Yet this might Symmachus himself avow  
" (Whose rigid rules are antiquated now)—

" My

"My lord, I'd wish to *pay the debts I owe*—  
 "I'd wish besides—to *build*, and to *bestow*."

AN EPISTLE UPON AN EPISTLE  
 FROM  
 A CERTAIN DOCTOR  
 TO  
 A CERTAIN GREAT LORD.

Being a CHRISTMAS-BOX for Dr. DELANY.

AS Jove will not attend on less,  
 When things of more importance press;  
 You can't, grave Sir, believe it hard,  
 That you, a low Hibernian bard,  
 Should cool your heels awhile, and wait  
 Unanswer'd at your *patron's* gate:  
 And would my lord vouchsafe to grant  
 This one, poor, humble boon I want,  
 Free leave to play his *Secretary*,  
 As Falstaff acted old King Harry;  
 I'd tell of yours in rhyme and print:  
 Folks shrug, and cry *There's nothing in 't*.  
 And, after several readings over,  
 It shines most in the marble cover,  
 How could so fine a taste dispense,  
 With mean degrees of wit and sense?  
 Nor will my lord so far *beguile*  
 The *wise* and *learned* of our *isle*;

To



To make it pass upon the nation,  
 By dint of his sole approbation.  
 The task is arduous, patrons find,  
 To warp the sense of all mankind;  
 Who think your Muse must first aspire,  
 Ere he advance the doctor higher.

You 've cause to say he *meant you well*:  
 That you *are thankful*, who *can tell*?  
 For still you 're short (which grieves your spirit)  
 Of his intent; you mean, your merit.

Ah! *quanto rectius, tu adeptus,*  
*Qui nil moliris tam inepte?*  
 Smedley\*, thou Jonathan of Clogher,  
 "When thou thy humble lay dost offer  
 "To Grafton's grace, with grateful heart,  
 "Thy thanks and verse devoid of art:  
 "Content with what his bounty gave,  
 "No larger income dost thou crave."

But you must have cascades, and all  
 Ierne's lake for your canal,  
 Your viftos, barges, and (a pox on  
 All pride!) our Speaker for your coxon:  
 It's pity that he can't bestow you  
 Twelve commoners in caps to row you.  
 Thus Edgar proud, in days of yore,  
 Held monarchs labouring at the oar;  
 And, as he pass'd, so swell'd the Dee,  
 Enrag'd, as Ern would do at thee.

\* See a Petition to the Duke of Grafton, vol. XLII. p. 265.

How different is this from Smedley!  
 (His name is up, he may in bed lie)  
 "Who only asks some pretty cure,  
 "In wholesome soil and æther pure;  
 "The garden stor'd with artless flowers,  
 "In either angle shady bowers:  
 "No gay parterre with costly green  
 "Must in the ambient hedge be seen;  
 "But Nature freely takes her course,  
 "Nor fears from him ungrateful force:  
 "No sheers to check her sprouting vigour,  
 "Or shape the *yeaws* to antic figure."

But you, forsooth, your *all* must squander  
 On that poor spot, call'd Dell-ville yonder:  
 And when you 've been at vast expences  
 In whims, parterres, canals, and fences,  
 Your assets fail, and cash is wanting;  
 Nor farther buildings, farther planting:  
 No wonder, when you raise and level,  
 Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.  
 Here a convenient box you found,  
 Which you demolish'd to the ground:  
 Then built, then took up with your arbour,  
 And set the house to Rupert Barber.  
 You sprang an arch, which, in a scurvy  
 Humour, you tumbled topsy-turvy.  
 You change a circle to a square,  
 Then to a circle as you were:  
 Who can imagine whence the fund is,  
 That you *quadrata* change *rotundis*?

To Fame a temple you erect,  
 A Flora does the dome protect;  
 Mounts, walks, on high: and in a hollow  
 You place the Muses and Apollo;  
 There shining 'midst his train, to grace  
 Your whimsical poetic place.

These stories were of old design'd  
 As fables; but you have refin'd  
 The poets' mythologic dreams,  
 To real Muses, gods, and streams.  
 Who would not swear, when you contrive thus,  
 That you 're Don Quixote Redivivus?

Beneath, a dry canal there lies,  
 Which only Winter's rain supplies.  
 Oh! couldst thou, by some magic spell,  
 Hither convey St. Patrick's well!  
 Here may it re-assume its stream\*,  
 And take a greater Patrick's name!

If your expences rise so high,  
 What income can your wants supply?  
 Yet still you fancy you inherit  
 A fund of such superior merit,  
 That you can't fail of more provision,  
 All by my *lady's* kind decision.  
 For, the more livings you can fish up,  
 You think you 'll sooner be a bishop:  
 That could not be *my lord's* intent,  
 Nor can it *answer the event*.

\* See Dr. Swift's verses on the drying-up of this well, in this volume, p. 63.

Most think what has been heap'd on you,  
To other sort of folk was due :  
Rewards too great for your flim-flams,  
*Epistles, riddles, epigrams.*

Though now your depth must not be founded,  
The time was, when you 'd have compounded  
For less than Charley Grattan's school :  
Five hundred pound a year 's no fool !

Take this advice then from your friend :  
To your ambition put an end.  
Be frugal, Pat : pay what you owe,  
Before you *build* and you *bestow*.  
Be modest ; nor address your betters  
With begging, vain, familiar letters.

A passage may be found\*, I 've heard,  
In some old Greek or Latian bard,  
Which says, " Would crows in silence eat  
" Their offals, or their better meat,  
" Their generous feeders not provoking  
" By loud and unharmonious croaking ;  
" They might, unhurt by Envy's claws,  
" Live on, and stuff to boot their maws."

\* Hor. Lib. I. Ep. xvii.

A L I B E L  
ON THE REVEREND  
D R. D E L A N Y,  
AND HIS EXCELLENCY

JOHN LORD CARTERET. 1729.

DELUDED mortals, whom the *great*  
Choose for companions *tête à tête*;  
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,  
Get leave to sit whene'er you will;  
Then boasting tell us where you din'd,  
And how his *lordship* was so kind;  
How many pleasant things he spoke,  
And how you *laugh'd* at every *joke*:  
Swear he's a most facetious man;  
That you and he are *cup* and *can*:  
You travel with a heavy load,  
And quite mistake *preferment's* road.

Suppose my *lord* and you alone;  
Hint the least interest of your own,  
His visage drops, he knits his brow,  
He cannot talk of business now:  
Or, mention but a vacant *post*,  
He'll turn it off with, "Name your toast:"  
Nor could the nicest artist paint  
A countenance with more constraint.

For as, their appetites to quench,  
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;



So men of wit are but a kind  
Of pandars to a vicious mind ;  
Who proper objects must provide  
To gratify their lust of pride,  
When, wearied with intrigues of state,  
They find an idle hour to prate.  
Then, shall you dare to ask a *place*,  
You forfeit all your *patron's* grace,  
And disappoint the sole design  
For which he summon'd you to *dine*.

Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,  
And one poor office, half his days :  
While Montague, who claim'd the station  
To be Mæcenas of the nation,  
For poets open table kept,  
But ne'er consider'd where they slept :  
Himself as rich as fifty Jews,  
Was easy, though they wanted shoes :  
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare  
A shilling to discharge his chair ;  
Till prudence taught him to appeal  
From Pæan's fire to *party* zeal ;  
Not owing to his happy vein  
The fortunes of his later scene,  
Took proper *principles* to thrive ;  
And so might every *dunce* alive.

Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,  
And flourish'd by imputed wit,  
From perils of a hundred jails  
Withdrew to starve, and die in Wales.

Thus Gay, the *bare* with many friends,  
Twice seven long years the *court* attends:  
Who, under tales conveying truth,  
To virtue form'd a *princely* youth\*:  
Who paid his courtship with the crowd  
As far as *modest pride* allow'd;  
Rejects a servile *usher's* place,  
And leaves St. James's in disgrace.

Thus Addison, by lords carest,  
Was left in foreign lands distrest;  
Forgot at home, became for hire  
A travelling tutor to a *squire*:  
But wisely left the Muses' hill,  
To business shap'd the *poet's* quill,  
Let all his barren laurels fade,  
Took up himself the *courtier's* trade,  
And, grown a *minister of state*,  
Saw poets at his levee wait.

Hail, happy Pope! whose generous mind  
Detesting all the statesman kind,  
Contemning *courts*, at *courts* unseen,  
Refus'd the visits of a queen.  
A soul with every virtue fraught,  
By *sages*, *priests*, or *poets* taught;  
Whose filial piety excels  
Whatever Grecian story tells;  
A genius for all stations fit,  
Whose *meanest talent* is his *wit*;

\* William duke of Cumberland, son to George II.

His heart too great, though fortune little,  
To lick a *rascal statesman's* spittle;  
Appealing to the nation's taste,  
Above the reach of want is plac'd:  
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,  
Which Homer never could alive;  
And sits aloft on Pindus' head,  
Despising *slaves* that *cringe* for bread.

True *politicians* only pay  
For solid *work*, but not for *play*;  
Nor ever choose to work with tools  
Forg'd up in *colleges* and *schools*.  
Consider how much more is due  
To all their *journeymen* than you:  
At table you can Horace quote;  
'They at a pinch can bribe a vote:'  
You shew your skill in Grecian story;  
But they can manage Whig and Tory:  
You, as a *critick*, are so curious  
To find a verse in Virgil spurious;  
But they can smoke the deep designs,  
When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.

Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,  
That you have got a *place* already;  
An office for your talents fit,  
To flatter, carve, and shew your wit;  
To snuff the lights, and stir the fire,  
And get a *dinner* for your hire.  
What claim have you to *place* or *pension*?  
He overpays in condescension.

But,

But, reverend *doctor*, you, we know,  
Could never condescend so low :  
The *vice-roy*, whom you now attend,  
Would, if he durst, be more your friend ;  
Nor will in you those gifts despise,  
By which himself was taught to rise :  
When he has virtue to retire,  
He 'll grieve he did not raise you higher,  
And place you in a better station,  
Although it might have pleas'd the nation.

This may be true—submitting still  
To Walpole's more than royal will ;  
And what condition can be worse ?  
He comes to drain a *beggar's purse* ;  
He comes to tie our chains on faster,  
And shew us, England is our master :  
Careless knaves, and dunces wooing,  
To make them work their own undoing.  
What has he else to bait his traps,  
Or bring his *vermin* in, but *scraps* ?  
The offals of a *church* distrest ;  
A hungry *vicarage* at best ;  
Or some remote inferior *post*,  
With forty pounds a year at most ?

But here again you interpose—  
Your favourite *lord* is none of those  
Who owe their virtues to their stations,  
And characters to dedications :  
For keep him in, or turn him out,  
His *learning* none will call in doubt ;

His *learning*, though a *poet* said it  
 Before a play, would lose no credit;  
 Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,  
 Although to praise it Phillips writ.  
 I own, he hates an action base,  
 His *virtues* battling with his *place*;  
 Nor wants a nice discerning spirit  
 Betwixt a true and spurious merit;  
 Can sometimes drop a *voter's* claim,  
 And give up party to his fame.  
 I do the most that *friendship* can;  
 I hate the *vice-roy*, love the *man*.

But you who, till your fortune 's made,  
 Must be a *sweetener* by your trade,  
 Should swear he never meant us ill;  
 We suffer sore against his will;  
 That, if we could but see his heart,  
 He would have chose a milder part:  
 We rather should lament his case,  
 Who must obey, or lose his *place*.

Since this reflexion slipped your pen,  
 Insert it when you write again:  
 And, to illustrate it, produce  
 This *simile* for his excuse:

“ So to destroy a guilty land  
 “ An \* *angel* sent by *heaven's* command,  
 “ While he obeys *almighty* will,  
 “ Perhaps may feel *compassion* still;

\* “ So when an angel by divine command,” &c.

ADDISON'S Campaign.

“ And



" And wish the task had been assign'd

" To *spirits* of less gentle kind."

But I, in *politicks* grown old,  
Whose thoughts are of a different mould,  
Who from my soul sincerely hate  
Both *kings* and *ministers* of *state*,  
Who look on *courts* with stricter eyes  
To see the seeds of *vice* arise,  
Can lend you an allusion fitter,  
Though *flattering knaves* may call it *bitter*;  
Which, if you durst but give it place,  
Would shew you many a *statesman's* face:  
Fresh from the *tripod* of Apollo  
I had it in the words that follow  
(Take notice, to avoid offence,  
I here except *his excellence*).

" So, to effect his *monarch's* ends,  
" From *hell* a *vice-roy* devil ascends;  
" His *budget* with *corruptions* cramm'd,  
" The contributions of the *damn'd*;  
" Which with unsparing hand he strows  
" Through *courts* and *senates* as he goes;  
" And then at Beelzebub's *black ball*  
" Complains his *budget* was too small."

Your *simile* may better shine  
In verse; but there is *truth* in mine.  
For no imaginable things  
Can differ more than gods and kings:  
And *statesmen* by ten thousand odds  
Are angels just as kings are gods.

TO DR. DELANY,  
ON THE  
LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM.

“ — Tanti tibi non sit opaci

“ Omnis arena Tagi.”

Juv.

**A**S some raw youth in country bred,  
To arms by thirst of honour led,  
When at a skirmish first he hears  
The bullets whistling round his ears,  
Will duck his head aside, will start,  
And feel a trembling at his heart,  
Till 'scaping oft' without a wound  
Lessens the terror of the sound;  
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,  
He runs into a cannon's chops:  
An author thus, who pants for fame,  
Begins the world with fear and shame;  
When first in print, you see him dread  
Each pop-gun level'd at his head:  
The lead yon critick's quill contains,  
Is destin'd to beat out his brains:  
As if he heard loud thunders roll,  
Cries, Lord, have mercy on his soul!  
Concluding, that another shot  
Will strike him dead upon the spot.  
But, when with squibbing, flashing, popping,  
He cannot see one creature dropping;

That,

That, missing fire, or missing aim,  
His life is safe, I mean his fame;  
The danger past, takes heart of grace,  
And looks a critick in the face.

Though splendour gives the fairest mark  
To poison'd arrows from the dark,  
Yet, *in yourself when smooth and round,*  
They glance aside without a wound.

'Tis said, the gods try'd all their art,  
How *pain* they might from *pleasure* part;  
But little could their strength avail;  
Both still are fasten'd by the tail.  
Thus *fame* and *censure* with a tether  
By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd  
In wit before the common herd;  
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd  
To pay the penalty annexed?

'Tis eminence makes envy rise;  
As fairest fruits attract the flies.  
Should stupid libels grieve your mind,  
You soon a remedy may find;  
Lie down obscure like other folks  
Below the lash of snarlers' jokes.  
Their faction is five hundred odds;  
For every coxcomb lends them rods,  
And sneers as learnedly as they,  
Like females o'er their morning tea.

You say, the Muse will not contain,  
And write you must, or break a vein.

Then,

Then, if you find the terms too hard,  
No longer my advice regard:  
But raise your fancy on the wing;  
The Irish *senate*'s praises sing;  
How jealous of the nation's freedom,  
And for corruptions how they weed 'em;  
How each the public good pursues,  
How far their hearts from private views:  
Make all true patriots, up to shoe-boys,  
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys;  
Thus grown a member of the club,  
No longer dread the rage of Grub.

How oft' am I for rhyme to seek!  
To dress a thought, may toil a week:  
And then how thankful to the town,  
If all my pains will earn a crown!  
Whilst every critick can devour  
My work and me in half an hour.  
Would men of genius cease to write,  
The rogues must die for want and spite;  
Must die for want of food and raiment,  
If scandal did not find them payment.  
How cheerfully the hawkers cry  
A satire, and the gentry buy!  
While my hard-labour'd poem pines  
Unfold upon the printer's lines.

A *genius* in the reverend gown  
Must ever keep its owner down;  
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,  
And spoils the credit of the function.

Round

Round all your brethren cast your eyes;  
 Point out the surest men to rise:  
 That club of candidates in black,  
 The least deserving of the pack,  
 Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,  
 With grace and learning unendow'd,  
 Can turn their hands to every job,  
 The fittest tools to work for Bob;  
 Will sooner coin a thousand lies,  
 Than suffer men of parts to rise;  
 They crowd about preferment's gate,  
 And press you down with all their weight.  
 For as, of old, mathematicians  
 Were by the vulgar thought magicians;  
 So academic dull ale-drinkers  
 Pronounce all men of wit *free-thinkers*.

Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,  
 Disdains to serve ignoble ends.  
 Observe what loads of stupid rhymes  
 Oppress us in corrupted times:  
 What pamphlets in a court's defence  
 Shew reason, grammar, truth, or sense?  
 For though the Muse delights in fiction,  
 She ne'er inspires against conviction.  
 Then keep your virtue still unmixt,  
 And let not faction come betwixt:  
 By party-steps no grandeur climb at,  
 Though it would make you England's primate:  
 First learn the science to be dull,  
 You then may soon your conscience lull;

If



If not, however seated high,  
Your genius in your face will fly.

When Jove was from his teeming head  
Of Wit's fair goddess brought to bed,  
There follow'd at his lying-in  
For after-birth a Sooterkin;  
Which, as the nurse pursued to kill,  
Attain'd by flight the Muses' hill,  
'There in the soil began to root,  
And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.  
From hence the critic vermin sprung,  
With harpy claws and poisonous tongue,  
Who fatten on poetic scraps,  
Too cunning to be caught in traps.  
Dame Nature, as the learned show,  
Provides each animal its foe:  
Hounds hunt the hare; the wily fox  
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks.  
Thus Envy pleads a natural claim  
To persecute the Muses' fame;  
On poets in all times abusive,  
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.

Yet what avails it to complain?  
You try to take revenge in vain.  
A rat your utmost rage defies,  
That safe behind the wainscot lies.  
Say, did you ever know by fight  
In cheese an individual mite?  
Shew me the same numeric flea,  
That bit your neck but yesterday:

You then may boldly go in quest  
 To find the Grub-street poet's nest;  
 What spunging-house, in dread of jail,  
 Receives them, while they wait for bail;  
 What alley they are nestled in,  
 To flourish o'er a cup of gin;  
 Find the last garret where they lay,  
 Or cellar where they starve to-day.  
 Suppose you had them all trepann'd,  
 With each a libel in his hand,  
 What punishment would you inflict?  
 Or call them rogues, or get them kickt?  
 These they have often try'd before;  
 You but oblige them so much more:  
 Themselves would be the first to tell,  
 To make their trash the better sell.

You have been libel'd—Let us know,  
 What fool officious told you so?  
 Will you regard the hawker's cries,  
 Who in his titles always lies?  
 Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,  
 It might be something in your praise:  
 And praise bestow'd on Grub-street rhymes  
 Would vex one more a thousand times.  
 Till criticks blame, and judges praise,  
 The poet cannot claim his bays.  
 On me when dunces are satiric,  
 I take it for a panegyrick.  
*Hated by fools, and fools to hate,*  
 Be that my *motto*, and my *fate*.

DIRECTIONS

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING  
A BIRTH-DAY SONG. 1729.

**T**O form a just and finish'd piece,  
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,  
Whose godships are in chief request,  
And fit your present subject best:  
And, should it be your hero's case,  
'To have both male and female race,  
Your business must be to provide  
A score of goddesses beside.

Some call their monarchs sons of Saturn,  
For which they bring a modern pattern;  
Because they might have heard of one,  
Who often long'd to eat his son:  
But this, I think, will not go down,  
For here the father kept his crown.

Why, then, appoint him son of Jove,  
Who met his mother in a grove:  
To this we freely shall consent,  
Well knowing what the poets meant;  
And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,  
It may be literally true.

Next, as the laws of verse require,  
He must be greater than his sire;  
For Jove, as every school-boy knows,  
Was able Saturn to depose:  
And sure no Christian poet breathing  
Would be more scrupulous than a Heathen!

Or,

Or, if to blasphemy it tends,  
That 's but a trifle among friends.

Your Hero now another Mars is,  
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s.  
Behold his glittering falchion mow  
Whole squadrons at a single blow;  
While Victory, with wings outspread,  
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head;  
His milk-white steed upon its haunches,  
Or pawing into dead men's paunches:  
As Overton has drawn his fire,  
Still seen o'er many an ale-house fire.  
Then from his arms hoarse thunder rolls,  
As loud as fifty mustard-bowls;  
For thunder still his arm supplies,  
And lightning always in his eyes:  
They both are cheap enough in conscience,  
And serve to echo rattling nonsense.  
The rumbling words march fierce along,  
Made trebly dreadful in your song.

Sweet poet, hir'd for birth-day rhymes,  
To sing of wars, choose peaceful times.  
What though, for fifteen years and more,  
Janus had lock'd his temple-door;  
Though not a coffee-house we read in  
Hath mention'd arms on this side Sweden;  
Nor London Journals, nor the Postmen,  
Though fond of warlike lies as most men;  
Thou still with battles stuff thy head full:  
For, must thy hero not be dreadful?

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O

Dismissing

Dismissing Mars, it next must follow  
Your conqueror is become Apollo :  
That he 's Apollo is as plain as  
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenās ;  
But that he struts, and that he squints,  
You 'd know him by Apollo's prints.  
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,  
For yours can shine both day and night.  
The first, perhaps, may once an age  
Inspire you with poetic rage ;  
Your Phœbus Royal, every day,  
Not only can inspire, but pay.

Then make this new Apollo fit  
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.  
“ How from his altitude he stoops  
“ To raise up Virtue when she droops ;  
“ On Learning how his bounty flows,  
“ And with what justice he bestows :  
“ Fair Isis, and ye banks of Cam !  
“ Be witness if I tell a flam.  
“ What prodigies in Arts we drain,  
“ From both your streams, in George's reign,  
“ As from the flowery bed of Nile” —  
But here 's enough to shew your style.  
Broad innuendos, such as this,  
If well applied, can hardly miss :  
For, when you bring your song in print,  
He 'll get it read, and take the hint,  
(It must be read before 'tis warbled,  
The paper gilt, and cover marbled)



## TO MAKE A BIRTH-DAY SONG.

And will be so much more your debtor,  
Because he never knew a letter.

And, as he hears his wit and sense  
(To which he never made pretence)

Set out in hyperbolic strains,

A guinea shall reward your pains :

For patrons never pay so well,

As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.

Next call him Neptune : with his trident

He rules the sea ; you see him ride in 't :

And, if provok'd, he soundly firks his  
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.

He would have seiz'd the Spanish plate,

Had not the fleet gone out too late ;

And in their very ports besiege them,

But that he would not disoblige them ;

And make the rascals pay him dearly

For those affronts they give him yearly.

'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,

Our ink is black, our paper white ;

And, when we scrawl our paper o'er,

We blacken what was white before :

I think this practice only fit

For dealers in satiric wit.

But you some white-lead ink must get,

And write on paper black as jet ;

Your interest lies to learn the knack

Of whitening what before was black.

Thus your encomium, to be strong,

Must be applied directly wrong.

A tyrant for his mercy praise,  
And crown a royal dunce with bays:  
A squinting monkey load with charms,  
And paint a coward fierce in arms.  
Is he to avarice inclin'd?  
Extol him for his generous mind:  
And, when we starve for want of corn,  
Come out with Amalthea's horn.  
For all experience this evinces  
The only art of pleasing princes:  
For princes' love you should descant  
On virtues which they know they want.  
One compliment I had forgot,  
But songsters must omit it not;  
I freely grant the thought is old:  
Why, then, your hero must be told,  
In him such virtues lie inherent,  
To qualify him God's vicegerent;  
That, with no title to inherit,  
He must have been a king by merit.  
Yet, be the fancy old or new,  
'Tis partly false, and partly true:  
And, take it right, it means no more  
Than George and William claim'd before.

Should some obscure inferior fellow,  
Like Julius, or the Youth of Pella,  
When all your list of Gods is out,  
Presume to shew his mortal snout,  
And as a Deity intrude,  
Because he had the world subdued;

Oh, let him not debase your thoughts,  
Or name him but to tell his faults.—

Of Gods I only quote the best,  
But you may hook-in all the rest.

Now, Birth-day Bard, with joy proceed  
To praise your Empress and her breed.

First of the first, to vouch your lies,  
Bring all the females of the skies;

The Graces, and their mistress Venus,  
Must venture down to entertain us:

With bended knees when they adore her,  
What dowdies they appear before her!

Nor shall we think you talk at random,  
For Venus might be her great-grandam:

Six thousand years has liv'd the Goddess,  
Your Heroine hardly fifty odd is.

Besides, your songsters oft' have shown  
That she hath Graces of her own;

Three Graces by Lucina brought her,  
Just three, and every grace a daughter.

Here many a king his heart and crown  
Shall at their snowy feet lay down;

In royal robes, they come by dozens

To court their English German cousins:

Besides a pair of princely babies,

That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.

Now see her seated in her throne

With genuine lustre, all her own:

Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,

Her splendour is but borrow'd light;

And only with her Brother linkt  
Can shine, without him is extinct.  
But Carolina shines the clearer  
With neither spouse nor brother near her;  
And darts her beams o'er both our isles,  
Though George is gone a thousand miles.  
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,  
Attended by her heavenly race;  
And sees a son in every God,  
Unaw'd by Jove's all-shaking nod.

Now sing his little Highness Freddy,  
Who struts like any king already:  
With so much beauty, shew me any maid  
That could resist this charming Ganymede!  
Where majesty with sweetness vies,  
And, like his father, early wife.  
Then cut him out a world of work,  
To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk:  
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,  
And golden times, and halcyon days;  
And swear his line shall rule the nation  
For ever—till the conflagration.

But, now it comes into my mind,  
We left a little Duke behind;  
A Cupid in his face and size,  
And only wants to want his eyes.  
Make some provision for the youngker,  
Find him a kingdom out to conquer:  
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,  
Make Gulliver his commodore;

Into whose pocket valiant Willy put,  
Will soon subdue the realm of Lilliput.

A skilful critick justly blames  
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harsh, stiff names.  
The sense can ne'er be too jejune,  
But smooth your words to fit the tune.  
Hanover may do well enough,  
But George and Brunswick are too rough :  
Hesse-Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,  
And Guelp the strongest ear will wound.  
In vain are all attempts from Germany  
To find out proper words for harmony :  
And yet I must except the Rhine,  
Because it clicks to Caroline.

Hail! Queen of Britain, Queen of rhymes!  
Be sung ten hundred thousand times!  
Too happy were the poets' crew,  
If their own happiness they knew :  
Three syllables did never meet  
So soft, so sliding, and so sweet :  
Nine other tuneful words like that  
Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.  
Behold three beauteous vowels stand,  
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand;  
In concord here for ever fixt,  
No jarring consonant betwixt.

May Caroline continue long,  
For ever fair and young!—in song.  
What though the royal carcase must,  
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to dust?



Those elements her name compose,  
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.

Though Caroline may fill your gaps,  
Yet still you must consult your maps;  
Find rivers with harmonious names,  
Sebrina, Medway, and the Thames.  
Britannia long will wear like steel,  
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;  
And patience can endure no more  
'To hear the Belgic lion roar.  
Give up the phrase of haughty Gaul,  
But proud Iberia soundly maul:  
Restore the ships by Philip taken,  
And make him crouch to save his bacon.  
Nassau, who got the name of Glorious  
Because he never was victorious,  
A hanger-on has always been;  
For old acquaintance bring him in.

To Walpole you might lend a line,  
But much I fear he's in decline;  
And, if you chance to come too late,  
When he goes out, you share his fate,  
And bear the new successor's frown;  
Or, whom you once fang up, fang down.

Reject with scorn that stupid notion,  
To praise your Hero for devotion;  
Nor entertain a thought so odd,  
That princes should believe in God;  
But follow the securest rule,  
And turn it all to ridicule:

'Tis grown the choicest wit at Court,  
 And gives the maids of honour sport.  
 For, since they talk'd with Doctor Clarke,  
 They now can venture in the dark:  
 That sound Divine the truth hath spoke all,  
 And pawn'd his word, hell is not local.  
 This will not give them half the trouble  
 Of bargains fold, or meanings double.

Supposing now your song is done,  
 To Mynheer Handel next you run,  
 Who artfully will pare and prune  
 Your words to some Italian tune:  
 Then print it in the largest letter,  
 With capitals, the more the better.  
 Present it boldly on your knee,  
 And take a guinea for your fee.

## B O U T S R I M É S.

## ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA.

OUR school-master may rave i' th' fit  
 Of classic beauty *bæc & illa*,  
 Not all his birch inspires such wit  
 As th' ogling beams of Domitilla.

Let nobles toast, in bright champain,  
 Nymphs higher born than Domitilla;  
 I'll drink her health, again, again,  
 In Berkeley's tar, or fars-parilla.

At

At Goodman's-Fields I've much admir'd  
The postures strange of Monsieur Brilla;  
But what are they to the soft step,  
The gliding air, of Domitilla?

Virgil has eterniz'd in song  
The flying footsteps of Camilla:  
Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;  
He might have dreamt of Domitilla.

Great Theodose condemn'd a town  
For thinking ill of his Placilla;  
And deuce take London, if some knight  
O' th' city wed not Domitilla!

Wheeler, Sir George, in travels wise,  
Gives us a medal of Plantilla;  
But, oh! the empress has not eyes,  
Nor lips, nor breast, like Domitilla.

Not all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,  
Pil'd on the mules of king At-tila,  
Is worth one glove (I'll not tell a bit a lie)  
Or garter, snatch'd from Domitilla.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,  
Y-cleped Harrow of the Hill, a-  
—bus'd much my heart, and was a damn'd let  
To verse—but now for Domitilla.

Dan Pope consigns Belinda's watch  
To the fair Sylphid Momentilla,  
And thus I offer up my catch  
To th' snow-white hands of Domitilla.

HELTER

## HELTER SKELTER;

O R,

The HUE and CRY after the ATTORNIES,  
upon their riding the CIRCUIT.

NOW the active young attornies  
Briskly travel on their journies,  
Looking big as any giants,  
On the horses of their clients;  
Like so many little Mars's,  
With their tilters at their a—s,  
Brazen-hilted, lately burnish'd;  
And with harness-buckles furnish'd,  
And with whips and spurs so neat,  
And with jockey-coats compleat,  
And with boots so very greasy,  
And with saddles eke so easy;  
And with bridles fine and gay,  
Bridles borrow'd for a day;  
Bridles destin'd far to roam,  
Ah! never, never to come home.  
And with hats so very big, Sir;  
And with powder'd caps and wigs, Sir;  
And with ruffles to be shown,  
Cambrick ruffles not their own;  
And with Holland shirts so white,  
Shirts becoming to the sight,

Shirts

Shirts be-wrought with different letters,  
As belonging to their betters ;  
With their pretty tinsel'd boxes,  
Gotten from their dainty doxies ;  
And with rings so very trim,  
Lately taken out of lim—  
And with very little pence,  
And as very little sense ;  
With some law, but little justice,  
Having stolen from my hostess,  
From the barber and the cutler,  
Like the soldier from the sutler ;  
From the vintner and the taylor,  
Like the felon from the jailer ;  
Into this and t' other county,  
Living on the public bounty ;  
'Thorough town and thorough village,  
All to plunder, all to pillage ;  
'Thorough mountains, thorough vallies,  
'Thorough stinking lanes and alleys ;  
Some to—kiss with farmers' spouses,  
And make merry in their houses ;  
Some to—tumble country wenches  
On their rushy-beds and benches,  
And, if they begin a fray,  
Draw their swords, and—run away ;  
All to murder equity,  
And to take a double fee ;  
Till the people all are quiet,  
And forget to broil and riot :



Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,  
Safely glad to sup their porridge;  
And Vacation 's over—then,  
Hey, for London town again.

## THE LOGICIANS REFUTED;

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd,  
As rational, the human-kind.  
“Reason,” they say, “belongs to man;”  
But let them prove it if they can.  
Wise Aristotle and Smiglelius,  
By ratiocinations specious,  
Have strove to prove with great precision,  
With definition and division,

*Homo est ratione præditum:*

But, for my soul, I cannot credit 'em,  
And must, in spite of them maintain,  
That man and all his ways are vain;  
And that this boasted lord of nature  
Is both a weak and erring creature;  
That instinct is a surer guide  
Than reason-boasting mortals' pride;  
And that brute beasts are far before 'em,

*Deus est anima brutorum.*

Who ever knew an honest brute  
At law his neighbour prosecute;  
Bring action for assault and battery,  
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?

O'er

O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,  
No politicks disturb their mind;  
They eat their meals, and take their sport,  
Nor know who 's in or out at court.  
They never to the levee go,  
To treat as dearest friend, a foe:  
They never importune his grace,  
Nor ever cringe to men in place;  
Nor undertake a dirty job,  
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob:  
Fraught with invective they ne'er go  
To folks at Pater-noster-row.  
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,  
No pick-pockets, or poetasters,  
Are known to honest quadrupeds:  
No single brute his fellows leads.  
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,  
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.  
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape  
Comes nearest us in human shape;  
Like man, he imitates each fashion,  
And malice is his ruling passion:  
But, both in malice and grimaces,  
A courtier any ape surpasses:  
Behold him humbly cringing wait  
Upon the minister of state;  
View him soon after to inferiors  
Aping the conduct of superiors:  
He promises with equal air,  
And to perform takes equal care.

He

He in his turn finds imitators :  
 At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,  
 Their masters' manners still contract ;  
 And footmen lords and dukes can act.  
 Thus, at the court, both great and small  
 Behave alike ; for all ape all.

## THE PUPPET-SHOW.

THE life of man to represent,  
 And turn it all to ridicule,  
 Wit did a *puppet-show* invent,  
 Where the chief actor is a fool.  
 The gods of old were logs of wood,  
 And worship was to *puppets* paid ;  
 In antic dress the idol stood,  
 And priest and people bow'd the head.  
 No wonder then, if art began  
 The simple votaries to frame,  
 To shape in *timber* foolish man,  
 And consecrate the *block* to fame.  
 From hence poetic fancy learn'd  
 That trees might rise from human forms,  
 The body to a trunk be turn'd,  
 And branches issue from the arms.  
 Thus Dædalus and Ovid too,  
 That man 's a blockhead, have confest ;  
 Powel\* and Stretch\* the hint pursue ;  
 Life is a farce, the world a jest.

\* Two famous puppet-show men.

The

The same great truth South-Sea\* hath prov'd  
On that fam'd theatre, the *alley*;  
Where thousands, by directors mov'd,  
Are now sad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,  
The same a Harlequin is now;  
The former was *buffoon* above,  
The latter is a Punch below.

This fleeting scene is but a stage,  
Where various images appear;  
In different parts of youth and age  
Alike the prince and peasant share.

Some draw our eyes by being great,  
False pomp conceals mere wood within;  
And legislators rang'd in state  
Are oft' but wisdom in machine.

A stock may chance to wear a crown,  
And timber as a lord take place;  
A statue may put on a frown,  
And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,  
And made to act for ends unknown;  
By the mere spring of wires they play,  
And speak in language not their own.

Too oft', alas! a scolding wife  
Usurps a jolly fellow's throne;  
And many drink the cup of life,  
Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan.

\* See the poem on the South-Sea, vol. XLII. p. 207.

In short, whatever men pursue,  
 Of pleasure, folly, war, or love;  
 This mimic race brings all to view:  
 Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,  
 Mortals to please and to deride;  
 And, when death breaks thy vital band,  
 Thou shalt put on a *puppet's* pride.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shown,  
 Thy image shall preserve thy fame;  
 Ages to come thy worth shall own,  
 Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom, he draws a *farce* in vain,  
 Before he looks in nature's glass;  
*Puns* cannot form a witty scene,  
 Nor *pedantry* for humour pass.

To make men act as senseless wood,  
 And chatter in a mystic strain,  
 Is a mere force on flesh and blood,  
 And shews some error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,  
 And turn thy stage into a school,  
 The jest of Punch will ever be,  
 And stand confest the greater fool.



## THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:

WHETHER

HAMILTON'S BAWN should be turned into a  
BARRACK OR A MALT-HOUSE. 1729.

THUS spoke to my Lady the Knight\* full of care:  
 “ Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.  
 “ This Hamilton's bawn†, whilst it sticks on my hand,  
 “ I lose by the house what I get by the land;  
 “ But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,  
 “ For a *barrack*‡ or *malt-house*, we now must consider.  
 “ First, let me suppose I make it a *malt-house*,  
 “ Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us;  
 “ There 's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,  
 “ I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;  
 “ A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,  
 “ Three dishes a day, and three hogheads a year:  
 “ With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor'd;  
 “ No little scrub joint shall come on my board;  
 “ And you and the Dean no more shall combine  
 “ To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;

\* Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written.

† A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur's seat. F.

‡ The army in Ireland is lodged in strong buildings, over the whole kingdom, called barracks. F.

No

" Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin  
 " A stone and a quarter of beef from my furloin.  
 " If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant ;  
 " My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on 't :  
 " In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent ;  
 " Whatever they give me, I must be content,  
 " Or join with the court in every debate ;  
 " And rather than that, I would lose my estate."

Thus ended the Knight: thus began his *meek* wife :

" It *must*, and it *shall* be a *barrack*, my life.  
 " I 'm grown a mere *mopus* ; no company comes,  
 " But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull \*Rums.  
 " With Parsons what lady can keep herself clean ?  
 " I 'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.  
 " But if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,  
 " The Captain, I 'm sure, will always come here ;  
 " I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,  
 " For the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe ;  
 " Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,  
 " Will tell him that Chaplains should not be so pert ;  
 " That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,  
 " And not among ladies to give themselves airs."

Thus argued my Lady, but argued in vain ;

The Knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.

But Hannah†, who listen'd to all that was past,  
 And could not endure so vulgar a taste,

\* A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman. F.

† My lady's waiting-woman. F.

As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be drest,  
 Cry'd, " Madam, why surely my master 's possiest.  
 " Sir Arthur the maltster ! how fine it will sound !  
 " I 'd rather the *bawn* were sunk under ground.  
 " But madam, I guefs'd there would never come good,  
 " When I saw him so often with \*Darby and Wood.  
 " And now my dream 's out ; for I was a-dream'd  
 " That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd !  
 " And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes ;  
 " And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.  
 " Dear madam, had you but the spirit to tease,  
 " You might have a *barrack* whenever you please :  
 " And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,  
 " That for twenty denials you would not give out.  
 " If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,  
 " Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest ;  
 " And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets  
 " With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets :  
 " But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,  
 " And worry him out, till he gives his consent.  
 " Dear madam, whene'er of a *barrack* I think,  
 " An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink :  
 " For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,  
 " I can't get it out, though I 'd never so fain.  
 " I fancy already a *barrack* contriv'd  
 " At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd ;  
 " Of this to be sure Sir Arthur has warning,  
 " And waits on the Captain betimes the next morning.

\* Two of Sir Arthur's managers. F.

"Now see, when they meet, how their Honours behave :  
 "Noble Captain, your servant"—"Sir Arthur, your  
 "slave ;

"You honour me much"—"The honour is mine."—

"'Twas a sad rainy night"—"But the morning is fine."

"Pray how does my Lady?"—"My wife's at your  
 "service."—

"I think I have seen her picture by Jervas."—

"Good morrow, good Captain. I'll wait on you  
 "down."—

"You sha'n't stir a foot."—You'll think me a clown :

"For all the world, Captain—" "Not half an inch  
 "farther."—

"You must be obey'd!"—"Your servant, Sir Arthur!

"My humble respects to my Lady unknown."—

"I hope you will use my house as your own."

"Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,

"Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."

"Pray, madam, be quiet; what was it I said?

"You had like to have put it quiet out of my head.

"Next day, to be sure, the Captain will come,

"At the head of his troops, with trumpet and drum.

"Now, madam, observe how he marches in state :

"The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate :

"Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,

"Tantara, tantara ; while all the boys hollow.

"See now comes the Captain all daub'd with gold lace :

"O la ! the sweet gentleman ! look in his face ;

"And see how he rides like a lord of the land,

"With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand ;



- “ And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears;  
“ With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:  
“ At last comes the troop, by the word of command,  
“ Drawn up in our court; when the Captain cries,  
“ STAND!  
“ Your Ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen  
“ (For sure I had *dizen'd* you out like a queen).  
“ The Captain, to shew he is proud of the favour,  
“ Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver  
“ (His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark that,  
“ For a Captain of horse never takes off his hat,  
“ Because he has never a hand that is idle;  
“ For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the  
“ bridle).  
“ Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,  
“ As a compliment due to a lady so fair;  
“ (How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt!)  
“ Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.  
“ Your Ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:  
“ Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.”  
“ The Captain salutes you with congee profound,  
“ And your Ladyship curtsies half way to the ground.  
“ Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us;  
“ I 'm sure he 'll be proud of the honour you do us.  
“ And, Captain, you 'll do us the favour to stay,  
“ And take a short dinner here with us to-day:  
“ You 're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,  
“ You come in the very worst time of the year:  
“ If I had expected so worthy a guest—”  
“ Lord! madam! your Ladyship sure is in jest:  
“ You



- " You banter me, madam ; the kingdom must grant—"
- " You officers, Captain, are so complaisant !"
- " Hift, huffy, I think I hear somebody coming—"
- " No, madam ; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
- " To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story),
- " The Captain at dinner appears in his glory ;
- " The Dean and the \* Doctor have humbled their pride,
- " For the Captain 's entreated to fit by your side ;
- " And, because he 's their betters, you carve for him
- " first ;
- " The Parsons for envy are ready to burft.
- " The fervants amaz'd are scarce ever able
- " To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table ;
- " And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
- " To peep at the Captain in all his fine *clo'es*.
- " Dear madam, be fure he 's a fine-spoken man,
- " Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his tongue ran ;
- " And, madam, fays he, if fuch dinners you give,
- " You 'll ne'er want for Parsons as long as you live.
- " I ne'er knew a Parfon without a good nose ;
- " But the Devil 's as welcome wherever he goes :
- " G— d—n me ! they bid us reform and repent,
- " But, z---s ! by their looks they never keep Lent.
- " Mifter Curate, for all your grave looks, I 'm afraid
- " You caft a fheep's eye on her Ladyfhip's maid :
- " I wifh fhe would lend you her pretty white hand
- " In mending your caffock, and fmoothering your band
- " (For the Dean was fo shabby, and look'd like a ninny,
- " That the Captain fuppos'd he was Curate to Jinny).

\* Doctor Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood. F.

" Whenever you see a cassock and gown,  
 " A hundred to one but it covers a clown.  
 " Observe how a Parson comes into a room ;  
 " G— d—n me ! he hobbles as bad as my groom ;  
 " A *scholar*, when just from his college broke loose,  
 " Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose ;  
 " Your \**Novels*, and *Bluturcks*, and *Omurs*, and stuff,  
 " By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.  
 " To give a young gentleman right education,  
 " The army 's the only good school in the nation :  
 " My school-master call'd me a dunce and a fool,  
 " But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school ;  
 " I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,  
 " And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o' me.  
 " He caught me one morning coquetting his wife ;  
 " But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life :  
 " So I took to the road, and, what 's very odd,  
 " The first man I robb'd was a Parson, by G—.  
 " Now, madam, you 'll think it a strange thing to say,  
 " But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day."  
 " Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,  
 " And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.  
 " So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the Dean,  
 " As who should say, *Now, am I †skinny and lean ?*  
 " But he durst not so much as once open his lips,  
 " And the Doctor was plaguily down in the hips.  
 Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,  
 Till she heard the Dean call, " Will your Ladyship  
 " walk ?"

\* Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.

† Nick-names for my lady.

Her Ladyship answers, "I'm just coming down:"  
 Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,  
 Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,  
 Cry'd, "Huffy, why sure the *wench* is gone mad!  
 "How could these *chimera's* get into your brains?—  
 "Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.  
 "But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,  
 "Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:  
 "For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye:  
 "Give me but a *barrack*, a fig for the *clergy*."

TO DEAN SWIFT.

BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON.

GOOD cause have I to sing and vapour,  
 For I am landlord to the Drapier:  
 He that of every ear 's the charmer,  
 Now condescends to be my farmer,  
 And grace my villa with his strains.  
 Lives such a bard on British plains?  
 No; not in all the British court;  
 For none but wittlings there resort,  
 Whose names and works (though dead) are made  
 Immortal by the Dunciad;  
 And, sure as monument of brass,  
 Their fame to future times shall pass,  
 How, with a weakly warbling tongue,  
 Of brazen knight they vainly sung:  
 A subject for their genius fit;  
 He dares defy both sense and wit.

What

What dares he not? He can, we know it,  
 A laureat make that is no poet;  
 A judge, without the least pretence  
 To common law, or common sense;  
 A bishop that is no divine;  
 And coxcombs in red ribbons shine:  
 Nay, he can make, what 's greater far,  
 A middle-state 'twixt peace and war;  
 And say, there shall, for years together,  
 Be peace and war, and both, and neither.  
 Happy, O Market-hill! at least,  
 That court and courtiers have no taste:  
 You never else had known the Dean,  
 But, as of old, obscurely lain;  
 All things gone on the same dull track,  
 And Drapier's-hill\* been still Drumlack;  
 But now your name with Penshurst vies,  
 And wing'd with fame shall reach the skies.

### D R A P I E R ' S - H I L L.

**W**E give the world to understand,  
 Our thriving Dean has purchas'd land;  
 A purchase which will bring him clear  
 Above his rent four pounds a year;

\* The Dean gave this name to a farm called Drumlack, which he rented of Sir Arthur Acheson, whose seat lay between that and Market-hill; and intended to build an house upon it, but afterwards changed his mind. F.

Provided,



Provided, to improve the ground,  
 He will but add two hundred pound;  
 And, from his endless hoarded store,  
 To build a house, five hundred more.  
 Sir Arthur too shall have his will,  
 And call the mansion Drapier's-hill:  
 That, when a nation, long enslav'd,  
 Forgets by whom it once was sav'd;  
 When none the Drapier's praise shall sing;  
 His signs aloft no longer swing;  
 His medals and his prints forgotten;  
 And all his \*handkerchiefs are rotten;  
 His famous Letters made waste-paper;  
 This hill may keep the name of Drapier;  
 In spite of envy, flourish still,  
 And Drapier's vie with Cooper's hill.

THE DEAN'S REASONS  
 FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S-HILL.

**I** WILL not build on yonder mount:  
 And, should you call me to account,  
 Consulting with myself, I find  
 It was no levity of mind.  
 Whate'er I promis'd or intended,  
 No fault of mine, the scheme is ended:

\* Medals were cast, many signs hung up, and handkerchiefs made with devices, in honour of the Dean, under the name of M. B. Drapier. F.

Nor



Nor can you tax me as unsteady,  
 I have a hundred causes ready;  
 All risen since that flattering time,  
 When Drapier's-hill appear'd in rhyme.

I am, as now too late I find,  
 The greatest cully of mankind:  
 The lowest boy in Martin's school  
 May turn and wind me like a fool.  
 How could I form so wild a vision,  
 To seek, in deserts, Fields Elysian?  
 To live in fear, suspicion, variance,  
 With thieves, fanatics, and barbarians?

But here my Lady will object:  
 Your Deanship ought to recollect,  
 'That, near the Knight of Gosford plac'd,  
 Whom you allow a man of taste,  
 Your intervals of time to spend  
 With so conversable a friend,  
 It would not signify a pin  
 Whatever climate you were in.

'Tis true, but what advantage comes  
 To me from all a usurer's plumbs;  
 Though I should see him twice a day,  
 And am his neighbour cross the way;  
 If all my rhetoric must fail  
 To strike him for a pot of ale?

Thus, when the learned and the wife  
 Conceal their talents from our eyes,  
 And from deserving friends with-hold  
 Their gifts, as Misers do their gold;

Their

Their knowledge to themselves confin'd  
 Is the same avarice of mind;  
 Nor makes their conversation better,  
 Than if they never knew a letter.  
 Such is the fate of Gosford's Knight,  
 Who keeps his wisdom out of sight;  
 Whose uncommunicative heart  
 Will scarce one precious word impart:  
 Still rapt in speculations deep,  
 His outward senses fast asleep;  
 Who, while I talk, a song will hum,  
 Or, with his fingers, beat the drum;  
 Beyond the skies transports his mind,  
 And leaves a lifeless corpse behind.

But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high,  
 To understand Malebranche or Cambray;  
 Who send my mind (as I believe) less  
 Than others do, on errands sleeveless;  
 Can listen to a tale humdrum,  
 And with attention read Tom Thumb;  
 My spirits with my body propping,  
 Both hand in hand together jogging;  
 Sunk over head and ears in matter,  
 Nor can of metaphysics smatter;  
 Am more diverted with a quibble,  
 Than dream of worlds intelligible;  
 And think all notions too abstracted  
 Are like the ravings of a crackt head;  
 What intercourse of minds can be  
 Betwixt the Knight sublime and me,

If

If when I talk, as talk I must,  
It is but prating to a bust?

Where friendship is by Fate design'd,  
It forms an union in the mind:  
But here I differ from the Knight  
In every point, like black and white:  
For none can say that ever yet  
We both in one opinion met;  
Not in philosophy, or ale;  
In state affairs, or planting cale;  
In rhetoric, or picking straws;  
In roasting larks, or making laws;  
In public schemes, or catching flies;  
In parliaments, or pudding-pies.  
The neighbours wonder why the Knight  
Should in a country life delight,  
Who not one pleasure entertains  
'To cheer the solitary scenes:  
His guests are few, his visits rare;  
Nor uses time, nor time will spare;  
Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,  
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls;  
But, seated in an easy chair,  
Despises exercise and air.  
His rural walks he ne'er adorns:  
Here poor Pomona sits on thorns;  
And there neglected Flora settles  
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.  
Those thankless and officious cares  
I us'd to take in friends' affairs,

From

From which I never could refrain,  
And have been often chid in vain;  
From these I am recover'd quite,  
At least in what regards the Knight.  
Preserve his health, his store increase;  
May nothing interrupt his peace!  
But now let all his tenants round  
First milk his cows, and after, pound:  
Let every cottager conspire  
To cut his hedges down for fire:  
The naughty boys about the village  
His crabs and sles may freely pillage:  
He still may keep a pack of knaves  
To spoil his work, and work by halves:  
His meadows may be dug by swine,  
It shall be no concern of mine.  
For why should I continue still  
To serve a friend against his will?

## A PANEGYRICK ON THE DEAN,

In the PERSON of a LADY in the NORTH\*. 1739.

**R**ESOLV'D my gratitude to show,  
Thrice reverend Dean, for all I owe,  
Too long I have my thanks delay'd,  
Your favours left too long unpaid;  
But now, in all our sex's name,  
My artless Muse shall sing your fame.

\* The lady of Sir Arthur Acheson.

Indulgent

Indulgent you to female kind,  
To all their weaker sides are blind;  
Nine more such champions as the Dean  
Would soon restore our ancient reign.  
How well, to win the ladies' hearts,  
You celebrate their wit and parts!  
How have I felt my spirits rais'd,  
By you so oft', so highly prais'd!  
'Transform'd by your convincing tongue  
To witty, beautiful, and young,  
I hope to quit that awkward shame,  
Affected by each vulgar dame,  
To modesty a weak pretence;  
And soon grow pert on men of sense;  
To shew my face with scornful air;  
Let others match it, if they dare.

Impatient to be out of debt,  
Oh, may I never once forget  
The bard who humbly deigns to chuse  
Me for the subject of his Muse!  
Behind my back, before my nose,  
He sounds my praise in verse and prose.

My heart with emulation burns  
To make you suitable returns:  
My gratitude the world shall know;  
And see, the printer's boy below;  
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;  
"A Panegyrick on Dean Swift!"  
And then, to mend the matter still,  
"By Lady Anne of Market-hill,"



I thus begin: My grateful Muse  
 Salutes the Dean in different views;  
 Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor;  
 \*Robert and Darby's coadjutor:  
 And, as you in commission sit,  
 To rule the dairy next to †Kit.

In each capacity I mean  
 To sing your praise. And first as Dean:  
 Envy must own, you understand your  
 Precedence, and support your grandeur;  
 Nor of your rank will hate an ace,  
 Except to give Dean Daniel place.  
 In you such dignity appears;  
 So suited to your state and years!  
 With ladies what a strict decorum!  
 With what devotion you adore 'em!  
 Treat me with so much complaisance,  
 As fits a princess in romance!  
 By your example and assistance,  
 The *felloes* learn to know their distance.  
 Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern,  
 No longer calls me *snipe* and *flattern*;  
 Nor dares he, though he were a duke,  
 Offend me with the least rebuke.

Proceed we to your ‡preaching next:  
 How nice you split the hardest text!

\* The names of two overseers.

† My lady's footman.

‡ The author preached but once while he was there. F.

How your superior learning shines  
Above our neighbouring dull divines!  
At Beggars' Opera not so full pit  
Is seen, as when you mount our pulpit.

Consider now your conversation:  
Regardful of your age and station,  
You ne'er was known, by passion stirr'd,  
To give the least offensive word;  
But still, whene'er you silence break,  
Watch every syllable you speak:  
Your style so clear, and so concise,  
We never ask to hear you twice.  
But then, a parson so genteel,  
So nicely clad from head to heel;  
So fine a gown, a band so clean,  
As well become St. Patrick's Dean,  
Such reverential awe express,  
That cow-boys know you by your dress!  
Then, if our neighbouring friends come here,  
How proud are we when you appear,  
With such address and graceful port,  
As clearly shews you bred at court!

Now raise your spirits, Mr. Dean,  
I lead you to a nobler scene.  
When to the vault you walk in state,  
In quality of *butler's-mate*;  
You next to \*Dennis bear the sway:  
To you we often trust the key:

\* The butler.

## A PANEGYRICK ON THE DEAN.

Nor can he judge with all his art  
So well, what bottle holds a quart;  
What pints may best for bottles pass,  
Just to give every man his glass;  
When proper to produce the best,  
And what may serve a common guest.  
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,  
Not you, to steal your master's wine;  
Except a bottle now and then,  
To welcome *brother serving-men*:  
But that is with a good design,  
To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine;  
Your master's honour to maintain,  
And get the like returns again.

Your *\* usber's* post must next be handled:  
How blest'd am I by such a man led!  
Under whose wise and careful guardship  
I now despise fatigue and hardship:  
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,  
Though daggled round, I scorn to fret:  
From you my chamber-damsels learn  
My broken hose to patch and dearn.

Now as a *jester* I accost you;  
Which never yet one friend has lost you.  
You judge so nicely to a hair,  
How far to go, and when to spare;  
By long experience grown so wise,  
Of every taste to know the size;

\* He sometimes used to walk with the lady. F.

There 's none so ignorant or weak  
 \* To take offence at what you speak.  
 Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case  
 Whether with Dermot, or His Grace;  
 With Teague O'Murphey, or an earl;  
 A dutchefs, or a kitchen-girl.  
 With such dexterity you fit  
 Their several talents with your wit,  
 That Moll the chamber-maid can smoke,  
 And Gahagan† take every joke.

I now become your humble suitor  
 To let you praise you as my †tutor.  
 Poor I, a savage bred and born,  
 By you instructed every morn,  
 Already have improv'd so well,  
 That I have almost learnt to spell:  
 The neighbours who come here to dine,  
 Admire to hear me speak so *fine*.  
 How enviously the ladies look,  
 When they surprise me at my book!  
 And sure as they 're alive at night,  
 As soon as gone will show their spight:  
 Good lord! what can my lady mean,  
 Conversing with that rusty Dean!

\* The neighbouring ladies were no great understanders of railery. F.

† The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-Hill. See above, p. 115.

‡ In bad weather the author used to direct my lady in her reading. F.

She's grown so nice, and so *penurious*,  
With Socrates and Epicurius.

How could she fit the live-long day,  
Yet never ask us once to play?

But I admire your patience most;  
That when I 'm duller than a post,  
Nor can the plainest word pronounce,  
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;  
Are so indulgent, and so mild,  
As if I were a darling child.

So gentle is your whole proceeding,  
That I could spend my life in reading.

You merit new employments daily:  
Our thatcher, ditcher, gardener, baily.  
And to a genius so extensive  
No work is grievous or offensive;  
Whether your fruitful fancy lies  
To make for pigs convenient styes;  
Or ponder long with anxious thought  
To banish rats that haunt our vault:  
Nor have you grumbled, reverend Dean,  
To keep our poultry sweet and clean;  
To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in,  
And cure the rank unfavory smelling.

Now enter as the dairy hand-maid;  
Such charming \* butter never man made.  
Let others with fanatic face  
Talk of their *milk* for *babes* of grace;

\* A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle  
with cream, and shaking it till the butter comes. F.



From *tubs* their snuffling nonsense utter:  
 Thy *milk* shall make us *tubs* of butter.  
 The bishop with his *foot* may burn it\*,  
 But with his hand the Dean can churn it.  
 How are the servants overjoy'd  
 To see thy Deanship thus employ'd!  
 Instead of poring on a book,  
 Providing butter for the cook!  
 'Three morning-hours you tofs and shake  
 'The bottle till your fingers ake:  
 Hard is the toil, nor small the art,  
 'The butter from the whey to part:  
 Behold a frothy substance rise;  
 Be cautious, or your bottle flies.  
 The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd;  
 And out you squeeze an ounce at least.

Your Reverence thus, with like success  
 (Nor is your skill or labour less),  
 When bent upon some smart lampoon,  
 Will tofs and turn your brain till noon;  
 Which, in its jumbings round the skull,  
 Dilates and makes the vessel full:  
 While nothing comes but froth at first,  
 You think your giddy head will burst;  
 But, squeezing out four lines in rhyme,  
 Are largely paid for all your time.

\* It is a common saying, when the milk burns-to, that the  
 devil or the bishop has set his foot in it, the devil having been  
 called bishop of hell. F.

But you have rais'd your generous mind  
 To works of more exalted kind.  
 Palladio was not half so skill'd in  
 The grandeur or the art of building.  
 Two temples of magnific size  
 Attract the curious traveller's eyes,  
 That might be envy'd by the Greeks;  
 Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks:  
 Here gentle goddess Cloacine  
 Receives all offerings at her shrine.  
 In separate cells the he's and she's  
 Here pay their vows with *bended knees*:  
 For 'tis prophane when sexes mingle,  
 And every nymph must enter single,  
 And when she feels an *inward motion*,  
 Come fill'd with *reverence* and devotion.  
 The bashful maid, to hide our blush,  
 Shall creep no more behind a bush;  
 Here unobserv'd she boldly goes,  
 As who should say, to *pluck a rose*.

Ye who frequent this hallow'd scene,  
 Be not ungrateful to the Dean;  
 But duly, ere you leave your station,  
 Offer to him a pure libation  
 Or of his own or Smedley's lay,  
 Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:  
 And, oh! may all who hither come,  
 Return with unpolluted thumb!

Yet, when your lofty domes I praise,  
 I sigh to think of ancient days.

Permit me then to raise my style,  
And sweetly moralize awhile.

Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine,  
To temples why do we confine?  
Forbid in open air to breathe,  
Why are thine altars fixt beneath?

When Saturn rul'd the skies alone  
(That *golden* age to *gold* unknown),  
'This earthly globe, to thee assign'd,  
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.  
Ten thousand altars *smoking* round  
Were built to thee with offerings crown'd:  
And here thy daily votaries plac'd  
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste:  
The margin of a purling stream  
Sent up to thee a grateful steam  
(Though sometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink,  
If Naiads swept them from the brink).  
Or where appointing lovers rove,  
The shelter of a shady grove;  
Or, offer'd in some flowery vale,  
Were wafted by a gentle gale:  
'There many a flower absterfise grew,  
'The favourite flowers of yellow hue;  
'The crocus, and the daffodil,  
'The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.

But when at last usurping Jove  
Old Saturn from his empire drove;  
Then *gluttony* with greasy paws  
Her napkin pin'd up to her jaws,

With

With watery chaps, and wagging chin,  
 Brac'd like a drum her oily skin;  
 Wedg'd in a spacious elbow-chair,  
 And on her plate a treble share,  
 As if she n<sup>o</sup>er could have enough,  
 Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.  
 She sent her priest in wooden shoes  
 From haughty Gaul to make ragoos;  
 Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,  
 To dress their soups and fricassees;  
 And, for our home-bred British cheer,  
 Botargo, catsup, and caveer.

This bloated harpy, sprung from hell,  
 Confin'd thee, goddess, to a cell:  
 Sprung from her womb that impious line,  
 Contemners of thy rights divine.  
 First, lolling *sloth* in woollen cap  
 Taking her after-dinner nap:  
 Pale *dropsy* with a fallow face,  
 Her belly burst, and slow her pace:  
 And lordly *gout*, wrapt up in fur;  
 And wheezing *asthma*, loth to stir:  
 Voluptuous *ease*, the child of *wealth*,  
 Infecting thus our hearts by stealth.  
 None seek thee now in open air,  
 To thee no verdant altars rear;  
 But in their cells and vaults obscene  
 Present a sacrifice unclean;  
 From whence unfavory vapours rose,  
 Offensive to thy nicer nose.

Ah!

Ah! who, in our degenerate days,  
As nature prompts, his offering pays?  
Here nature never difference made  
Between the sceptre and the spade.

Ye great-ones, why will ye disdain  
To pay your tribute on the plain?  
Why will you place, in lazy pride,  
Your altars near your couches' side;  
When from the homeliest earthen ware  
Are sent up offerings more sincere,  
'Than where the haughty dutcheſs locks  
Her ſilver vaſe in cedar-box?

Yet ſome devotion ſtill remains  
Among our harmleſs northern ſwains,  
Whoſe offerings, plac'd in golden ranks,  
Adorn our cryſtal rivers' banks;  
Nor ſeldom grace the flowery downs,  
With ſpiral tops and cottle-crowns;  
Or gilding in a ſunny morn  
The humble branches of a thorn.  
So, poets ſing, with golden bough  
The Trojan hero paid his vow.

Hither, by luckleſs error led,  
The crude conſiſtence oft' I tread:  
Here, when my ſhoes are out of caſe,  
Unweeting gild the tarniſh'd lace;  
Here by the ſacred bramble ting'd,  
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.

Be witneſs for me, nymph divine,  
I never robb'd thee with deſign:



Nor will the zealous Hannah pout  
To wash thy injur'd offering out.

But stop, ambitious Muse, in time,  
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime.  
In vain on lofty heels I tread,  
Aspiring to exalt my head;  
With hoop expanded wide and light,  
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.

Me Phœbus in a midnight dream  
Accosting said, \* "Go shake your cream."  
Be humbly minded, know your post;  
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.  
Thee best befits a lowly style:  
Teach Dennis how to stir the † *guile*:  
With ‡ Peggy Dixon thoughtful fit,  
Contriving for the pot and spit.  
Take down thy proudly swelling sails,  
And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails:  
At nicely-carving shew thy wit;  
But ne'er presume to eat a bit:  
Turn every way thy watchful eye;  
And every guest be sure to ply:  
Let never at your board be known  
An empty plate, except your own.  
Be these thy arts; nor higher aim  
Than what befits a rural dame.

\* In the bottle, to make butter. F.

† The quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time. B.

‡ Mrs. Dixon, the house-keeper. F.

But

But Cloacina, goddess bright,  
 Sleek ——— claims her as his right:  
 And Smedley, flower of all divines,  
 Shall sing the Dean in Smedley's lines.

## T W E L V E    A R T I C L E S.

- I. **L**EST it may more quarrels breed,  
 I will never hear you read.
- II. By disputing, I will never,  
 To convince you, once endeavour.
- III. When a paradox you stick to,  
 I will never contradict you.
- IV. When I talk, and you are heedless,  
 I will shew no anger needless.
- V. When your speeches are absurd,  
 I will ne'er object a word.
- VI. When you furious argue wrong,  
 I will grieve, and hold my tongue.
- VII. Not a jest or humorous story  
 Will I ever tell before ye:  
 To be chidden for explaining,  
 When you quite mistake the meaning,
- VIII. Never more will I suppose,  
 You can taste my verse or prose.
- IX. You no more at me shall fret,  
 While I teach, and you forget.
- X. You

- X. You shall never hear me thunder,  
When you blunder on, and blunder.
- XI. Shew your poverty of spirit,  
And in dress place all your merit;  
Give yourself ten thousand airs;  
That with me shall break no squares.
- XII. Never will I give advice,  
Till you please to ask me thrice:  
Which if you in scorn reject,  
'Twill be just as I expect.
- Thus we both shall have our ends,  
And continue special friends.

T H E   R E V O L U T I O N  
A T   M A R K E T - H I L L.   1730.

**F**ROM distant regions Fortune sends  
An odd triumvirate of friends;  
Where Phœbus pays a scanty stipend,  
Where never yet a codlin ripen'd:  
Hither the frantic goddess draws  
Three sufferers in a ruin'd cause:  
By faction banish'd, here unite,  
A Dean\*, a Spaniard†, and a Knight‡;

\* Dr. Swift.

† Col. Harry Leslie, who served and lived long in Spain.  
See p. 247.

‡ Sir Arthur Acheson.

Unite

Unite, but on conditions cruel :  
 The Dean and Spaniard find it too well,  
 Condemn'd to live in service hard ;  
 On either side his honour's guard :  
 The Dean, to guard his honour's back,  
 Must build a castle at Drumlack ;  
 The Spaniard, fore against his will,  
 Must raise a fort at Market-hill.  
 And thus the pair of humble gentry  
 At *north* and *south* are posted centry ;  
 While, in his lordly castle fixt,  
 The Knight triumphant reigns betwixt :  
 And, what the wretches most resent,  
 To be his slaves, must pay him rent ;  
 Attend him daily as their *chief*,  
 Decant his wine, and carve his beef.  
 Oh, Fortune ! 'tis a scandal for thee  
 To smile on those who are least worthy :  
 Weigh but the merits of the three,  
 His slaves have ten times more than he.

Proud Baronet of Nova Scotia !

The Dean and Spaniard must reproach ye :  
 Of their two fames the world enough rings :  
 Where are *thy* services and sufferings ?  
 What if for nothing once you kist,  
 Against the grain, a monarch's fist ?  
 What if, among the courtly tribe,  
 You lost a place, and sav'd a bribe ?  
 And then in surly mood came here  
 To fifteen hundred pounds a year,

And

And fierce against the Whigs harangu'd?  
 You never ventur'd to be hang'd.  
 How dare you treat your betters thus?  
 Are you to be compar'd with us?  
 Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms  
 Call forth our cottagers to arms;  
 Our forces let us both unite,  
 Attack the foe at left and right;  
 From Market-hill's exalted head,  
 Full northward let your troops be led;  
 While I from Drapier's mount descend,  
 And to the south my squadrons bend.  
 New-river-walk with friendly shade  
 Shall keep my host in ambuscade;  
 While you, from where the bason stands,  
 Shall scale the rampart with your bands.  
 Nor need we doubt the fort to win;  
 I hold intelligence within.  
 True, Lady Anne no danger fears,  
 Brave as the Upton fan she wears;  
 Then, left upon our first attack  
 Her valiant arm should force us back,  
 And we of all our hopes depriv'd;  
 I have a stratagem contriv'd.  
 By these embroider'd high-heel'd shoes  
 She shall be caught as in a noose;  
 So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,  
 She 'll not have power to stir an inch.  
 These gaudy shoes must Hannah place  
 Direct before her lady's face;

The



The shoes put on, our faithful portress  
 Admits us in, to storm the fortress;  
 While tortur'd Madam bound remains,  
 Like Montezume, in golden chains;  
 Or like a cat with walnuts shod,  
 Stumbling at every step she trod.  
 Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle,  
 To catch a monkey by a wile,  
 The mimic animal amuse;  
 They place before him gloves and shoes;  
 Which when the brute puts awkward on,  
 All his agility is gone:  
 In vain to frisk or climb he tries;  
 The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.

But let us on our first assault  
 Secure the larder and the vault:  
 The valiant Dennis\* you must fix on,  
 And I 'll engage with Peggy Dixon†:  
 Then, if we once can seize the key  
 And chest that keeps my lady's tea,  
 They must surrender at discretion;  
 And, soon as we have gain'd possession,  
 We 'll act as other conquerors do,  
 Divide the realm between us two:  
 Then (let me see) we 'll make the Knight  
 Our clerk, for he can read and write;  
 But must not think, I tell him that,  
 Like Lorimer‡ to wear his hat:

\* The butler.

† The house-keeper.

‡ The agent.

Yet, when we dine without a friend,  
We'll place him at the lower end.  
Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,  
May serve to wait on Mrs. Leslie;  
But, lest it might not be so proper  
That her own maid should over-top her,  
To mortify the creature more,  
We'll take her heels five inches lower.

For Hannah, when we have no need of her,  
'Twill be our interest to get rid of her:  
And, when we execute our plot,  
'Tis best to hang her on the spot;  
As all your politicians wife  
Dispatch the rogues by whom they rise.

T R A U L U S.

A D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN

T O M A N D R O B I N. 1730.

THE FIRST PART.

*Tom.* SAY, Robin, what can Traulus\* mean  
By bellowing thus against the Dean?  
Why does he call him paltry scribbler,  
Papist, and Jacobite, and Libeler;  
Yet cannot prove a single fact?

*Robin.* Forgive him, Tom; his head is crackt.

\* Lord Allen. D. S.

Yet,

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R

T. What

T. What mischief can the Dean have done him,  
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?  
Why must he sputter, spawl, and flaver it  
In vain against the people's favourite?  
Revile that nation-saving paper,  
Which gave the Dean the name of Drapier?

R. Why, Tom, I think the case is plain;  
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.

T. Such friendship never man profess,  
The Dean was never so carest;  
For Traulus long his rancour nurs'd,  
Till, God knows why, at last it burst.  
That clumsy outside of a porter,  
How could it thus conceal a courtier?

R. I own, appearances are bad;  
Yet still insist the man is mad.

T. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows  
How to distinguish friends from foes;  
And, though perhaps among the rout  
He wildly flings his filth about,  
He still has gratitude and sap'ence,  
To spare the folks that give him ha'pence;  
Nor in their eyes at random pisses,  
But turns aside like mad Ulysses:  
While Traulus all his ordure scatters  
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.  
Whence come these inconsistent fits?

R. Why, Tom, the man has lost his wits.

T. Agreed: and yet, when Towzer snaps  
At people's heels with frothy chaps,

Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,  
To say he 's mad, will not avail;  
The neighbours all cry, " Shoot him dead,  
" Hang, drown, or knock him on the head."  
So Traulus when he first harangu'd,  
I wonder why he was not hang'd;  
For of the two, without dispute,  
Towzer 's the less offensive brute.

R. Tom, you mistake the matter quite;  
Your barking curs will seldom bite;  
And though you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,  
He barks as fast as he can utter.  
He prates in spite of all impediment,  
While none believes that what he said he meant;  
Puts in his finger and his thumb  
To grope for words, and out they come.  
He calls you rogue; there 's nothing in it,  
He fawns upon you in a minute:  
" Begs leave to rail, but, d—n his blood!  
" He only meant it for your good:  
" His friendship was exactly tim'd,  
" He shot before your foes were prim'd.  
" By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,  
" By G—! I 'll bring you off as clean—\*"  
Then let him use you e'er so rough,  
" 'Twas all for love," and that 's enough.  
But, though he sputter through a session,  
It never makes the least impression:

\* This is the usual excuse of Traulus, when he abuses you to others without provocation. F.

Whate'er he speaks for madness goes,  
With no effect on friends or foes.

T. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack  
Can set the mastiff on your back.  
I own, his madness is a jest,  
If that were all. But he's possest,  
Incarnate with a thousand imps,  
To work whose ends his madness pimps;  
Who o'er each string and wire preside,  
Fill every pipe, each motion guide;  
Directing every vice we find  
In Scripture, to the devil assign'd;  
Sent from the dark infernal region,  
In him they lodge, and make him *legion*.  
Of *brethren* he's a *false accuser*;  
A slanderer, traitor, and seducer;  
A fawning, base, trepanning liar;  
The marks peculiar of his fire.  
Or, grant him but a drone at best,  
A drone can raise a hornet's nest.  
The Dean had felt their stings before;  
And must their malice ne'er give o'er?  
Still swarm and buzz about his nose?  
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.  
A patriot is a dangerous post,  
When wanted by his country most;  
Perversely comes in evil times,  
Where virtues are imputed crimes.  
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;  
A traitor to the vices regnant.

What



TRAULUS. PART I.

257

What spirit, since the world began,  
 Could *always* bear to *strive with man*?  
 Which God pronounc'd, he never would,  
 And soon convinc'd them by a flood.  
 Yet still the Dean on freedom raves;  
 His spirit always strives with slaves.  
 'Tis time at last to spare his ink,  
 And let them rot, or hang, or sink.

TRAULUS.

THE SECOND PART.

TRAULUS, of amphibious breed,  
 Motley fruit of mungrel seed;  
 By the *dam* from lordlings sprung,  
 By the *fire* exhal'd from dung:  
 Think on every vice in both;  
 Look on him, and see their growth.

View him on the mother's side,  
 Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride;  
 Positive and overbearing,  
 Changing still, and still adhering;  
 Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,  
 Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;  
 When his friends he most is hard on,  
 Cringing comes to beg their pardon;  
 Reputation ever tearing,  
 Ever dearest friendship swearing;  
 Judgment weak, and passion strong,  
 Always various, always wrong;

R 3

Provocation

What

Provocation never waits,  
Where he loves, or where he hates;  
Talks whate'er comes in his head;  
Wishes it were all unfaid.

Let me now the vices trace,  
From the *father's* scoundrel race.  
Who could give the looby such airs?  
Were they *masons*, were they *butchers*?  
Herald, lend the Muse an answer  
From his *atavus* and grandfire:  
'This was dextrous at his trowel,  
That was bred to kill a cow well:  
Hence the greasy clumsy mien  
In his drefs and figure seen;  
Hence the mean and fordid soul,  
Like his body, rank and foul;  
Hence that wild suspicious peep,  
Like a rogue that steals a sheep;  
Hence he learnt the butcher's guile,  
How to cut your throat and smile;  
Like a butcher, doom'd for life  
In his *moutb* to wear his *knife*;  
Hence he draws his daily food  
From his tenants' vital blood.

Lastly, let his gifts be try'd,  
Borrow'd from the mason's side:  
Some perhaps may think him able  
In the state to build a Babel;  
Could we place him in a station  
To destroy the old *foundation*.

True

True indeed, I should be gladder,  
 Could he learn to mount a *ladder*.  
 May he at his latter end  
 Mount alive, and dead descend!

In him tell me which prevail,  
 Female vices most, or male?  
 What produc'd him, can you tell?  
 Human race, or *imps* of *hell*?

ROBIN AND HARRY\*.

**R**OBIN to beggars, with a curse,  
 Throws the last shilling in his purse;  
 And, when the coachman comes for pay,  
 The rogue must call another day.

Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing,  
 Gives them a penny, and God's blessing;  
 But, always careful of the main,  
 With two-pence left, walks home in rain.

Robin, from noon to night, will prate,,  
 Runs-out in tongue, as in estate:  
 And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,  
 Will not have one new thing to say.  
 Much talking is not Harry's vice;  
 He need not tell a story twice:  
 And, if he always be so thrifty,  
 His fund may last to five and fifty.

It so fell out, that cautious Harry,  
 As soldiers use, for love must marry,

\* Sons of Dr. Leslie. Harry was a colonel in the Spanish service. See above, p. 237. N.

And, with his dame, the ocean crost;  
 (All for Love, or the World well Lost!)  
 Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,  
 Just big enough to shelter two in;  
 And in his house, if any body come,  
 Will make them welcome to his *modicum*;  
 Where Goody Julia milks the cows,  
 And boils potatoes for her spouse;  
 Or dearns his hose, or mends his breeches,  
 While Harry's fencing up his ditches.

Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix  
 To live without a coach and fix,  
 To patch his broken fortunes, found  
 A mistress worth five thousand pound;  
 Swears he could get her in an hour,  
 If Gaffer Harry would endow her;  
 And sell, to pacify his wrath,  
 A birth-right for a mess of broth.

Young Harry, as all Europe knows,  
 Was long the quintessence of beaux;  
 But, when espous'd, he ran the fate  
 That must attend the marry'd state;  
 From gold brocade and shining armour,  
 Was metamorphos'd to a farmer;  
 His grazier's coat with dirt besmear'd;  
 Nor twice a week will shave his beard.

Old Robin, all his youth a floven,  
 At fifty-two, when he grew loving,  
 Clad in a coat of paduasoy,  
 A flaxen wig, and waistcoat gay,

Powder'd

Powder'd from shoulder down to flank,  
 In courtly style addresses Frank;  
 Twice ten years older than his wife,  
 Is doom'd to be a beau for life;  
 Supplying those defects by dress,  
 Which I must leave the world to guess.

TO BETTY THE GRIZETTE. 1730.

QUEEN of wit and beauty, Betty!  
 Never may the Muse forget ye:  
 How thy face charms every shepherd,  
 Spotted over like a leopard!  
 And thy freckled neck, display'd,  
 Envy breeds in every maid,  
 Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,  
 Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow;  
 Or a tawny speckled pippin,  
 Shrivell'd with a winter's keeping.

And, thy beauty thus dispatch'd,  
 Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.

Sets of phrases, cut and dry,  
 Evermore thy tongue supply.  
 And thy memory is loaded  
 With old scraps from plays exploded:  
 Stock'd with repartees and jokes,  
 Suited to all christian folks;  
 Shreds of wit, and senseless rhymes,  
 Blunder'd out a thousand times.  
 Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,  
 Which can ne'er be worse for wearing:

Picking



Picking wit among collegians,  
 In the play-house upper regions;  
 Where, in eighteen-penny gallery,  
 Irish nymphs learn Irish raillery:  
 But thy merit is thy failing,  
 And thy raillery is railing.

Thus with talents well endued  
 To be scurrilous and rude;  
 When you pertly raise your snout,  
 Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and flout;  
 This among Hibernian asses  
 For sheer wit and humour passes.  
 Thus indulgent Chloe, bit,  
 Swears you have a world of wit.

## DEATH AND DAPHNE.

TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY,

BUT EXTREMELY LEAN. 1730.

DEATH went upon a solemn day  
 At Pluto's hall his court to pay:  
 The phantom, having humbly kist  
 His grisly monarch's footy fist,  
 Presented him the weekly bills  
 Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.  
 Pluto, observing since the peace  
 The burial-article decrease,  
 And, vex'd to see affairs miscarry,  
 Declar'd in council, Death must marry;

Vow'd

Vow'd he no longer could support  
Old batchelors about his court ;  
The interest of his realm had need  
That Death should get a numerous breed ;  
Young Deathlings, who, by practice made  
Proficient in their father's trade,  
With colonies might stock around  
His large dominions under ground.

A consult of coquettes below  
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau :  
From her own head Megæra takes  
A periwig of twisted snakes ;  
Which in the nicest fashion curl'd  
(Like *toupets* of this upper world),  
With flour of sulphur powder'd well,  
That graceful on his shoulders fell ;  
An adder of the fable kind  
In line direct hung down behind ;  
The owl, the raven, and the bat,  
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat ;  
His coat, an usurer's velvet pall,  
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpse and all.  
But, loth his person to expose  
Bare, like a carcase pickt by crows,  
A lawyer o'er his hands and face  
Stuck artfully a parchment-case.  
No new-fluxt rake shew'd fairer skin ;  
Nor Phyllis after lying-in.  
With snuff was fill'd his ebon box  
Of shin-bones rotted by the pox.

Nine spirits of blaspheming fops  
 With aconite anoint his chops;  
 And give him words of dreadful sounds,  
 G—d d—n his blood! and b—d and w—ds!

Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train  
 To take a house in Warwick-lane:  
 'The *faculty*, his humble friends,  
 A complimentary message sends:  
 Their president in scarlet gown  
 Harangu'd, and welcom'd him to town.

But Death had business to dispatch;  
 His mind was running on his match.  
 And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,  
 His *majesty of terrors* came,  
 Fine as a colonel of the guards,  
 To visit where she fate at cards:  
 She, as he came into the room,  
 Thought him Adonis in his bloom.  
 And now her heart with pleasure jumps;  
 She scarce remembers what is trumps;  
 For such a shape of skin and bone  
 Was never seen, except her own:  
 Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,  
 Her pocket-glass drew fliely out;  
 And grew enamour'd with her phiz,  
 As just the counterpart of his.  
 She darted many a private glance,  
 And freely made the first advance;  
 Was of her beauty grown so vain,  
 She doubted not to win the *favain*.

Nothing

Nothing she thought could sooner gain him,  
Than with her wit to entertain him.  
She ask'd about her friends below ;  
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau :  
Whether some late departed toasts  
Had got gallants among the ghosts ?  
If Chloe were a sharper still  
As great as ever at quadrille ?  
(The ladies there must needs be rooks ;  
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books !)  
If Florimel had found her love,  
For whom she hang'd herself above ?  
How oft' a week was kept a ball  
By Proserpine at Pluto's hall ?  
She fancied those Elysian shades  
The sweetest place for masquerades :  
How pleasant, on the banks of Styx,  
To troll it in a coach and six !

What pride a female heart inflames !  
How endless are ambition's aims !  
Cease, haughty nymph ; the Fates decree  
Death must not be a spouse for thee :  
For, when by chance the meagre shade  
Upon thy hand his finger laid,  
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,  
His matrimonial spirit fled ;  
He felt about his heart a damp,  
That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp :  
Away the frightened spectre scuds,  
And leaves my lady in the fuds.

DAPHNE.

## D A P H N E.

**D**APHNE knows, with equal ease,  
How to vex, and how to please;  
But the folly of her sex  
Makes her sole delight to vex.  
Never woman more devis'd  
Surer ways to be despis'd :  
Paradoxes weakly wielding,  
Always conquer'd, never yielding.  
To dispute, her chief delight,  
With not one opinion right :  
Thick her arguments she lays on,  
And with cavils combats reason;  
Answers in decisive way,  
Never hears what you can say :  
Still her odd perverseness shows,  
Chiefly where she nothing knows;  
And, where she is most familiar,  
Always peevisher and sillier :  
All her spirits in a flame,  
When she knows she 's most to blame.

Send me hence ten thousand miles,  
From a face that always smiles :  
None could ever act that part,  
But a Fury in her heart.  
Ye who hate such inconsistency,  
To be easy, keep your distance;



Or in folly still befriend her,  
But have no concern to mend her.  
Lose not time to contradict her,  
Nor endeavour to convict her.  
Never take it in your thought,  
That she'll own, or cure a fault.  
Into contradiction warm her ;  
Then, perhaps, you may reform her :  
Only take this rule along,  
Always to advise her wrong ;  
And reprove her when she 's right ;  
She may then grow wise for spight.

No—that scheme will ne'er succeed,  
She has better learnt her creed :  
She 's too cunning, and too skilful,  
When to yield, and when be wilful.  
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,  
One for truth, and one for errors :  
That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful ;  
This is flattering and delightful :  
That she throws away as foul ;  
Sits by this, to dress her soul.

Thus you have the case in view,  
Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you.  
Heaven forbid he should despise thee !  
But will never more advise thee.

## THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

A FABLE. BY DR. DELANY. 1730.

“ — Quis iniquæ

“ Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se ?”

Juv.

**I**N ancient times, as bards indite,  
 (If clerks have conn'd the records right)  
 A Peacock reign'd, whose glorious sway  
 His subjects with delight obey:  
 His tail was beauteous to behold,  
 Replete with goodly eyes and gold  
 (Fair emblem of that monarch's guise,  
 Whose train at once is rich and wise).  
 And princely rul'd he many regions,  
 And statesmen wise, and valiant legions.  
 A Pheasant Lord\*, above the rest,  
 With every grace and talent blest,  
 Was sent to sway, with all his skill,  
 The sceptre of a neighbouring hill†.  
 No science was to him unknown,  
 For all the arts were all his own:  
 In all the living learned read,  
 Though more delighted with the dead:  
 For birds, if ancient tales be true,  
 Had then their Popes and Homers too,

\* Lord Carteret, lord lieutenant of Ireland.

† Ireland.

Could

Could read and write in prose and verse,  
 And speak like \*\*\*, and build like Pearce\*.  
 He knew their voices, and their wings;  
 Who smoothest soars, who sweetest sings;  
 Who toils with ill-fledg'd pens to climb,  
 And who attain'd the true sublime:  
 Their merits he could well descry,  
 He had so exquisite an eye;  
 And when that fail'd, to shew them clear,  
 He had as exquisite an ear.  
 It chanc'd, as on a day he stray'd,  
 Beneath an Academic shade,  
 He lik'd, amidst a thousand throats,  
 The wildness of a Woodlark's† notes,  
 And search'd, and spy'd, and seiz'd his game,  
 And took him home, and made him tame;  
 Found him on trial true and able,  
 So cheer'd and fed him at his table.

Here some shrew'd critick finds I 'm caught,  
 And cries out, " Better fed than taught"—  
 Then jests on *game* and *tame*, and reads  
 And jests; and so my tale proceeds.

Long had he study'd in the Wood,  
 Conversing with the wise and good;  
 His soul with harmony inspir'd,  
 With love of truth and virtue fir'd:  
 His Brethren's good and Maker's praise  
 Were all the study of his lays;

\* A famous modern architect.

† Dr. Delany.

Were all his study in retreat,  
 And now employ'd him with the Great.  
 His friendship was the sure resort  
 Of all the wretched at the Court;  
 But chiefly merit in distress  
 His greatest blessing was to bless.—

    This fix'd him in his Patron's breast,  
 But fir'd with envy all the rest:  
 I mean that noisy craving crew,  
 Who round the Court incessant flew,  
 And prey'd like rooks, by pairs and dozens,  
 To fill the maws of sons and cousins:  
 "Unmov'd their heart, and chill'd their blood,  
 "To every thought of common good,  
 "Confining every hope and care"  
 To their own low contracted sphere.  
 These ran him down with ceaseless cry,  
 But found it hard to tell you why,  
 Till his own worth and wit supply'd  
 Sufficient matter to deride:  
 "'Tis Envy's safest, surest rule,  
 "To hide her rage in ridicule:  
 "The vulgar eye she best beguiles,  
 "When all her snakes are deck'd with smiles;"  
 Sardonic smiles, by rancour rais'd!  
 "Tormented most when seeming pleas'd!"  
 Their spite had more than half expir'd,  
 Had he not wrote what all admir'd;  
 What morsels had their malice wanted,  
 But that he built, and plann'd, and planted!

How

How had his sense and learning griev'd them,  
But that his charity reliev'd them!

"At highest Worth dull Malice reaches,  
"As flugs pollute the fairest peaches:  
"Envy defames, as harpies vile  
"Devour the food they first defile."

Now ask the fruit of all his favour—  
"He was not hitherto a saver"—  
What then could make their rage run mad?  
"Why what he *hop'd*, not what he had.

"What tyrant e'er invented ropes,  
"Or racks, or rods, to punish hopes?  
"Th' inheritance of Hope and Fame  
"Is seldom Earthly Wisdom's aim;  
"Or, if it were, is not so small,  
"But there is room enough for all."

If he but chance to breathe a song  
(He seldom sang, and never long);  
The noisy, rude, malignant croud,  
Where it was high, pronounc'd it loud:  
Plain Truth was Pride; and what was fillier,  
Easy and Friendly was Familiar.

Or, if he tun'd his lofty lays,  
With solemn air to Virtue's praise,  
Alike abusive and erroneous,  
They call'd it hoarse and unharmonious:  
Yet so it was to souls like theirs,  
Tuneless as Abel to the Bears!

A Rook\* with harsh malignant caw  
Began, was follow'd by a Daw†

\* Dr. T——r.

† Right Hon. Rich. Tighe.



(Though some, who would be thought to know,  
Are positive it was a Crow);  
Jack Daw was seconded by Tit,  
Tom Tit\* could write, and so he writ;  
A tribe of tuneless praters follow,  
The Jay, the Magpie, and the Swallow;  
And twenty more their throats let loose,  
Down to the witless waddling Goose.

Some pick'd at him, some flew, some flutter'd,  
Some hiss'd, some scream'd, and others mutter'd:  
The Crow, on carrion wont to feast,  
The Carrion Crow condemn'd his taste:  
The Rook in earnest too, not joking,  
Swore all his singing was but croaking.

Some thought they meant to shew their wit,  
Might think so still—"but that they writ"—  
Could it be spight or envy?—"No—  
"Who did no ill, could have no foe."—  
So Wise Simplicity esteem'd,  
Quite otherwise True Wisdom deem'd;  
This question rightly understood,  
"What more provokes than doing good?  
"A soul ennobled and refin'd  
"Reproaches every baser mind:  
"As strains exalted and melodious  
"Make every meaner musick odious."—

At length the Nightingale† was heard,  
For voice and wisdom long rever'd,

\* Dr. Sheridan.

† Dean Swift.

Esteem'd of all the wise and good,  
 The Guardian Genius of the wood:  
 He long in discontent retir'd,  
 Yet not obscur'd, but more admir'd;  
 His brethren's servile souls disdain'd,  
 He liv'd indignant and complaining:  
 They now afresh provoke his choler  
 (It seems the Lark had been his scholar,  
 A favourite scholar always near him,  
 And oft' had wak'd whole nights to hear him):  
 Enrag'd he canvasses the matter,  
 Exposés all their senseless chatter,  
 Shews him and them in such a light,  
 As more enflames, yet quells their spight.  
 They hear his voice, and frighted fly,  
 For rage had rais'd it very high:  
 Sham'd by the wisdom of his Notes,  
 They hide their heads, and hush their throats.

## ANSWER TO DR. DELANY'S FABLE

OF THE

## PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

**I**N ancient times, the wise were able  
 In proper terms to write a fable:  
 Their tales would always justly suit  
 The characters of every brute.  
 The ass was dull, the lion brave,  
 The stag was swift, the fox a knave;

The daw a thief, the ape a droll;  
The hound would scent, the wolf would prole;  
A pigeon would, if shewn by Æsop,  
Fly from the hawk, or pick his pease up.  
Far otherwise a great Divine  
Has learnt his Fables to refine:  
He jumbles men and birds together,  
As if they all were of a feather:  
You see him first the peacock bring,  
Against all rules, to be a king;  
That in his tail he wore his eyes,  
By which he grew both rich and wise.  
Now, pray, observe the Doctor's choice,  
A peacock chose for flight and voice:  
Did ever mortal see a peacock  
Attempt a flight above a haycock?  
And for his singing, Doctor, you know,  
Himself complain'd of it to Juno.  
He squalls in such a hellish noise,  
It frightens all the village boys.  
This peacock kept a standing force,  
In regiments of foot and horse;  
Had statesmen too of every kind,  
Who waited on his eyes behind  
(And this was thought the highest post;  
For, rule the rump, you rule the roast).  
The Doctor names but one at present,  
And he of all birds was a pheasant.  
This pheasant was a man of wit,  
Could read all books were ever writ;

And,

And, when among companions privy,  
 Could quote you Cicero and Livy.  
 Birds, as he says, and I allow,  
 Were scholars then, as we are now;  
 Could read all volumes up to folios,  
 And feed on fricassees and olios.  
 This Pheasant, by the Peacock's will,  
 Was Viceroy of a neighbouring hill;  
 And, as he wander'd in his Park,  
 He chanc'd to spy a Clergy Lark;  
 Was taken with his person outward,  
 So prettily he pick'd a cow-t—d:  
 Then in a net the Pheasant caught him,  
 And in his palace fed and taught him.  
 The moral of the Tale is pleasant,  
 Himself the lark, my Lord the pheasant:  
 A lark he is, and such a lark  
 As never came from Noah's ark:  
 And though he had no other notion,  
 But building, planning, and devotion;  
 Though 'tis a maxim you must know,  
 Who does no ill, can have no foe;  
 Yet how shall I express in words  
 The strange stupidity of birds?  
 This Lark was hated in the wood,  
 Because he did his brethren good.  
 At last the Nightingale comes in,  
 To hold the Doctor by the chin:  
 We all can find out what he means,  
 The worst of disaffected Deans;



Whose wit at best was next to none,  
 And now that little next is gone.  
 Against the Court is always blabbing,  
 And calls the Senate-house a Cabin;  
 So dull, that, but for spleen and spite,  
 We ne'er should know that he could write;  
 Who thinks the nation always err'd,  
 Because himself is not preferr'd:  
 His heart is through his Libel seen,  
 Nor could his malice spare the Queen;  
 Who, had she known his vile behaviour,  
 Would ne'er have shown him so much favour.  
 A noble Lord\* hath told his pranks,  
 And well deserves the nation's thanks.  
 Oh! would the Senate deign to show  
 Repentment on this public Foe;  
 Our Nightingale might fit a cage,  
 There let him starve, and vent his rage;  
 Or, would they but in fetters bind  
 This enemy of human-kind!  
 Harmonious Coffee†, show thy zeal,  
 Thy champion for the common-weal:  
 Nor on a theme like this repine,  
 For once to wet thy pen divine:  
 Bestow that Libeler a lash,  
 Who daily vends seditious trash;  
 Who dares revile the nation's wisdom,  
 But in the praise of virtue is dumb:

\* L. Allen, the same who is meant by Traulus. D. S.

† A Dublin Garrettee.



ANSWER TO PHEASANT AND LARK. 265

That Scribbler last, who neither knows  
 The turn of verse, nor style of prose;  
 Whose malice, for the worst\* of ends,  
 Would have us lose our English friends;  
 Who never had one public thought,  
 Nor ever gave the poor a groat.  
 One clincher more, and I have done,  
 I end my labours with a pun.  
 Jove send this Nightingale may fall,  
 Who spends his day and *Night in gall!*  
 So, Nightingale and Lark, adieu;  
 I see the greatest owls in you  
 That ever screecht, or ever flew.

}

ON THE IRISH CLUB.

**Y**E paltry underlings of state;  
 Ye senators, who love to prate;  
 Ye rascals of inferior note,  
 Who for a dinner sell a vote;  
 Ye pack of pensionary peers,  
 Whose fingers itch for poets' ears;  
 Ye bishops far remov'd from saints;  
 Why all this rage? Why these complaints?  
 Why against printers all this noise?  
 This summoning of blackguard boys?  
 Why so sagacious in your guesses?  
 Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *esses*?

\* See a new song on a seditious pamphlet, vol. XLII, p. 200.

Take

Take my advice ; to make you safe,  
 I know a shorter way by half.  
 The point is plain : remove the cause ;  
 Defend your liberties and laws.  
 Be sometimes to your country true,  
 Have once the public good in view :  
 Bravely despise Champagne at Court,  
 And chuse to dine at home with Port :  
 Let Prelates, by their good behaviour,  
 Convince us they believe a Saviour ;  
 Nor sell what they so dearly bought,  
 This country, now their own, for nought.  
 Ne'er did a true satiric Muse  
 Virtue or Innocence abuse ;  
 And 'tis against poetic rules  
 To rail at men by nature fools :  
 But \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

### THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE\*.

**Æ**TATIS SUÆ fifty-two,  
 A rich Divine\* began to woo  
 A handsome, young, imperious girl,  
 Nearly related to an Earl.  
 Her parents and her friends consent,  
 The couple to the temple went :  
 They first invite the Cyprian queen ;  
 'Twas answer'd, " She would not be seen : "

\* The date and hero of this poem are unknown. N.

The Graces next, and all the Muses,  
Were bid in form, but sent excuses.

Juno attended at the porch,  
With farthing-candle for a torch ;  
While mistress Iris held her train,  
The faded bow distilling rain.

Then Hebe came, and took her place,  
But shew'd no more than half her face.

Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,  
In mirth the wedding-day was spent ;  
The wedding-day, you take me right,  
I promise nothing for the night.

The Bridegroom, drest to make a figure,  
Assumes an artificial vigour ;  
A flourish'd night-cap on, to grace  
His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face ;  
Like the faint red upon a pippin,  
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.

And thus set out this happy pair,  
The Swain is rich, the Nymph is fair :  
But, what I gladly would forget,  
The Swain is old, the Nymph coquette.  
Both from the goal together start,  
Scarce run a step before they part ;  
No common ligament that binds  
The various textures of their minds ;  
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,  
Less corresponding than their years.  
Her spouse desires his coffee soon,  
She rises to her tea at noon.

While

SWIFT'S POEMS.

While he goes out to cheapen books,  
 She at her glass consults her looks;  
 While Betty's buzzing in her ear,  
 Lord, what a dress these parsons wear!  
 So odd a choice how could she make!  
 Wish'd him a colonel for her sake.  
 Then, on her fingers' ends, she counts,  
 Exact, to what his age amounts.  
 The Dean, she heard her uncle say,  
 Is sixty, if he be a day;  
 His ruddy cheeks are no disguise;  
 You see the crows-feet round his eyes.

At one she rambles to the shops,  
 To cheapen tea, and talk with fops;  
 Or calls a council of her maids,  
 And tradesmen, to compare brocades.  
 Her weighty morning-business o'er,  
 Sits down to dinner just at four;  
 Minds nothing that is done or said,  
 Her evening-work so fills her head.  
 'The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,  
 Is maukish, and his stomach gone;  
 In thread-bare gown, would scarce a louse hold,  
 Looks like the chaplain of his household;  
 Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,  
 In French brocades, and Flanders lace:  
 He wonders what employs her brain,  
 But never asks, or asks in vain;  
 His mind is full of other cares,  
 And, in the sneaking parson's airs,

Computes,

Computes, that half a parish dues  
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.  
Canst thou imagine, dull Divine,  
'Twill gain her love, to make her fine?  
Hath she no other wants beside?  
You raise desire, as well as pride,  
Enticing coxcombs to adore,  
And teach her to despise thee more.  
If in her coach she 'll condescend  
To place him at the hinder end,  
Her hoop is hoist above his nose,  
His odious gown would soil her cloaths;  
And drops him at the church, to pray,  
While she drives on to see the play.  
He, like an orderly Divine,  
Comes home a quarter after nine,  
And meets her hasting to the ball:  
Her chairmen push him from the wall.  
He enters in, and walks up stairs,  
And calls the family to prayers;  
Then goes alone to take his rest  
In bed, where he can spare her best.  
At five the footmen make a din,  
Her Ladyship is just come in;  
The masquerade began at two,  
She stole away with much ado;  
And shall be chid this afternoon,  
For leaving company so soon:  
She 'll say, and she may truly say 't,  
She can't abide to stay out late.

But



But now, though scarce a twelvemonth marry'd,  
Poor Lady Jane has thrice miscarry'd :  
The cause, alas, is quickly guest ;  
The town has whisper'd round the jest.  
Think on some remedy in time,  
You find his Reverence past his prime,  
Already dwindled to a lath ;  
No other way but try the Bath.

For Venus, rising from the ocean,  
Infus'd a strong prolific potion,  
That mix'd with Acheloüs' spring,  
The *borned* flood, as poets sing,  
Who, with an English beauty smitten,  
Ran under-ground from Greece to Britain ;  
The genial virtue with him brought,  
And gave the Nymph a plenteous draught ;  
Then fled, and left his horn behind,  
For husbands past their youth to find :  
The Nymph, who still with passion burn'd,  
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,  
Where childless wives croud every morn,  
To drink in Acheloüs' horn.  
And here the father often gains  
That title by another's pains.

Hither, though much against the grain,  
The Dean has carry'd Lady Jane.  
He, for a while, would not consent,  
But vow'd his money all was spent :  
His money spent ! a clownish reason !  
And must my Lady slip her season ?

The

The Doctor, with a double fee,  
Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.

Here all diversions of the place  
Are proper in my Lady's case :  
With which she patiently complies,  
Merely because her friends advise ;  
His money and her time employs  
In musick, raffling-rooms, and toys ;  
Or in the Cross-bath seeks an heir,  
Since others oft' have found one there :  
Where if the Dean by chance appears,  
It shames his cassock and his years.  
He keeps his distance in the gallery,  
Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery ;  
For 'twould his character expose,  
To bathe among the belles and beaux.

So have I seen, within a pen,  
Young ducklings foster'd by a hen ;  
But, when let out, they run and muddle,  
As instinct leads them, in a puddle :  
The sober hen, not born to swim,  
With mournful note clucks round the brim.

The Dean, with all his best endeavour,  
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.  
A victim to the last essays  
Of vigour in declining days,  
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate  
(What could he less?) his whole estate.

The widow goes through all her forms :  
New lovers now will come in swarms.

Oh,

Oh, may I see her soon dispensing  
 Her favours to some broken ensign!  
 Him let her marry, for his face,  
 And only coat of tarnish'd lace;  
 To turn her naked out of doors,  
 And spend her jointure on his whores;  
 But, for a parting present, leave her  
 A rooted pox to last for ever!

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD;  
 OR, THE  
 TRUE ENGLISH DEAN\*  
 TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE. 1730.

I.

OUR brethren of England, who love us so dear,  
 And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,  
 (A blessing upon them!) have sent us this year,  
 For the good of our church, a true English Dean.  
 A holier priest ne'er was wrapt up in crape;  
 The worst you can say, he committed a rape.

II.

In his journey to Dublin, he lighted at Chester,  
 And there he grew fond of another man's wife;  
 Burst into her chamber, and would have carefs'd her;  
 But she valued her honour much more than her life.  
 She bustled and struggled, and made her escape  
 To a room full of guests, for fear of a rape.

\* Sawbridge, Dean of Fernes. F.

III. The

III.

The Dean he pursued, to recover his game;  
And now to attack her again he prepares:  
But the company stood in defence of the dame,  
They cudgel'd, and cuff'd him, and kick'd him down  
stairs.

His Deanship was now in a damnable scrape,  
And this was no time for committing a rape.

IV.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,  
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;  
No scruple came on him, his gown to expose,  
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.  
He had made himself drunk with the juice of the grape,  
And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

V.

The Dean, and his landlord a jolly comrade,  
Resolv'd for a fortnight to swim in delight;  
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade  
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.  
His landlord was ready his Deanship to ape  
In every debauch but committing a rape.

VI.

This Protestant zealot, this English divine,  
In church and in state was of principles sound;  
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,  
And griev'd that a Tory should live above ground.  
Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape,  
For no other crime but committing a rape?



## VII.

By old Popish canons, as wise men have penn'd 'em,  
 Each priest had a concubine, *jure ecclesiæ*;  
 Who 'd be Dean of Fernes without a *commendam*?  
 And precedents we can produce, if it please ye:  
 Then why should the Dean, when whores are so cheap,  
 Be put to the peril and toil of a rape?

## VIII.

If fortune should please but to take such a crotchet  
 (To thee I apply, great Smedley's successor)  
 To give thee *lawn sleeves*, a *mitre*, and *rochet*,  
 Whom wouldst thou resemble? I leave thee a guesser.  
 But I only behold thee in Atherton's\* shape,  
 For *sodomy* hang'd; as thou for a rape.

## IX.

Ah! dost thou not envy the brave colonel Chartres,  
 Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore-and-ten?  
 To hang him, all England would lend him their garters;  
 Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again.  
 Then throttle thyself with an ell of strong tape,  
 For thou hast not a groat to atone for a rape.

## X.

The Dean he was vex'd that his whores were so willing:  
 He long'd for a girl that would struggle and squall;  
 He ravish'd her fairly, and sav'd a good shilling;  
 But here was to pay the devil and all.  
 His trouble and sorrows now come in a heap,  
 And hang'd he must be for committing a rape.

\* A bishop of Waterford, of infamous character. N.



XI.

If maidens are ravish'd, it is their own choice :

Why are they so wilful to struggle with men ?

If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their voice,

No Devil or Dean could ravish them then :

Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cape

Ty'd round the Dean's neck for committing a rape.

XII.

Our Church and our State dear England maintains,

For which all true Protestant hearts should be glad :

She sends us our Bishops, and Judges, and Deans ;

And better would give us, if better she had.

But, lord ! how the rabble will stare, and will gape,

When the good English Dean is hang'd up for a rape !

ON STEPHEN DUCK,  
THE THRESHER AND FAVOURITE POET.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM. 1730.

THE thresher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail ;

The proverb says, *no fence against a flail.*

From *threshing* corn he turns to *thresh* his brains ;

For which her Majesty allows him *grains.*

Though 'tis confest, that those who ever saw

His poems, think them all not worth a *straw* !

Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in *threshing stubble* !

Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.

## THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM. 1739.

**F**IVE hours (and who can do it less in?)  
 By haughty Cælia spent in dressing;  
 The Goddess from her chamber issues,  
 Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.  
 Strephon who found the room was void,  
 And Betty otherwise employ'd,  
 Stole in, and took a strict survey  
 Of all the litter as it lay:  
 Whereof, to make the matter clear,  
 An *inventory* follows here.

And, first, a dirty smock appear'd,  
 Beneath the arm-pits well besmear'd;  
 Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,  
 And turn'd it round on every side:  
 In such a case, few words are best,  
 And Strephon bids us guess the rest;  
 But swears, how damnably the men lie  
 In calling Cælia sweet and cleanly.

Now listen, while he next produces  
 The various combs for various uses;  
 Fill'd-up with dirt so closely fix'd,  
 No brush could force a way betwixt;  
 A paste of composition rare,  
 Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.  
 A forehead-cloth with oil upon 't,  
 To smooth the wrinkles on her front:

Here

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM. 277

Here alum-flower, to stop the steams  
Exhal'd from four unsavory streams;  
There night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,  
Bequeath'd by Tripsey when she died;  
With puppy-water, beauty's help,  
Distill'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.  
Here gallipots and vials plac'd,  
Some fill'd with washes, some with paste;  
Some with pomatums, paints, and fops,  
And ointments good for scabby chops.  
Hard-by a filthy basin stands,  
Foul'd with the scouring of her hands:  
The basin takes whatever comes,  
The scrapings from her teeth and gums,  
A nasty compound of all hues,  
For here she spits, and here she spues.

But, oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,  
When he beheld and smelt the towels,  
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and bellim'd,  
With dirt, and sweat, and ear-wax grim'd.  
No object Strephon's eye escapes;  
Here petticoats in frowzy heaps;  
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,  
All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot.  
The stockings why should I expose,  
Stain'd with the moisture of her toes;  
Or greasy coifs, or pinnars reeking,  
Which Cælia slept at least a week in?  
A pair of tweezers next he found,  
To pluck her brows in arches round;

Or hairs that sink the forehead low,  
Or on her chin like bristles grow.

The virtues we must not let pass  
Of Cælia's magnifying-glass;  
When frighted Strephon cast his eye on 't,  
It shew'd the visage of a giant:  
A glass that can to sight disclose  
The smallest worm in Cælia's nose,  
And faithfully direct her nail  
To squeeze it out from head to tail;  
For, catch it nicely by the head,  
It must come out, alive or dead.

Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest?  
And must you needs describe the chest?  
'That careless wench! no creature warn her  
'To move it out from yonder corner!  
But leave it standing full in sight,  
For you to exercise your spite?  
In vain the workman shew'd his wit,  
With rings and hinges counterfeit,  
'To make it seem in this disguise  
A cabinet to vulgar eyes,  
Which Strephen ventur'd to look in,  
Resolv'd to go through *thick and thin*.  
He lifts the lid: there needs no more,  
He smelt it all the time before.

As, from within Pandora's box,  
When Epimetheus op'd the locks,  
A sudden universal crew  
Of human evils upward flew,



He still was comforted to find  
 That *hope* at last remain'd behind;  
 So Strephon lifting up the lid,  
 To view what in the chest was hid,  
 The vapours flew from out the vent:  
 But Strephon, cautious, never meant  
 The bottom of the *pan* to grope,  
 And foul his hands in search of *hope*.

Oh! ne'er may such a vile machine  
 Be once in Cælia's chamber seen!  
 Oh! may she better learn to keep  
 Those *secrets of the boary deep*!\*

As mutton-cutlets, † *prime of meat*,  
 Which though with art you salt and beat,  
 As laws of cookery require,  
 And roast them at the clearest fire;  
 If from adown the hopeful chops  
 The fat upon a cinder drops,  
 To stinking smoke it turns the flame,  
 Poisoning the flesh from whence it came,  
 And up exhales a greasy stench,  
 For which you curse the careless wench:  
 So things which must not be exprest,  
 When *plumpt* into the reeking chest,  
 Send up an excremental smell  
 To taint the parts from whence they fell;  
 The petticoats and gown perfume,  
 And waft a stink round every room.

\* Milton.

† *Prima virorum*.



Thus finishing his grand survey,  
 The swain disgusted slunk away;  
 Repeating in his amorous fits,  
 "Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia sh—!"  
 But Vengeance, goddesses never sleeping,  
 Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping:  
 His foul imagination links  
 Each dame he sees with all her stinks;  
 And, if unsavory odours fly,  
 Conceives a lady standing by.  
 All women his description fits,  
 And both ideas jump like wits;  
 By vicious fancy coupled fast,  
 And still appearing in *contrast*.

I pity wretched Strephon, blind  
 To all the charms of woman-kind.  
 Should I the Queen of Love refuse,  
 Because she rose from stinking ooze?  
 To him that looks behind the scene,  
 Statira 's but some pocky quean.

When Cælia all her glory shows,  
 If Strephon would but stop his nose,  
 Who now so impiously blasphemes  
 Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,  
 Her washes, sops, and every clout,  
 With which he makes so foul a rout;  
 He soon would learn to think like me,  
 And bless his ravish'd eyes to see  
 Such order from confusion sprung,  
 Such gaudy *tulips* rais'd from dung.

THE

## THE POWER OF TIME. 1730.

IF neither brass nor marble can withstand  
 The mortal force of Time's destructive hand;  
 If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,  
 And lessening rivers mourn their fountains dry:  
 When my old cassock (said a Welsh divine)  
 Is out at elbows; why should I repine?

ON MR. PULTENEY'S  
 BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731.

SIR Robert, weary'd by Will Pulteney's teasings,  
 Who interrupted him in all his leafings,  
 Resolv'd that Will and he should meet no more:  
 Full in his face Bob shuts the council-door;  
 Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench,  
 To punish thieves, or lash a suburb-wench.  
 Yet still St. Stephen's chapel open lies  
 For Will to enter.—What shall I advise?  
 Ev'n quit the House, for thou too long hast sat in't;  
 Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent;  
 There, near thy master's throne in shelter plac'd,  
 Let Will unheard by thee his thunder waste.  
 Yet still I fear your work is done but half;  
 For, while he keeps his pen, you are not safe.

Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;  
 It bears a moral, when apply'd to you.

A hare had long escap'd pursuing hounds,  
 By often shifting into distant grounds;

Till;

Till, finding all his artifices vain,  
 To save his life he leap'd into the main:  
 But there, alas! he could no safety find,  
 A pack of *dog-fish* had him in the wind.  
 He scours away; and, to avoid the foe,  
 Descends for shelter to the shades below:  
 There Cerberus lay watching in his den  
 (He had not seen a hare the lord knows when).  
 Out bounc'd the mastiff of the triple head;  
 Away the hare with double swiftness fled;  
 Hunted from earth, and sea, and hell, he flies  
 (Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies.  
 How was the fearful animal distress'd!  
 Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest!  
 Sirius, the swiftest of the heavenly pack,  
 Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.  
 He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear:  
 He left his scut behind, and half an ear.

Thus was the hare pursued, though free from guilt;  
 Thus, Bob, shalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt.  
 Then, honest Robin, of thy corpse beware;  
 Thou art not half so nimble as a hare:  
 Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the sky;  
 Nor can yo go to *hell*, before you die.  
 So keen thy *hunters*, and thy *scent* so strong,  
 Thy *turns* and *doublings* cannot save thee long\*.

\* This hunting ended in the promotion both of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer first minister, but Earl of Orford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but Earl of Bath. H.

## E P I T A P H

O N

FREDERICK DUKE OF SCHOMBERG\*.

Hic infra situm est corpus

FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,

ad BUDINDAM occisi, A. D. 1690.

DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere etiam  
atque etiam petierunt,

Ut HÆREDES DUCIS monumentum

In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent:

Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos,

diu ac sæpè orando nil profecêre;

Hunc demum lapidem ipsi statuerunt,

† Saltem ut scias, hospes,

Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSES cineres  
delitefcunt.

“ Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,

“ Quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos.”

A. D. 1731.

\* The duke was unhappily killed, in crossing the river Boyne, July 1, 1690; and was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral; where the dean and chapter erected a small monument to his honour, at their own expence.

† The words that Dr. Swift first concluded the epitaph with, were “ Saltem ut sciat viator indignabundus, quali in cellula tanti ductoris cineres delitefcunt.”

CASSINUS



CASSINUS AND PETER.  
A TRAGICAL ELEGY. 1731.

**T**WO college fophs of Cambridge growth,  
Both special wits, and lovers both,  
Conferring, as they us'd to meet,  
On love, and books, in rapture sweet  
(Muse, find me names to fit my metre,  
Cassinus this, and t' other Peter);  
Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,  
To chat a while, and warm his nose:  
But such a sight was never seen,  
'The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen.  
He seem'd as just crept out of bed;  
One greasy stocking round his head,  
The other he sat down to dearn  
With threads of different-colour'd yarn;  
His breeches torn exposing wide  
A ragged shirt and tawny hide.  
Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,  
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.  
A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown  
(A rug; for night-gown he had none).  
His jordan stood in manner fitting  
Between his legs to spew or spit in;  
His ancient pipe, in fable dy'd,  
And half unsmok'd, lay by his side.

Hint



Him thus accoutred Peter found,  
 With eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd;  
 The leavings of his last night's pot  
 On embers plac'd, to drink it hot.

Why, Cassy, thou wilt doze thy pate:  
 What makes thee lie a-bed so late?  
 The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,  
 Their mattins chant in every bush:  
 And I have heard thee oft' salute  
 Aurora with thy early flute.  
 Heaven send thou hast not got the hyps!  
 How! not a word come from thy lips?

Then gave him some familiar thumps;  
 A college-joke, to cure the dumps.

The swain at last, with grief oppress'd,  
 Cry'd, Cælia! thrice, and sigh'd the rest.

Dear Cassy, though to ask I dread,  
 Yet ask I must. Is Cælia dead?

How happy I, were that the worst!  
 But I was fated to be curst.

Come, tell us, has she play'd the whore?

Oh, Peter, would it were no more!

Why, plague confound her sandy locks!

Say, has the small or greater pox  
 Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face?  
 Be easy, 'tis a common case.

Oh, Peter! beauty's but a varnish,  
 Which time and accidents will tarnish:  
 But Cælia has contriv'd to blast  
 Those beauties that might ever last.

Not

Nor can imagination guess,  
 Nor eloquence divine express,  
 How that ungrateful charming maid  
 My purest passion has betray'd.  
 Conceive the most envenom'd dart  
 To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.

Why, hang her; though she seems so coy,  
 I know she loves the barber's boy.

Friend Peter, this I could excuse;  
 For every nymph has leave to chuse;  
 Nor have I reason to complain,  
 She loves a more deserving swain.  
 But, oh! how ill hast thou divin'd  
 A crime that shocks all human-kind;  
 A deed unknown to female race,  
 At which the sun should hide his face!  
 Advice in vain you would apply—  
 Then leave me to despair and die.  
 Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn  
 These elegies and sonnets burn;  
 And on the marble grave these rhymes,  
 A monument to after-times:

“Here Cassy lies, by Cælia slain,  
 “And dying never told his pain.”

Vain empty world, farewell. But hark,  
 The loud Cerberian triple bark.  
 And there—behold Alecto stand,  
 A whip of scorpions in her hand.  
 Lo, Charon from his leaky wherry  
 Beckoning to waft me o'er the ferry.

I come,

I come, I come, Medusa! see,  
Her serpents his direct at me.

Begone; unhand me, hellish fry:

“\*Avaunt—ye cannot say ’tis I.”

Dear Cassy, thou must purge and bleed;  
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.

But now, by friendship’s sacred laws,

I here conjure thee, tell the cause;

And Cælia’s horrid fact relate:

Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.

To force it out, my heart must rend:

Yet when conjur’d by such a friend—

Think, Peter, how my soul is rackt!

These eyes, these eyes, beheld the fact.

Now bend thine ear, since out it must;

But when thou seest me laid in dust,

The secret thou shalt ne’er impart,

Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;

(How would her virgin soul bemoan

A crime to all her sex unknown!)

Nor whisper to the tattling reeds

The blackest of all female deeds;

Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,

Where Echo sits, and listening mocks;

Nor let the Zephyrs’ treacherous gale

Through Cambridge waft the direful tale;

Nor to the chattering feather’d race

Discover Cælia’s foul disgrace.

\* See Macbeth.

But, if you fail, my spectre dread,  
 Attending nightly round your bed:  
 And yet I dare confide in you:  
 So take my secret, and adieu.  
 Nor wonder how I lost my wits:  
 Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia sh—!

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH  
 GOING TO BED.

WRITTEN FOR THE HONOUR OF THE FAIR SEX.

CORINNA, pride of Drury-lane,  
 For whom no shepherd sighs in vain;  
 Never did Covent-garden boast  
 So bright a batter'd strolling toast!  
 No drunken rake to pick her up;  
 No cellar, where on tick to sup;  
 Returning at the midnight hour,  
 Four stories climbing to her bower;  
 Then seated on a three-legg'd chair,  
 Takes off her artificial hair.  
 Now picking out a crystal eye,  
 She wipes it clean, and lays it by:  
 Her eye-brows, from a mouse's hide,  
 Stuck on with art on either side,  
 Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em,  
 Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em:  
 Now dextrously her plumpers draws,  
 That serve to fill her hollow jaws:

Untwink



Untwists a wire, and from her gums  
 A set of teeth completely comes :  
 Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop  
 Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.  
 Proceeding on, the lovely Goddess  
 Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,  
 Which, by the operator's skill,  
 Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.  
 Up goes her hand, and off she slips  
 The bolsters that supply her hips.  
 With gentlest touch she next explores  
 Her shankres, issues, running sores,  
 Effects of many a sad disaster ;  
 And then to each applies a plaster :  
 But must, before she goes to bed,  
 Rub off the daubs of white and red,  
 And smooth the furrows in her front  
 With greasy paper stuck upon 't.  
 She takes a bolus ere she sleeps ;  
 And then between two blankets creeps :  
 With pains of love tormented lies ;  
 Or, if she chance to close her eyes,  
 Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,  
 And feels the lash, and faintly screams ;  
 Or, by a faithless bully drawn,  
 At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn ;  
 Or to Jamaica seems transported  
 Alone, and by no planter courted ;  
 Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,  
 Surrounded with a hundred stinks,



Belated, seems on watch to lie,  
 And snap some cully passing by;  
 Or, struck with fear, her fancy runs  
 On watchmen, constables, and duns,  
 From whom she meets with frequent rubs;  
 But never from religious clubs,  
 Whose favour she is sure to find,  
 Because she pays them all in kind.

Corinna wakes. A dreadful fight!  
 Behold the ruins of the night!  
 A wicked rat her plaster stole,  
 Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.  
 The crystal eye, alas! was miss'd;  
 And puffs had on her plumpers p—fs'd.  
 A pigeon pick'd her issue-peas:  
 And Shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.

The nymph, though in this mangled plight,  
 Must every morn her limbs unite.  
 But how shall I describe her arts  
 To recollect the scatter'd parts?  
 Or shew the anguish, toil, and pain,  
 Of gathering up herself again?  
 The bashful Muse will never bear  
 In such a scene to interfere.  
 Corinna, in the morning dizen'd,  
 Who sees, will spue; who smells, be poison'd.

## STREPHON AND CHLOE. 1731.

**O**F Chloe all the town has rung,  
 By every fize of poets fung:  
 So beautiful a nymph appears  
 But once in twenty thousand years;  
 By Nature form'd with nicest care,  
 And faultless to a single hair.  
 Her graceful mien, her shape, and face,  
 Confess'd her of no mortal race:  
 And then so nice, and so genteel;  
 Such cleanliness from head to heel:  
 No humours gross, or frowzy steams,  
 No noisome whiffs, or sweaty streams,  
 Before, behind, above, below,  
 Could from her taintless body flow:  
 Would so discreetly things dispose,  
 None ever saw her pluck a rose.  
 Her dearest comrades never caught her  
 Squat on her hams, to make maid's water:  
 You 'd swear that so divine a creature  
 Felt no necessities of nature.  
 In summer had she walk'd the town,  
 Her arm-pits would not stain her gown:  
 At country-dances not a nose  
 Could in the dog-days smell her toes.  
 Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,  
 Like ivory dry, and soft as wax,

U 2

Her

Her hands, the softest ever felt,  
 Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.  
 Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,  
 Nor let her loose to spoil your trade.  
 While she ingrosses every swain,  
 You but o'er half the world can reign.  
 Think what a case all men are now in,  
 What ogling, fighting, toasting, vowing!  
 What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!  
 What hampers full of bleeding hearts!  
 What sword-knots! what poetic strains!  
 What billet-doux, and clouded canes!  
 But Strephon sigh'd so loud and strong,  
 He blew a settlement along;  
 And bravely drove his rivals down  
 With coach and fix, and house in town.  
 The bashful nymph no more withstands,  
 Because her dear papa commands.  
 The charming couple now unites:  
 Proceed we to the marriage-rites.  
*Imprimis*, at the temple-porch  
 Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:  
 The smiling Cyprian Goddess brings  
 Her infant-loves with purple wings;  
 And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,  
 Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.  
 The Muses next in order follow,  
 Conducted by their squire, Apollo:  
 Then Mercury with silver tongue;  
 And Hebe, goddess ever young.

Behold,

STREPHON AND CHLOE. 293

Behold, the bridegroom and his bride  
Walk hand in hand, and side by side ;  
She by the tender Graces drest,  
But he by Mars, in scarlet vest.  
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,  
And Phœbus sung th' *epithalamium*.  
And last, to make the matter sure,  
Dame Juno brought a priest demure.  
Luna was absent, on pretence  
Her time was not till nine months hence.

The rites perform'd, the parson paid,  
In state return'd the grand parade,  
With loud huzza's from all the boys,  
That now the pair must *crown their joys*..

But still the hardest part remains :  
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,  
How with so high a nymph he might  
Demean himself the wedding-night :  
For, as he view'd his person round,  
Mere mortal flesh was all he found :  
His hand, his neck, his mouth, his feet,  
Were duly wash'd, to keep them sweet  
(With other parts that shall be nameless,  
The ladies else might think me shameless).  
The weather and his love were hot ;  
And, should he struggle, I know what —  
Why, let it go, if I must tell it —  
He 'll sweat, and then the nymph may smell it ;  
While she, a goddess dy'd in grain,  
Was unsusceptible of stain,



And, Venus-like, her fragrant skin  
 Exhal'd *ambrosia* from within.  
 Can such a deity endure  
 A mortal human touch impure?  
 How did the humbled swain detest  
 His prickly beard, and hairy breast!  
 His night-cap, border'd round with lace,  
 Could give no softness to his face.

Yet, if the goddess could be kind,  
 What endless raptures must he find!  
 And Goddesses have now and then  
 Come down to visit mortal men;  
 To visit, and to court them too:  
 A certain Goddess, God knows who,  
 (As in a book he heard it read)  
 Took Colonel Peleus to her bed.  
 But what if he should lose his life  
 By venturing on his heavenly wife?  
 (For Strephon could remember well,  
 That once he heard a school-boy tell,  
 How Semele of mortal race  
 By thunder died in Jove's embrace.)  
 And what if daring Strephon dies  
 By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes?

While these reflections fill'd his head,  
 The bride was put in form to bed:  
 He follow'd, stript, and in he crept,  
 But awfully his distance kept.

Now *ponder well, ye parents dear*;  
 Forbid your daughters guzzling beer;



And make them every afternoon  
 Forbear their tea, or drink it soon;  
 That, ere to bed they venture up,  
 They may discharge it every sup:  
 If not, they must in evil plight  
 Be often forc'd to rise at night.  
 Keep them to wholesome food confin'd,  
 Nor let them taste what causes wind:  
 ('Tis this the sage of Samos means,  
 Forbidding his disciples beans.)  
 Oh! think what evils must ensue;  
 Miss Moll the jade will burn it blue:  
 And, when she once has got the art,  
 She cannot help it for her heart;  
 But out it flies, ev'n when she meets  
 Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.

*Carminative and diuretic*

Will damp all passion sympathetic:  
 And Love such nicety requires,  
 One *blast* will put out all his fires.  
 Since husbands get behind the scene,  
 The wife should study to be clean;  
 Nor give the smallest room to guests  
 The time when wants of nature press;  
 But after marriage practise more  
 Decorum than she did before;  
 To keep her spouse deluded still,  
 And make him fancy what she will.

In bed we left the married pair:  
 'Tis time to shew how things went there.

Strephon, who had been often told  
 That fortune still assists the bold,  
 Resolv'd to make the first attack;  
 But Chloe drove him fiercely back.  
 How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,  
 With constitution cold and snowy,  
 Permit a brutish man to touch her?  
 Ev'n lambs by instinct fly the butcher.  
 Resistance on the wedding-night  
 Is what our maidens claim by right:  
 And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,  
 Was maid in thought, and word, and deed.  
 Yet some assign a different reason;  
 That Strephon chose no proper season.

Say, Fair-ones, must I make a pause,  
 Or freely tell the secret cause?

Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)  
 Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak.  
 'This point must needs be settled first:  
 The bride must either void or burst.  
 Then see the dire effects of pease;  
 Think what can give the colic ease.  
 The nymph, oppress'd before, behind,  
 As ships are toss'd by waves and wind,  
 Steals out her hand, by nature led,  
 And brings a vessel into bed;  
 Fair utensil, as smooth and white  
 As Chloe's skin, almost as bright.

Strephon, who heard the fuming rill  
 As from a mossy cliff distil,

Cry'd

Cry'd out, Ye Gods! what sound is this?  
 Can Chloe, heavenly Cloe, ——?  
 But when he smelt a noisome steam,  
 Which oft' attends that luke-warm stream;  
 (Salerno both together joins,  
 As sovereign medicines for the loins;)   
 And though contriv'd, we may suppose,  
 To slip his ears, yet struck his nose;  
 He found her, while the scent increas'd,  
 As *mortal* as himself at least.  
 But soon, with like occasions prest,  
 He boldly sent his hand in quest  
 (Inspir'd with courage from his bride)  
 To reach the pot on t' other side;  
 And, as he fill'd the reeking vase,  
 Let fly a rouser in her face.

The little Cupids hovering round,  
 (As pictures prove, with garlands crown'd)  
 Abash'd at what they saw and heard,  
 Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

Adieu to ravishing delights,  
 High raptures, and romantic flights;  
 To goddesses so heavenly sweet,  
 Expiring shepherds at their feet;  
 To silver meads and shady bowers,  
 Dress'd up with amaranthine flowers.

How great a change! how quickly made!  
 They learn to call a spade a spade.  
 They soon from all constraints are freed;  
 Can see each other *do their need*.

On box of cedar fits the wife,  
And makes it warm for *dearest* life;  
And, by the beastly way of thinking,  
Finds great society in stinking.  
Now Strephon daily entertains  
His Chloe in the homeliest strains;  
And Chloë, more experienc'd grown,  
With interest pays him back his own.  
No maid at court is less ashamed,  
Howe'er for selling bargains fam'd,  
Than she to name her parts behind,  
Or when a-bed to let out wind.

Fair Decency, celestial maid!  
Descend from Heaven to Beauty's aid!  
Though Beauty may beget desire,  
'Tis thou must fan the Lover's fire;  
For Beauty, like supreme dominion,  
Is best supported by Opinion:  
If Decency bring no supplies,  
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.

To see some radiant nymph appear  
In all her glittering birth-day gear,  
You think some Goddess from the sky  
Descended, ready cut and dry:  
But, ere you sell yourself to laughter,  
Consider well what may come after;  
For fine ideas vanish fast,  
While all the gross and filthy last.

O Strephon, ere that fatal day  
When Chloe stole your heart away,



Had you but through a cranny spy'd  
 On house of ease your future bride,  
 In all the postures of her face  
 Which nature gives in such a case;  
 Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings;  
 'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,  
 Than from experience find too late  
 Your goddess grown a filthy mate.  
 Your fancy then had always dwelt  
 On what you saw, and what you smelt;  
 Would still the same ideas give ye,  
 As when you spy'd her on the privy;  
 And, spite of Chloe's charms divine,  
 Your heart had been as whole as mine.

Authorities, both old and recent,  
 Direct that women must be decent;  
 And from the spouse each blemish hide,  
 More than from all the world beside.

Unjustly all our nymphs complain  
 Their empire holds so short a reign;  
 Is after marriage lost so soon,  
 It hardly holds the honey-moon:  
 For, if they keep not what they caught,  
 It is entirely their own fault.  
 They take possession of the crown,  
 And then throw all their weapons down:  
 Though, by the politician's scheme,  
 Whoe'er arrives at power supreme,  
 Those arts by which at first they gain it,  
 They still must practise to maintain it.

What



What various ways our females take  
To pass for wits before a rake!  
And in the fruitless search pursue  
All other methods but the true!

Some try to learn polite behaviour  
By reading books against their Saviour;  
Some call it witty to reflect  
On every natural defect;  
Some shew they never want explaining,  
To comprehend a double-meaning,  
But sure a tell-tale out of school  
Is of all wits the greatest fool;  
Whose rank imagination fills  
Her heart, and from her lips distils:  
You'd think she utter'd from behind,  
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.

Why is a handsome wife ador'd  
By every coxcomb but her lord?  
From yonder puppet-man inquire,  
Who wisely hides his wood and wire;  
Shews Sheba's queen completely drest,  
And Solomon in royal vest:  
But view them litter'd on the floor,  
Or strung on pegs behind the door;  
Punch is exactly of a piece  
With Lorrain's duke, and prince of Greece.

A prudent builder should forecast  
How long the stuff is like to last;  
And carefully observe the ground,  
To build on some foundation sound.

What

What house, when its materials crumble,  
 Must not inevitably tumble?  
 What edifice can long endure,  
 Rais'd on a basis unsecure?  
 Rash mortals, ere you take a wife,  
 Contrive your pile to last for life:  
 Since beauty scarce endures a day,  
 And youth so swiftly glides away;  
 Why will you make yourself a bubble,  
 To build on sand with hay and stubble?  
 On sense and wit your passion found,  
 By decency cemented round;  
 Let prudence with good-nature strive  
 To keep esteem and love alive.  
 Then, come old-age whene'er it will,  
 Your friendship shall continue still:  
 And thus a mutual gentle fire  
 Shall never but with life expire.

A P O L L O;

OR,

A PROBLEM SOLVED. 1731.

**A** POLLO, god of light and wit,  
 Could verse inspire, but feldom writ;  
 Refin'd all metals with his looks,  
 As well as chymists by their books:  
 As handsome as my Lady's page;  
 Sweet five-and-twenty was his age.

His

His wig was made of sunny rays,  
He crown'd his youthful head with bays;  
Not all the court of heaven could show  
So nice and so complete a beau.  
No hair upon his first appearance,  
With twenty thousand pounds a-year rents,  
E'er drove, before he sold his land,  
So fine a coach along the Strand;  
The spokes, we are by Ovid told,  
Were silver, and the axle gold:  
(I own, 'twas but a coach and four,  
For Jupiter allows no more !)

Yet, with his beauty, wealth, and parts,  
Enough to win ten thousand hearts,  
No vulgar deity above  
Was so unfortunate in love.

Three weighty causes were assign'd,  
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.  
Nine Muses always waiting round him,  
He left them virgins as he found them.  
His fingering was another fault;  
For he could reach to *B* in *alt*:  
And, by the sentiments of Pliny,  
Such fingers are like Nicolini.  
At last, the point was fully clear'd;  
In short, Apollo had no beard.

## THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

1731.

**A**LL fôlks who pretend to *religion* and *grace*,  
 Allow there's a HELL, but dispute of the place:  
 But, if HELL may by logical rules be defin'd  
 The *place of the damn'd*—I 'll tell you my mind.  
 Where-ever the damn'd do chiefly abound,  
 Most certainly there is HELL to be found:  
 Damn'd *poets*, damn'd *criticks*, damn'd *blockheads*, damn'd  
     *knaves*,  
 Damn'd *senators* brib'd, damn'd prostitute *slaves*;  
 Damn'd *lawyers* and *judges*, damn'd *lords* and damn'd  
     *squires*;  
 Damn'd *spies* and *informers*, damn'd *friends* and damn'd  
     *liars*;  
 Damn'd *villains*, corrupted in every *station*;  
 Damn'd *time-serving priests* all over the *nation*;  
 And into the bargain I'll readily give you  
 Damn'd ignorant *prelates* and *counsellors* *privy*.  
 Then let us no longer by *parsons* be flamm'd,  
 For we know by these *marks* the place of the damn'd:  
 And HELL to be sure is at Paris or Rome.  
 How happy for *us* that it is not at *home*!

JUDAS



J U D A S. 1731.

**B**Y the just vengeance of incens'd skies,  
 Poor Bishop Judas late repenting dies.  
 The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,  
 Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe;  
 Which though his conscience forc'd him to restore  
 (And, parsons tell us, no man could do more);  
 Yet, through despair, of God and man accurst,  
 He lost his bishoprick, and hang'd or burst.  
 Those former ages differ'd much from this;  
 Judas betray'd his master with a kiss:  
 But some have kiss'd the gospel fifty times,  
 Whose perjury's the least of all their crimes;  
 Some who can perjure through a two-inch board,  
 Yet keep their bishopricks, and 'scape the cord:  
 Like hemp, which, by a skilful spinster drawn  
 To slender threads, may sometimes pass for lawn.

As ancient Judas *by transgression fell*,  
 And *burst asunder* ere he went to hell;  
 So could we see a set of new Iscariots  
 Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots;  
 Each modern Judas perish like the first;  
 Drop from the tree, with all his bowels burst;  
 Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,  
 To cry, "Lo! Judas gone to his own place;  
 "His habitation let all men forsake,  
 "And let his bishoprick another take!"

AN



## AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY\*. 1731.

**H**OW could you, Gay, disgrace the Muses' train,  
 To serve a tasteless Court twelve years in vain!  
 Fain would I think our *female friend*† sincere,  
 Till Bob, the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.  
 Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,  
 To lose an inch of favour for a friend?

Say, had the Court no better place to chuse  
 For thee, than make a dry-nurse of thy Muse?  
 How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,  
 To squire a royal girl of two years old;  
 In leading-strings her infant-steps to guide,  
 Or with her go-cart amble side by side!

But princely Douglas and his glorious dame  
 Advanc'd thy fortune, and preserv'd thy fame.  
 Nor will your nobler gifts be misapply'd,  
 When o'er your patron's treasure you preside:  
 The world shall own, his choice was wise and just,  
 For sons of Phœbus never break their trust.

Not love of beauty less the heart inflames  
 Of guardian eunuchs to the Sultan's dames:

\* The Dean, having been told by an intimate friend, that the Duke of Queensbury had employed Mr. Gay to inspect the accounts and management of his Grace's receivers and stewards (which however proved to be a mistake), wrote this Epistle to his Friend.

† The Countess of Suffolk. N.

Their passions not more impotent and cold,  
Than those of poets to the *lust* of gold.  
With Pæan's purest fire his favourites glow,  
The dregs will serve to ripen ore below;  
His meanest work: for, had he thought it fit  
That wealth should be the appennage of wit,  
The god of *light* could ne'er have been so *blind*  
To deal it to the worst of human-kind.

But let me now, for I can do it well,  
Your conduct in this new employ foretel.

And first: to make my observation right,  
I place a *statesman* full before my sight,  
A bloated *minister* in all his geer,  
With shameless visage and perfidious leer;  
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,  
And ostrich-like his all-digesting maw.  
My fancy drags this *monster* to my view,  
To shew the world his chief reverse in you.  
Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood  
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud;  
With these the court and senate-house he plies,  
Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.

Now let me shew how Bob and you agree:  
You serve a *potent prince*, as well as he.  
The *ducal* coffers, trusted to your charge,  
Your honest care may fill, perhaps enlarge:  
His vassals easy, and the owner blest;  
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the rest.  
Not so a nation's revenues are paid:  
The servant's faults are on the master laid.

The

The people with a sigh their taxes bring;  
And, cursing Bob, forget to bless the King.

Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires,  
With *servants, tenants*, and the neighbouring *squires*.  
Let all domestics feel your gentle sway;  
Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray.  
Let due reward to merit be allow'd;  
Nor with your kindred *half the palace crowd*;  
Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,  
By *telling noses with a party strong*.

Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade;  
At least, *before your master's debts are paid*:  
Nor in a *palace, built with charge immense*,  
*Presume to treat him at his own expence*.  
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count  
To what your lawful perquisites amount.  
The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,  
Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.  
With interest, and a *premium* paid beside,  
The master's pressing wants must be supply'd;  
With hasty zeal behold the *steward* come  
By his own credit to advance the sum;  
Who, while *th' unrighteous mammon* is his friend,  
May well conclude his power will never end.  
A faithful treasurer! what could *he* do more?  
*He lends my Lord what was my Lord's before*.

The law so strictly guards the Monarch's health,  
That no physician dares prescribe by stealth:  
The council sit; approve the doctor's skill;  
And give advice, before he gives the pill.

But the *state empiric* acts a safer part;  
And, while he *poisons*, *wins* the royal heart.

But how can I describe the ravenous breed?  
Then let me now by negatives proceed.

Suppose your Lord a trusty servant send  
On weighty business to some neighbouring friend:  
Presume not, Gay, unless you serve a drone,  
To countermand his orders by your own.

Should some *imperious neighbour* sink the boats,  
And drain the *fish-ponds*, while your *master* dotes;  
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,  
Because he brib'd you with a brace of tench?

Nor from your Lord his bad condition hide,  
To feed his luxury, or sooth his pride:  
Nor at an under-rate his timber sell,  
And with an oath assure him, *all is well*;  
Or *swear it rotten*, and *with humble airs*  
*Request it of him to complete your stairs*:

Nor, when a mortgage lies on half his lands,  
Come with a purse of guineas in your hands.

Have Peter Waters always in your mind:  
That rogue, of *genuine ministerial* kind,  
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,  
Starve twenty lords to make one scoundrel rich;  
And, when he gravely has undone a score,  
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.

A dextrous steward, when his tricks are found,  
*Hush-money* sends to all the neighbours round;  
His master, unsuspecting of his pranks,  
Pays all the cost, and gives the villain thanks.

And



And, should a friend attempt to set him right,  
His Lordship would impute it all to spight;  
Would love his favourite better than before,  
And trust his honesty just so much more.  
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,  
Are sunk by *premier ministers of state*.

Some, when an heir succeeds, go boldly on,  
And, as they robb'd the *father*, rob the *son*.  
A knave, who deep imbroils his lord's affairs,  
Will soon grow *necessary* to his heirs.  
His policy consists in *setting traps*,  
In finding *ways and means*, and *stopping gaps*;  
He knows a thousand tricks whene'er he please,  
Though not to cure, yet palliate each disease.  
In either case, an equal chance is run;  
For, keep or turn him out, my Lord's undone.  
You want a hand to clear a filthy sink;  
No cleanly workman can endure the stink.  
A strong dilemma in a desperate case!  
To act with infamy, or quit the place.

A bungler thus, who scarce the nail can hit,  
With driving wrong will make the pannel split:  
Nor dares an abler workman undertake  
To drive a second, lest the whole should break.

In every court the parallel will hold;  
And kings, like private folks, are bought and sold.  
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be cashier'd,  
Contrives, as he is *hated*, to be *fear'd*;  
*Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs*;  
For *vengeance* more imbroils, than *skill repairs*.



So robbers (and their ends are just the same),  
To 'scape inquiries, *leave the house in flame.*

I knew a brazen minister of state,  
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.  
In every mouth the question most in vogue  
Was, *When will they turn out this odious rogue?*  
A juncture happen'd in his highest pride:  
While *he* went robbing on, *old master* dy'd.  
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;  
*His work is done, the minister must out.*  
The court *invited* more than one or two;  
Will you, Sir Spencer? or, Will *you*, or *you*?  
But not a soul his office durst accept;  
The subtle knave had all the plunder swept:  
And, such was then the temper of the times,  
He ow'd his preservation to his crimes.  
The candidates observ'd his dirty paws,  
Nor found it difficult to guess the cause:  
But, when they smelt such foul corruptions round him,  
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.

Thus, when a greedy sloven once has thrown  
His *snout* into the *mess*, 'tis all his own.

## ON THE IRISH BISHOPS\*.

1731.

**O**LD Latimer preaching did fairly describe  
 A bishop, who rul'd all the rest of his tribe:  
 And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?  
 Why truly 'tis Satan, arch-bishop of hell.  
 And HE was a primate, and HE wore a mitre  
 Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.  
 How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!  
 But he has the odds, who *believes and who trembles*.  
 Could you see his grim *grace*, for a pound to a penny,  
 You 'd swear it must be the *baboon* of Kilkenny:  
 Poor Satan will think the comparison odious;  
 I wish I could find him out one more commodious.  
 But this I am sure, the *most reverend old dragon*  
 Has got on the bench many bishops suffragan;  
 And all men believe he resides there *incog*.  
 To give them by turns an invisible jog.  
 Our bishops, puff'd up with wealth and with pride,  
 To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.  
 They mounted and labour'd with whip and with spur,  
 In vain—for the devil a parson would stir.  
 So the Commons unhors'd them; and this was their  
 doom,  
 On their crofters to ride, like a witch on a broom.

\* Occasioned by their endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings; which bill was rejected by the Irish house of commons.

Though they gallop'd so fast, on the road you may find  
'em,

And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em,  
Lord Bolton's good grace, Lord Car, and Lord Howard,  
In spite of the devil, would still be untoward :

They came of good kindred, and could not endure  
Their former companions should beg at their door.

When Christ was betray'd to Pilate the prætor,  
Of a dozen apostles but one prov'd a traitor :

One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;  
But we can afford you six traitors in seven.

What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings!  
And the clergy forsooth must take up with their leavings.  
If making *divisions* was all their intent,

They 've done it, we thank them, but not as they meant;  
And so may such bishops for ever *divide*,

That no honest heathen would be on their side.  
How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,  
Those splitters of parsons in sunder should burst!

Now hear an allusion:—A mitre, you know,  
Is divided above, but united below.

If this you consider, our emblem is right;  
'The bishops *divide*, but the clergy *unite*.

Should the bottom be split, our bishops would dread  
That the mitre would never stick fast on their head :  
And yet they have learnt the chief art of a sovereign,  
As Machiavel taught them; *divide, and ye govern*.

But courage, my lords; though it cannot be said  
That one *cloven tongue* ever sat on your head;  
I'll hold you a groat (and I wish I could see 't),  
If your stockings were off, you could shew *cloven feet*.

But

But hold, cry the bishops; and give us fair play;  
 Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.  
 What truer affections could ever be shown,  
 Than saving your souls by damning our own?  
 And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you;  
 With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you;  
 Provided a fund for building you spittals?  
 You are only to live four years without victuals.

Content, my good lords; but let us change hands;  
 First take you our tithes, and give us your lands.  
 So God blefs the Church and three of our mitres;  
 And God blefs the Commons, for *biting the biters*.



# ON THE LIFE OF

The first of the three parts of the life of the subject of this memoir is the period of his early years, from his birth to his departure for the continent. The second part is the period of his residence in France, from his arrival in Paris to his departure for the continent. The third part is the period of his residence in the United States, from his arrival in New York to his departure for the continent.

CHRONOLOGICAL



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